

## A DARK CHAPTER.

ONE Ephraim Bridgman, who died in 1783, had for many years farmed a large quantity of land in the neighborhood of Lavenham, or Lanham, (the name is spelled both ways,) a small market town about twelve miles south of Bury St. Edmunds. He was also land agent as well as tenant to a noble lord possessing much property thereabout, and appears to have been a very fast man for those times, as, although he kept up appearances to the last, his only child and heir, Mark Bridgman, found, on looking closely into his deceased father's affairs, that, were every body paid, he himself would be left little better than a pauper. Still, if the noble landlord could be induced to give a *very* long day for the heavy balance due to him,—not only for arrears of rent, but moneys received on his lordship's account,—Mark, who was a prudent, energetic young man, nothing doubted of pulling through without much difficulty; the farm being low rented, and the agency lucrative. This desirable

object, however, proved exceedingly difficult of attainment, and after a protracted and fruitless negotiation, by letter, with Messrs. Winstanley, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, his lordship's solicitors, the young farmer determined, as a last resource, on a journey to town, in the vague hope that on a personal interview he should find those gentlemen not quite such square, hard, rigid persons as their written communications indicated them to be. Delusive hope! They were precisely as stiff, formal, accurate, and unvarying as their letters. "The exact balance due to his lordship," said Winstanley, senior, "is, as previously stated, two thousand one hundred and three pounds fourteen shillings and sixpence; which sum, secured by warrant of attorney, *must* be paid as follows: one half in eight, and the remaining moiety in sixteen months from the present time." Mark Bridgman was in despair: taking into account other liabilities that would be falling due, compliance with such terms was, he felt, merely deferring the evil day, and he was silently and moodily revolving in his mind whether it might not be better to give up the game at once, rather than engage in a prolonged, and almost inevitably disastrous struggle, when another person entered the office, and entered into conversation with the solicitor. At first the young man did not appear

to heed, perhaps did not hear, what was said; but after a while one of the clerks noticed that his attention was suddenly and keenly aroused, and that he eagerly devoured every word that passed between the new comer and Mr. Winstanley. At length the lawyer, as if to terminate the interview, said, as he replaced a newspaper,—*The Public Advertiser*,—an underlined notice in which had formed the subject of his colloquy with the stranger, upon a side table, by which sat Mark Bridgman, “You desire us, then, Mr. Evans, to continue this advertisement for some time longer.” Mr. Evans replied, “Certainly, six months longer, if necessary.” He then bade the lawyers “good day,” and left the office.

“Well, what do you say, Mr. Bridgman?” asked Mr. Winstanley, as soon as the door had closed. “Are you ready to accept his lordship’s very lenient proposal?”

“Yes,” was the quick reply. “Let the document be prepared at once, and I will execute it before I leave.” This was done, and Mark Bridgman hurried off, evidently, it was afterwards remembered, in a high state of flurry and excitement. He had also, they found, taken the newspaper with him—by inadvertence, the solicitor supposed, of course.

Within a week of this time, the good folk of

Lavenham — especially its womankind — were thrown into a ferment of wonder, indignation, and bewilderment. Rachel Merton, the orphan dress-making girl, who had been engaged to, and about to marry, Richard Green, the farrier and blacksmith, — and that a match far beyond what she had any right to expect, for all her pretty face and pert airs, — was positively being courted by Bridgman, young, handsome, rich, Mark Bridgman of Red Lodge; (the embarrassed state of the gentleman farmer's affairs was entirely unsuspected in Lavenham;) ay, and by way of marriage, too — openly — respectfully — deferentially — as if *he*, not Rachel Merton, were the favored and honored party! What on earth, every body asked, was the world coming to? — a question most difficult of solution; but all doubt with respect to the *bona fide* nature of Mark Bridgman's intentions towards the fortunate dressmaker was soon at an end; he and Rachel being duly pronounced man and wife at the parish church within little more than a fortnight of the commencement of his strange and hasty wooing! All Lavenham agreed that Rachel Merton had shamefully jilted poor Green; and yet it may be doubted if there were many of them that, similarly tempted, would not have done the same. A pretty orphan girl, hitherto barely earning a subsistence by her needle,

and about to throw herself away upon a coarse, repulsive person, but one degree higher than herself in the social scale—entreated by the handsomest young man about Lavenham to be his wife, and the mistress of Red Lodge, with nobody knows how many servants, dependants, laborers!—the offer was irresistible! It was also quite natural that the jilted blacksmith should fiercely resent—as he did—his sweetheart's faithless conduct; and the assault which his angry excitement induced him to commit upon his successful rival a few days previous to the wedding, was far too severely punished, every body admitted, by the chastisement inflicted by Mark Bridgman upon his comparatively weak and powerless assailant.

The morning after the return of the newly-married couple to Red Lodge from a brief wedding trip, a newspaper, which the bridegroom had recently ordered to be regularly supplied, was placed upon the table. He himself was busy with breakfast, and his wife, after a while, opened it, and ran her eye carelessly over its columns. Suddenly an exclamation of extreme surprise escaped her, followed by "Goodness gracious, my dear Mark, do look here!" Mark did look, and read an advertisement aloud, to the effect that, "If Rachel Edwards, formerly of Bath, who, in 1762, married John Merton, bandmaster of the 29th

Regiment of Infantry, and afterwards kept a school in Manchester, or any lineal descendant of hers, would apply to Messrs. Winstanley, solicitors, Lincoln's Inn Fields, they would hear of something greatly to their advantage." "Why, dear Mark," said the pretty bride, as her husband ceased reading, "my mother's maiden name was Rachel Edwards, and I am, as you know, her only surviving child." "God bless me, to be sure! I remember now hearing your father speak of it. What can this great advantage be, I wonder? I tell you what we'll do, love," the husband added; "you would like to see London, I know. We'll start by coach to-night, and I'll call upon these lawyers, and find out what it all means." This proposition was, of course, gladly acceded to. They were gone about a fortnight, and on their return it became known that Mark Bridgman had come into possession of twelve thousand pounds in right of his wife, who was entitled to that sum by the will of her mother's maiden sister, Mary Edwards, of Bath. The bride appears not to have had the slightest suspicion that her husband had been influenced by any other motive than her personal charms in marrying her—a pleasant illusion, which, to do him justice, his unvarying tenderness towards her, through life, confirmed and strengthened; but others, unblinded by vanity, natu-

rally surmised the truth. Richard Green, especially, as fully believed that he had been deliberately, and with *malice prepense*, tricked out of twelve thousand pounds, as of the girl herself; and this conviction, there can be no doubt, greatly increased and inflamed his rage against Mark Bridgman—so much so that it became at last the sole thought and purpose of his life, as to how he might safely and effectually avenge himself of the man who was flaunting it so bravely in the world, whilst he—poor duped and despised castaway—was falling lower and lower in the world every day he lived. This was the natural consequence of his increasingly dissolute and idle habits. It was not long before an execution for rent swept away his scanty stock in trade, and he thenceforth became a ragged vagabond hanger-on about the place—seldom at work, and as often as possible drunk; during which fits of intemperance his constant theme was the bitter hatred he nourished towards Bridgman, and his determination, even if he swung for it, of being one day signally avenged. Mark Bridgman was often warned to be on his guard against the venomous malignity of Green; but this counsel he seems to have spurned, or treated with contempt.

Whilst the vengeful blacksmith was thus falling into utter vagabondism, all was sunshine at Red Lodge.

Mark Bridgman really loved his pretty and gentle, if vain-minded wife—a love deepened by gratitude, that through her means he had been saved from insolvency and ruin; and barely a twelvemonth of wedded life had passed when the birth of a son completed their happiness. This child (for nearly three years it did not appear likely there would be any other) soon came to be the idol of its parents—of its father, the pamphlet before me states, even more than of its mother. It was very singularly marked with two strawberries, exceedingly distinct, on its left arm, and one, less vivid, on its right. There are two fairs held annually at Lavenham, and one of these—when little Mark was between three and four years old—Mr. Bridgman came in from Red Lodge to attend, accompanied by his wife, son, and a woman servant of the name of Sarah Hollins. Towards evening, Mrs. Bridgman went out shopping, escorted by her husband, leave having been previously given Hollins to take the child through the pleasure,—that is, the booth and show part of the fair,—but with strict orders not to be absent more than an hour from the inn where her master and mistress were putting up. In little more than the specified time the woman returned, but without the child; she had suddenly missed him, about half an hour before, whilst looking on at some street



tumbling, and had vainly sought him through the town since. The woman's tidings excited great alarm; Mr. Bridgman himself instantly hurried off, and hired messengers were, one after another, despatched by the mother in quest of the missing child. As hour after hour flew by without result, extravagant rewards, which set hundreds of persons in motion, were offered by the distracted parents; but all to no purpose. Day dawned, and as yet not a gleam of intelligence had been obtained of the lost one. At length some one suggested that inquiry should be made after Richard Green. This was promptly carried into effect, and it was ascertained that he had not been home during the night. Further investigation left no room for doubt that he had suddenly quitted Lavenham; and thus a new and fearful light was thrown upon the boy's disappearance. It was conjectured that the blacksmith must have gone to London; and Mr. Bridgman immediately set off thither, and placed himself in communication with the authorities of Bow Street. Every possible exertion was used during several weeks to discover the child, or Green, without success, and the bereaved father returned to his home a harassed, spirit-broken man. During his absence his wife had been prematurely confined of another son, and this new gift of God seemed, after a while, to partially fill the

aching void in the mother's heart; but the sadness and gloom which had settled upon the mind of her husband was not perceptibly lightened thereby. "If I knew Mark was dead," he once remarked to the rector of Lavenham, by whom he was often visited, "I should resign myself to his loss, and soon shake off this heavy grief. But that, my dear sir; which weighs me down—is in fact slowly but surely killing me—is a terrible conviction and presentiment that Green, in order fully to work out his devilish vengeance, will studiously pervert the nature of the child,—lead him into evil, abandoned courses,—and that I shall one day see him— But I will not tell you my dreams," he added, after stopping abruptly, and painfully shuddering, as if some frightful spectre passed before his eyes. "They are, I trust, mere fancies; and yet— But let us change the subject."

This morbidly-dejected state of mind was aggravated by the morose, grasping disposition—so entirely different from what Mr. Bridgman had fondly prophesied of Mark—manifested in greater strength with every succeeding year by his son Andrew—a strangely unlovable and gloomy-tempered boy, as if the anxiety and trouble of the time during which he had been hurried into the world had been impressed upon his temperament and character. It may be, too, that he

felt irritated at, and jealous of, his father's ceaseless repinings for the loss of his eldest son, who, if recovered, would certainly monopolize the lion's share of the now large family property—but not one whit *too* large, in his—Andrew Bridgman's—opinion, for himself alone.

The young man had not very long to wait for it. He had just passed his twentieth year when his father died at the early age of forty-seven. The last wandering thoughts of the dying parent reverted to the lost child. "Hither, Mark," he faintly murmured, as the hushed mourners round his bed watched with mute awe the last flutterings of departing life; "hither; hold me tightly by the hand, or you may lose yourself in this dark, dark wood." These were his last words. On the will being opened, it was found that the whole of his estate, real and personal, had been bequeathed to his son Andrew, charged only with an annuity of five hundred pounds to his mother, during life. *But*, should Mark be found, the property was to be *his*, similarly charged with respect to Mrs. Bridgman, and one hundred pounds yearly to his brother Andrew, also for life, in addition.

On the evening of the tenth day after his father's funeral, young Mr. Bridgman sat up till a late hour examining various papers and accounts connected with

his inheritance, and after retiring to bed, the exciting nature of his recent occupation hindered him from sleeping. Whilst thus lying awake, his quick ear caught a sound as of some one breaking into the house through one of the lower casements. He rose cautiously, went out on the landing, and soon satisfied himself that his suspicion was a correct one. The object of the burglars was, he surmised, the plate in the house, of which there was an unusually large quantity, both his father and grandfather having expended much money in that article of luxury. Andrew Bridgman was any thing but a timid person; indeed, considering that six men all together slept in the house, there was but little cause for fear; and he softly returned to his bed room, unlocked a mahogany case, took out, loaded and primed, two pistols, and next roused the gardener and groom, whom he bade noiselessly follow him. The burglars—three in number, as it proved—had already reached and opened the plate closet. One of them was standing within it, and the others just without. “Hallo! rascals,” shouted Andrew Bridgman, from the top of a flight of stairs, “what are you doing there?”

The startled and terrified thieves glanced hurriedly round, and the two outermost fled instantly along the passage, pursued by the two servants, one of whom

had armed himself with a sharp-pointed kitchen knife. The other was not so fortunate. He had not regained the threshold of the closet when Andrew Bridgman fired. The bullet crashed through the wretched man's brain, and he fell forward, stone dead, upon his face. The two others escaped—one of them after a severe struggle with the knife-armed groom.

It was some time before the uproar in the now thoroughly alarmed household had subsided; but at length the screaming females were pacified, and those who had got up persuaded to go to bed again. The corpse of the slain burglar was removed to an out-house, and Andrew Bridgman returned to his bed room. Presently there was a tap at the door. It was Sarah Hollins. "I am come to tell you something," said the now aged woman, with a significant look. "The person you have shot is the Richard Green you have so often heard of."

The young man, Hollins afterwards said, seemed much startled by this news, and his countenance flashed and paled in quick succession. "Are you quite sure this is true?" he at last said. "Quite; though he's so altered that, except Missus, I don't know any body else in the house that is likely to recognize him. Shall I tell her?"

"No, no, not on any account. It would only recall

unpleasant events, and that quite uselessly. Be sure not to mention your suspicion—your belief—to a soul.”

“Suspicion! belief!” echoed the woman. “It is a certainty. But, of course, as you wish it, I shall hold my tongue.”

So audacious an attempt created a considerable stir in the locality, and four days after its occurrence a message was sent to Red Lodge from Bury St. Edmunds, that two men, supposed to be the escaped burglars, were there in custody, and requesting Mr. Bridgman's and the servants' attendance on the morrow, with a view to their identification. Andrew Bridgman, the gardener, and groom, of course, obeyed the summons, and the prisoners were brought into the justice room before them. One was a fellow of about forty, a brutal-visaged, low-browed, sinister-looking rascal, with the additional ornament of a but partially-closed harelip. He was unhesitatingly sworn to by both men. The other, upon whom, from the instant he entered, Andrew Bridgman had gazed with eager, almost, it seemed, trembling curiosity, was a well-grown young man of, it might be, three or four and twenty, with a quick, mild, almost timid, unquiet, troubled look, and features originally comely and pleasing, there could be no doubt, but now smirched and

blotted into ill favor by excess and other evil habits. He gave the name of "Robert Williams."

Andrew Bridgman, recalled to himself by the magistrate's voice, hastily said "that he did not recognize this prisoner as one of the burglars. Indeed," he added, with a swift but meaning look at the two servants, "I am pretty sure he was not one of them." The groom and gardener, influenced, no doubt, by their master's manner, also appeared doubtful as to whether Robert Williams was one of the housebreakers. "But if he be," hesitated the groom, hardly knowing whether he did right or wrong, "there must be some smartish wounds on his arms, for I hit him there sharply with the knife several times."

The downcast head of the youthful burglar was suddenly raised at these words; and he said, quickly, whilst a red flush passed over his pallid features, "Not me, not me — look, my arm sleeves have no holes — no —"

"You may have obtained another jacket," interrupted the magistrate. "We must see your arms."

An expression of hopeless despair settled upon the prisoner's face; he again hung down his head in shame, and allowed the constables to quietly strip off his jacket. Andrew Bridgman, who had gone to some distance, returned whilst this was going on, and

watched for what might next disclose itself with tenfold curiosity and eagerness. "There are stabs enough here, sure enough," exclaimed a constable, as he turned up the shirt sleeve on the prisoner's left arm. There were, indeed; and in addition to them, *natural marks of two strawberries* were distinctly visible. The countenance of Andrew Bridgman grew ashy pale, as his straining eyes glared upon the prisoner's naked arm. The next moment he wrenched himself away, as with an effort, from the sight, and staggered to an open window—sick, dizzy, fainting, it was at the time believed, from the closeness of the atmosphere in the crowded room. Was it not rather that he had recognized his long-lost brother—the *true heir to the bulk of his deceased father's wealth*, against whom, he might have thought, an indictment would scarcely lie for feloniously entering his own house? He said nothing, however, and the two prisoners were fully committed for trial.

Mr. Prince went down "special" to Bury, at the next assize, to defend a gentleman accused of a grave offence; but the grand jury having ignored the bill, he would probably have returned at once, had not an attorney brought him a brief, very heavily marked, in defence of "Robert Williams." "Strangely enough, too," remarked the attorney, as he was about to go



away, "the funds for the defence have been supplied by Mr. Andrew Bridgman, whose house the prisoner is accused of having burglariously entered. But this is confidential, as he is very solicitous that his oddly-generous action should not be known." There was, however, no valid defence. The ill-flavored accomplice, why, I know not, had been admitted king's evidence by the counsel for the crown, and there was no resisting the accumulated evidence. The prisoner was found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. "I never intended," he said, after the verdict was returned,—and there was a tone of dejected patience in his voice that affected one strangely,—"I never intended to commit violence against any one in the house, and but that my uncle—he that was shot—said repeatedly that he knew a secret concerning Mr. Bridgman (he didn't know, I am sure, that he was dead) which would prevent us from being prosecuted if we were caught, I should not have been persuaded to go with him. It was my first offence in—in housebreaking, I mean."

I had, and indeed have, some relatives in Mildenhall, in the same county, whom, at the termination of the Bury assize, I got leave to visit for a few days. Whilst there, it came to my knowledge that Mr. Andrew Bridgman, whom I had seen in court, was

moving heaven and earth to procure a commutation of the convict's sentence to transportation for life. His zealous efforts were unsuccessful; and the Saturday County Journal announced that Robert Williams, the burglar, would suffer, with four others, on the following Tuesday morning. I reached Bury on the Monday evening, with the intention of proceeding by the London night coach; but there was no place vacant. The next morning I could only have ridden outside; and as, besides being intensely cold, it was snowing furiously, I determined on postponing my departure till the evening, and secured an inside place for that purpose. I greatly abhor spectacles of the kind; and yet, from mere idleness and curiosity, I suffered myself to be drawn into the human stream flowing towards "Hang Fair," and, once jammed in with the crowd in front of the place of execution, egress was, I found, impossible. After waiting a considerable time, the death bell suddenly tolled, and the terrible procession appeared—five human beings about to be suffocated by human hands, for offences against property!—the dreadful and deliberate sacrifice preluded and accompanied by sonorous sentences from the gospel of mercy and compassion! Hardly daring to look up, I saw little of what passed on the scaffold; yet one furtive, quickly-withdrawn glance

showed me the sufferer in whom I took most interest. He was white as if already coffin'd, and the unquiet glare of his eyes was, I noticed, terribly anxious. I did not again look up—I could not; and the surging murmur of the crowd, as it swayed to and fro, the near whisperings of ribald tongues, and the measured, mocking tones of the minister, promising eternal life, through the mercy of the most high God, to wretches whom the *justice* of man denied a few more days or years of mortal existence, were becoming momentarily more and more oppressive, when a dull, heavy sound *boomed* through the air; the crowd swayed violently from side to side, and the simultaneous expiration of many pent-up breaths testified that all was over, and to the relief experienced by the coarsest natures at the consummation of a deed too frightful for humanity to contemplate. It was some time before the mass of spectators began to thoroughly separate, and they were still standing in large clusters, spite of the bitter, falling weather, when a carriage, furiously driven, with the body of a female, who was screaming vehemently and waving a white handkerchief, projected half out of one of the windows, was seen approaching by the London Road. The thought appeared to strike every one that a respite or reprieve had come for one or more of the prisoners, and hundreds of

eyes were instantly turned towards the scaffold, only to see that if so it had arrived too late. The carriage stopped at the gate of the building. A lady, dressed in deep mourning, was hastily assisted out by a young man with her, similarly attired, and they both disappeared within the jail. After some parleying, I ascertained that I had sufficient influence to obtain admission, and a few moments afterwards I found myself in the press room. The young man—Mr. Andrew Bridgman—was there, and the lady, who had fallen fainting upon one of the benches, was his mother. The attendants were administering restoratives to her, without effect, till an inner door opened, and the under sheriff, by whom she was personally known, entered; when she started up and interrogated, with the mute agony of her wet, yet gleaming eyes, the dismayed and distressed official. "Let me entreat you, my dear madam," he faltered, "to retire. This is a most painful—fright——"

"No—no; the truth!—the truth!" shrieked the unfortunate lady, wildly clasping her hands; "I shall bear that best."

"Then I grieve to say," replied the under sheriff, "that the marks you describe—two on the left and one on the right arm—are distinctly visible."

A piercing scream, broken by the words, "My

son!—O God!—my son!” burst from the wretched mother’s lips, and she fell heavily, and without sense or motion, upon the stone floor. Whilst the under sheriff and others raised and ministered to her, I glanced at Mr. Andrew Bridgman. He was as white as the lime-washed wall against which he stood, and the fire that burned in his dark eyes was kindled—it was plain to me—by remorse and horror, not by grief alone.

The cause of the sudden appearance of the mother and son at the closing scene of this sad drama was afterwards thus explained: Andrew Bridgman, from the moment that all hope of procuring a commutation of the sentence on the (so called) Robert Williams had ceased, became exceedingly nervous and agitated, and his discomposure seemed to but augment as the time yet to elapse before the execution of the sentence passed away. At length, unable longer to endure the goadings of a tortured conscience, he suddenly burst into the room where his mother sat at breakfast, on the very morning his brother was to die, with an open letter in his hand, by which he pretended to have just heard that Robert Williams was the long-lost Mark Bridgman! The sequel has been already told.

The conviction rapidly spread that Andrew Bridg-

man had been from the first aware that the youthful burgler was his own brother; and he found it necessary to leave the country. He turned his inheritance into money, and embarked for Charleston, America, in the bark *Cleopatra*, from Liverpool. When off the Scilly Islands, the *Cleopatra* was chased by a French privateer. She escaped; but one of the few shots fired at her from the privateer was fatal to the life of Andrew Bridgman. He was almost literally cut in two, and expired instantaneously. Some friends to whom I have related this story deem his death an accident; others, a judgment: I incline, I must confess, to the last opinion. The wealth with which he embarked was restored to Mrs. Bridgman, who soon afterwards removed to London, where she lived many years—sad ones, no doubt, but mitigated and rendered endurable by the soothing balm of a clear conscience. At her decease, not very many years ago, the whole of her property was found to be bequeathed to various charitable institutions of the metropolis.

## A STROLL BY THE RIVER AMSTEL, AMSTERDAM.

BY MRS. WHITE.

FEW of the Batavian poets, from old Jacob Cats to Da Costa, but have bestowed a lyric on the "brimming Amstel," which, after winding its mazy way between green prairies to its confluence with the Y,\* pours itself out commingled with that river from between the horns of the port at Amsterdam into the Zuyder Zee.

It was a lovely morning that on which, lured by the poet's sweet praises, we determined on a pilgrimage to the village which bears its name, and, with no other companions than our pencil and note book, set forth on the *trekking path* for our destination.

The canals and rivers, as all the world knows, are the great highways of Holland, and the Amstel a very principal one; so that every now and then curiously-

\* Pronounced eye.

shaped craft, white sailed and highly varnished, with perchance a group of Frisian women seated on deck, their close-fitting headgear of gold or silver plates glittering like cavalry helmets in the sun, made pictures in sailing by; and not less curious and novel was the appearance of the men, who, mounted sideways on their horses, with rings in their ears and pointed klompens\* on, rode slowly past, sometimes towing huge canal boats as heavily loaded as the barges on the Thames, and at others smaller vessels with gilt fiddleheads and sides that shone like polished mahogany, with long golden-spotted pennants flying, or painted flags with full-sized figures of the Good Vrow, or Three Zisters, &c., under whose names they sailed.

Every little while — for it was market day in the metropolis — prams laden with flowers or filled with corbels of raspberries and red currants, with a fringe of green leaves laid round them, and larger boats, flat bottomed and shallow, some heaped with wooden shoes, the manufacture of a distant hamlet, some with vegetables from far-off gardens, and others freighted with the useful turf, stole down upon their way to Amsterdam.

Even the vehicles upon the roads were quaint looking and oddly shaped as the boats upon the river: some

\* Wooden shoes so called.



with high-carved backs painted green, with red foliage ; others varnished and gilded ; while the more stylish looking resembled in shape the scallop-shell chariot in which the sea-born Venus is sometimes represented ; the horses in every instance were sleek and stout limbed, well fed and cared for, and their headgear and harness inlaid with the white shells which children call black-moors' teeth, shone in the sun as if inwrought with silver.

All the roads in Holland are bordered with trees, as nearly as possible alike in size and height, and which for the sake of the timber are shorn of their lower branches and made to look like overgrown green mushrooms ; they are for the most part planted in double lines ; and this plan of depriving them of their lateral boughs, while making them more valuable as merchandise, prevents all danger of ill-disposed persons lurking in these solitary footways, in which, though high roads, one may walk for half an hour without meeting a fellow-passenger, so much more popular is the transit by water. Occasionally a young farmer, in a short-tailed coat, with a gold ornament hanging round his neck, and a huge bunch of extinguisher-shaped silver seals that made him jingle like a bell horse as he walked, lifted his cap in passing ; but for the greater part of our journey we had the *treckpath* and the lime trees, which at

this season — it was full midsummer — drop honey on the earth and fill the air with their delicious odor, all to ourselves.

For some distance out of the city the houses are mostly places of entertainment — Dutch editions, in fact, of the suburban public houses and tea gardens in the vicinity of London ; but, farther, you come upon the country houses of the citizens, each with a small pavilion full of windows overlooking the road, and as a consequence the ditch of stagnant water which borders it. These serve the purposes of summer parlors ; and, early as it was, a singing party was practising in one of them.

In leaving the city the Hollander leaves behind him his taste for high carved roofs and decorated fronts ; and the generality of these abodes were either handsome square buildings of modern architecture or unpretending little places, all roses, larkspurs, and hortensia, the mere summer-eve resort of flower-loving citizens, who are so fond of these occasional glimpses of green fields and gardens that those who cannot afford a country house hire one of the pavilions alluded to, and on Sundays go there with their wives and families to enjoy their possession and smoke cigars and drink coffee. This love of retirement and rurality is admirably expressed in the names of these suburban residences, which are either

painted or blazoned in golden letters on the gates; and Zomer Lust, (the love of summer,) Brouw Lust, (a desire for trees and fields,) or Stroom in Lommer, (shade and water,) are the most frequent titles of these retreats.

We passed one or two houses of more importance than the rest, standing in old-fashioned quadrangular gardens, with stately walks embowered with trees, and the interior space laid out in formal flower beds and trim alleys, with statues at each end, and a rustic bridge leaping a piece of water in the centre — exactly the sort of garden that was in fashion two hundred years ago, and which Evelyn, when in the neighborhood, was likely to have visited and admired.

Once in the course of our walk we came upon a very melancholy spot, bearing all the outward and visible signs which in England indicate a chancery suit — the Zomer Rust (summer rest) of some rich burgomaster of former times reduced to ruins; the house a mere remnant, with half the materials lying in heaps about what had been a flowery garden, but was now a badly-ordered potato pound, over which a nymph in stone, whitewashed for cleanliness, smiled faintly from her moss-grown pedestal, as if she had grown daft with desolation; the trees which remained were lopped, probably for firewood, into the most miserable plight imaginable;

and a pair of river gods — it may be the Y and Amstel — gazed frowningly with empty urns upon each other's misfortune in the midst of a rustling oat field; while a couple of broken-down, *had-been-ornamental* bridges led over unseen streams masked with duckweed and sword-leaved waterflags, with the brown maces of the "major typha" marshalling their choked-up way and seeming to whisper through the loose panicles of the waving reeds "Omnia vanites." This place was but a stone's throw from a meadow in which a pointed obelisk of gray stone had been set up having reference to the peace between Holland and Russia in 1620.

Looking back from this point of view, all that broke the smooth, green surface of the land, whichever way the sight diverged, was the red or black *glazed* roof of a farm house glistening through a sheltering cluster of surrounding trees, or the tall body of a windmill towering in the distance with its expanded sweeps outlined against the horizon, or the white or tawny sails of vessels, picturesque in their clumsiness, showing themselves in the midst of grazing cattle and green fields.

The absence of human bipeds made us the more observant of those "guests of summer, the temple-haunting martlets," as Shakspeare calls them, and those curious little birds, the water wagtails, of which there were numbers about — those on the wing skimming the air in

undulating circles in the vicinity of their clay-built nests, and these, poised with light steps and nicely-balanced vibrations on "the *green mantle* of the stagnant pool," seeking their insect food on leaves of frogbit, duckweed, and the water plantain; while every now and then those zoölogical-garden birds with us, cranes, with fringy wings, black and white bodies, and pink legs and beak, would rise up suddenly from the river side, which flows on nearly on a level with its margin, and apparently only prevented from overflowing them by the tall and matted reeds which line the shores.

The shelter of these plants, like *power* every where, had gathered round them a multitude of dependants; and the tough-rooted nightshade hung its dark-blue exquisitely-painted petals beside the showy clusters of the yellow loosestrife, whose *namesake*, with long purple spikes of flowers, bent lovingly above the great St. John's wort, the *sol terrestris* of the ancient herbalists; and, edging the border of the road, upon a bed of its own silky leaflets, the *silver weed* disposed its glittering flowers; and laughing pimpernel, (*anagallis*), with dotted leaves and scarlet corolla, turned up its weather-wise, wide-open eye, prophetic of the day's continued sunshine.

It is by such flowery bulwarks that the Aristel is restrained within its banks, and these themselves sup-

ported and consolidated. The intervening roots of trees, binding and grasping the earth together, and the surface overlaid with this fibrous progeny, forms an effective dike and gives firmness and body to the soil, naturally so loose and sandy as to be easily washed away.

On the opposite side of the river the reeds are the only impediments to its encroachments and form the boundaries of many of the enclosures belonging to the market gardeners, whose tree-screened houses appear at intervals along the shore.

It is a sad trial in this land of ditches, with the finest specimens of *flowering rush* and other aquatic plants, always growing on the opposite side from that which you are on, that even the innocent larcenies of the botanist are prevented by the intervention of relentless dikes, which divide and encompass the fields in every direction and render it impossible for any one less efficiently booted than a navigator to get at them.

In spite of the unbroken flatness of the view, devoid of all those salient points of interest to which the *tourist at home* is accustomed — the woods, the rising hills, the stately mansions, which are never far apart in English landscape; the rich, meadowy surface of the surrounding country, with Paul Potter-like groups of grazing cattle, sleek skinned and dappled; the strange aspect of *vessels sailing here and there amidst the fields*; the passing by

of eccentric-looking craft upon the brown, smooth waters of the Amstel, with here a patient fisher in a moored *pram* and there a shallow boat filled with a party of boys, every one of whom is smoking, as they glide dreamily on, impelled by a pair of short, broad-bladed oars, looking like overgrown bulrushes with black heads,—all had at least the charm of novelty and freshness; while the coolness of the green prairies, the waving of the ozier holts, the sigling of the gray-plumed reeds as the soft wind winnowed them, and the shadows of the trees edging the path, were as gratefully delicious as the aspect of repose more distantly expressed in the interminable extent of parallel meadows.

In common paths, as well as on the great highway of life, it is pleasant to recall the memory of the good and the great who have trod therein before us; and few ways are richer in such remembrances than those in the vicinity of Amsterdam. Rembrandt and De Keyser, Stork and Vender Helst, men whose works have made their names "familiar as household words," not only in their fatherland but throughout Europe, had hallowed with their steps this very path, and felt their spirits lulled and softened by the same tranquil images we gazed on. Hither came Spieghel and old Dirk Comhert, drinking inspiration from the calm face of their beloved river, as if its waters had been those of Hippocrene; while Von-

del, the Milton of the Netherlands, must surely, in the chorus of Palamedes, have had its details in his mind's eye when he sang, —

“Here flourishes the waving corn,  
Encircled by the wounding thorn ;  
Here glides a bark by meadows green,  
And there the village smoke is seen.”

Here in his boyhood wandered Reiner Anslo, and that apprentice poet of Amsterdam, Gerard Brandt, who forsook his father's shop and watchmaking for the love of poetry and a poet's daughter, the fair Susannah van Baerle.

But we must not linger with these masters of high art and sons of song who have made the banks of the Amstel River classic ground, but pursue our way where still

“The meads red-speckled daisies bear,  
Whilst maidens milk the grazing cow,  
And peasants toil behind the plough.”

It was well for us that fancy had not been castle building, and that our walk — for with us the “simplest charm prevails” — had sufficiently repaid the trouble of undertaking it ; for at the hamlet which made the point of our pilgrimage we found nothing to requite us save its



pure air and ultra cleanliness. It was Saturday afternoon; and we found the streets newly swept, the windows garnished with fresh blinds and flowers; and the women in their well-scoured klompens, full petticoats, white jackets, and snowy caps seated at their doors with quite an air of holiday. A general peace pervaded the village, reminding us of the sweet usage once customary in our own country, and of which this is the remnant, of making in rustic places the afternoon of the Sabbath's advent almost as sacred as the Sabbath itself. The plough ceased its labor, the hinds left their work; and it became a sort of half holiday, during which refreshment and rest were all over the hamlet.

We found the kirk at New Amstel a plain, ugly building, with a few pews crowded into the corners and the rest of the space left vacant for chairs; the floor paved with gravestones, without other inscription than the name of the occupant; the walls, like all the Calvinistic places of worship, whitewashed; and over the most lean, dry-breasted pulpit to appearance a gallery in which stood a small hand organ. There were no monuments of any interest, and none dated previous to 1758. As we had arrived here by the *treckpath*, we resolved to return by the opposite side of the river, and left New Amstel, where we were told a number of English resided, by a willow-shaded path, rich with wild

flowers and haunted by bees and butterflies. The houses on this side of the Amstel are few and far between and of quite another description from those on the opposite bank, being simply farms or peasants' cottages, each with a little garden at the side, and a market boat, or pram, drawn up amongst the reeds on the shore or moored beside a wooden landing-place in front of the dwelling, for the convenience of crossing the Amstel and conveying the produce of their homesteads to Amsterdam, where twice a week the "bluem" (flower) and vegetable markets are held.

Alas! if the objects of view had been limited on the other side, they were still more so on this, where the reeds and tall-growing typha closed out our sight of the river and voices sounded in boats invisible to us though not an oar's length from the shore.

Except the passing by of a peasant with a pair of dazzling white milk pails, followed by an assistant vrow, we had only the face of Nature, calm as Dutch physiognomies generally are, to interest us. Countless oxen spread themselves over the wide extent of rich green pasture land; at long intervals the thin, gray turf smoke, indicative of human habitations, curled up amongst the distant tree tops; while the aroma of new-mown hay—and "good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow"—came min-

gled with the tempered redolence of raspberry plantations, the perfume of which hung about our path almost all the way to Amsterdam. Moreover, at intervals we heard the flutelike whistling of an orange-billed blackbird, and the vesper hymn—for the clouds were growing gold hued in the west—of a choir of skylarks, fresh voiced as if the day had only just begun, and the chirping of innumerable cicadas.

Then there was no lack of wild flowers ; for here, as on the contrary shore, the gamboge-colored lysimachia put forth its clustered panicles ; and close at hand, as if to contrast with its golden splendor, the stately loosestrife waved its purple plumes. Then there was *comfrey*, with its pensile blossoms, and holy thistle, and pink willow herb ; while midst the blue, green reeds the greater bindweed, prodigal of ornament, looped up her leafy wreaths with snow-white flowers, or threw them out like streamers in the wind, or, venturously running round their roots, crept to the very verge of the brown Amstel, and lay there, nymphlike, glassing her loveliness in its smooth depths.

Anon the railway came in sight, and the ships' masts, and tall, black, Moorish steeples, with windmills, houses, and the palace dome. So, crossing the river in a market boat, we exchanged the flowery solitude of its

banks for a crowded avenue in the outskirts of Amsterdam, and entered the city, as the sun went down, not at all sorry that the plainings of a Dutch poet, on the banks of the Rhine, for the quiet beauties of his native Amstel, had tempted us to seek them for ourselves.

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## BROTHER AND SISTER.

THE leaf which I am about to transcribe will be found to be only, in a slight degree, the record of my own personal observation; but I do not the less feel confident in its general accuracy, inasmuch as my informants could have had no motive for mystifying or misleading me—a postulate of great importance in estimating the credibility of the most trustworthy persons. There are one or two blanks in the narrative which I might indeed inferentially fill up; but this I have no doubt the reader will do quite as well for him or herself.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Reeves were, I believe, both natives of Clifton, Bristol. Certainly the husband was the son and sole offspring of a wealthy, but somewhat feeble-minded gentleman, who had long resided there. Edward Reeves was the issue of a second marriage, and his father was again a widower at the age of sixty-three: in less than two years afterwards—having been, I suppose, wonderfully happy in his

choice of previous partners—the old gentleman ventured—rash gamester!—for a third prize in the connubial lottery, and drew—a widow, one Mrs. Halliday, the handsomest, cleverest, and poorest of two sisters; her sole wealth, her brilliant eyes, her silver tongue, her houri smile, and two fine children—boys. Alas! the brilliant eyes, the silver tongue, the houri smile, seen by the light of common day, which in this instance dawned upon the matrimonial horizon in something less than a fortnight after the “happy” one, proved to be mere shams—surface lacker—elaborate deceit. A disastrous union it was soon found to be for Edward Reeves, his young, gently-nurtured wife, and their children, Jonathan and Mabel. The orange blossoms of the bride were cypress wreaths to them—funereal emblems of departing peace and competence. The old story, in such cases, quickly developed itself. The senile bridegroom lapsed into a nonentity without a serious struggle; and little Jonathan happening one day to thresh Master Halliday, a boy of about his own age, (seven years,) for spiteful usage to his sister Mabel, accelerated the catastrophe. The antagonistic parties could no longer inhabit the same house; Edward Reeves and family removed to a cottage in the vicinity, and the son was thenceforth a stranger to his father’s dwelling, till he received a

formal invitation to attend his funeral, and the reading of his will. "In the name of God, Amen!" rasped out the shaky voice of Randall, the attorney—a worthy man, though a lawyer. "I, Jonathan Reeves, being of sound mind, and in full possession of all my faculties, hereby give and bequeath to Maria, my beloved wife, all and sundry the estate, real and personal, of which I may die seized and possessed: to wit——." A fierce outcry, natural, if unseemly, under such circumstances, interrupted the reader. It came from the beggared son, who had leaped to his feet in wild dismay as the lawyer's words of doom—for such they truly were—fell upon his ear. But the utter consternation and despair of the revived man were too terrible and giant-like for articulate utterance; and after one or two abortive efforts at speech, he sank on the floor in a fit. The usual bustle ensued—the usual remedies were applied; Edward Reeves was restored to consciousness, and conveyed home. The formal reading of the will was completed; the hearers went their several ways; and the tiny segment of the world's great circle in which the incident occurred revolved again pretty much in its old course—except, indeed, as regarded the disinherited son and those dependent on him. To be sure, every body said it was a scandalous will—a downright

robbery of the legitimate heir; but every body also smiled graciously or fawningly, as the case might be, upon the fair and fortunate legatee; and every body that could cheerfully ate her dinners, and gayly quaffed her wines. The property thus uxoriously disposed of amounted to about twenty-five hundred a year, besides the personals, and was devised absolutely to the widow, with the remainder to *her* sons, unless she otherwise determined by will; even pretty little Mabel, of whom her grandfather was so fond and proud, was not left so much as a keepsake.

I know little concerning the legally-plundered family during the following nine or ten years, except that Edward Reeves never thoroughly recovered from the shock inflicted by his father's will, and that his wife, a meek-hearted, loving woman, but, like her husband, of no great force or energy of character, participated his wearing grief and resentments, and descended step by step with him to a premature grave. They were withdrawn, I understood, somewhat suddenly, and within two or three weeks of each other, to that brighter and better land, but for whose auroral promise this earth of ours were so drear a Golgotha, strewn with mouldering bones, and withered hopes, and breaking hearts. Neither can I relate the precise gradations of descent in the social scale passed



through by the unfortunate family, till, at the period of the father and mother's decease, they occupied a poorly-furnished second floor in Redcliffe Street, Bristol, nearly opposite the church. I fancy, however, remembering to have heard that business of some sort was attempted by Edward Reeves, with money obtained through the intervention of Mrs. Robinson, the usurping legatee's sister, and a very decent person, let me add, although, from inferiority of worldly circumstances, greatly in awe of her lucky relative. Be this correct or not, Jonathan Reeves had been apprenticed to a working jeweller, and when his parents died, was within a twelvemonth of finishing his time. Mabel, two years her brother's junior, had not then left her poor home; chained there as she was by love for her heart-broken parents, though frequently offered a comfortable asylum, by sympathizing friends, in interchange for such light service as she could render. That lingering tie had snapped, and the fair girl's hesitating step trembled at length upon the threshold of the world she feared, yet longed to enter. I can readily believe all I have heard of Mabel Reeve's singular attractiveness as a girl, from what I saw of her when a matron. It was easy then to trace the yet lingering elastic grace, the slight, but finely-rounded outline of her charming figure; the

delicately fair, pale, rose-tinted features, which, lit meekly up with guileless eyes of blue, and shined with downfalling golden hair, caused the dullest-visioned passer-by to pause in instinctive admiration of the beauteous flower, fresh, as it seemed, from the hand of God, and still radiant with the angel light of paradise. Jonathan was not uncomely, but it was difficult—so strongly marked was the contrast between the sombre, saturnine intelligence of his aspect, and the innocent candor, the almost infantine simplicity of hers—to believe they were such near relatives. Yet were they true and loving ones. Jonathan Reeves loved his sister beyond all things,—even money!—and Mabel's affection for her brother was as deep and earnest as it was confiding and unselfish. They differed as widely in turn of mind and disposition as they did personally. The clouds of life passed over, and left no lasting trace upon Mabel's joyous, kindly temperament, and she was ever forgiving as a child. Jonathan, on the contrary, brooded with revengeful rancor over the wrongs of his family, and pursued with his bitterest maledictions those who had caused and profited by its downfall; evil wishes, which, however provoked, generally, as the Arabic proverb hath it, "come like domestic fowls home to roost."

Mabel went to live with a Mrs. Houston, of Clifton,

in a kind of hybrid capacity, compounded of lady's maid and companion. Mrs. Houston greatly disliked the rich and handsome widow Reeves, (though on quite civil visiting terms with her,) chiefly—so friendly gossips sneered—because she *was* rich and handsome; and dearly the patronizing lady loved to parade before their mutual acquaintance the interesting girl rendered destitute, but for Mrs. Houston's interposition, by the infamous will—goodness knows how obtained—of her imbecile grandfather. Mabel was, however, very well treated by her somewhat ostentatious patroness, and her education was sedulously advanced. Her improvement was so marked and rapid, that her brother grew impatient, almost jealous, of the change. It seemed to be creating a gulf between them; other *indices* relating to her augmented his chagrin and disquietude.

"These Sunday visits to your brother, Mabel," he broke out one day, with a bitterness lately but too habitual with him, "are becoming wearisome and distasteful to you. These narrow rooms, this shabby furniture, contrast miserably with Mrs. Houston's gilded saloons."

"O Jonathan, how can you be so cruel—so unjust!" exclaimed poor Mabel, with suffused eyes and trembling voice.

"I have noticed this impatience—this growing alienation—this disgust—call it what you will—for months past," resumed the brother, with increasing violence. "And tell me," he added, with quick anger, and pausing in his hasty striding to and fro to seize her by the arm, and look with menacing sternness in her face—"tell me who was the perfumed fop I saw you with in the Park on Thursday last: answer quickly, and without equivocation, or the God of heaven ——"

"I with!" stammered the pale, startled girl—"I with! you mistake, Jonathan. There were several——"

"Yes, yes, I know; Mrs. Houston and half a dozen others were of the party—a gay assemblage, Mabel, which your vulgar brother dare not profane by a too close approach. But this beringleted, bewhiskered *gentleman* I speak of was with *you*; affected to be conscious of no other's presence; walked, whispered, at your side; and you, Mabel, you smiled upon his insulting courtesies. Mabel," continued the excited young man, after vainly waiting a few moments for a reply, "Mabel, you do not answer. Once—once!" he added, in a changed and lower tone, but fierce and deadly as the hissing of a serpent—"once, as twilight was falling, I caught a nearer view of his face, and it flamed through me that I had seen it

before; that — But no, it could not be: to suppose that of our murdered mother's child were ——”

“O Jonathan!” sobbed Mabel, “you will break my heart.”

“Nay, forgive me, Mabel,” exclaimed the brother, with sudden revulsion of feeling; “forgive the blaspheming thought that for a moment wronged you. Dear child, how could I be so mad!”

“Dear Jonathan! dear brother!” murmured the weeping girl, as her head sank upon his shoulder; but her eyes, he noticed, were steadfastly averted, as if dreading to encounter his.

“I am rash as fire, at times, dear Mabel,” said the brother, after a lengthened silence, “and utter words without sense or purpose. But we will talk of this matter calmly, wisely, as friendless orphans in this bad world should. You, sweet sister, possess in a peerless degree the dangerous gift of beauty; men such as he with whom I saw you in eager converse look upon beauty in our class of society as a toy, as ——”

“*Our* class of society,” echoed Mabel, flushing scarlet; “surely we are as well born, of lineage as reputable, as any of Mrs. Houston's friends or visitors. The difference between us is in the accident of riches only — nothing else.”

“Of riches only — nothing else!” shouted Jonathan

Reeves, with a renewed paroxysm of anger mingled with scorn, and casting his sister off as he sprang impetuously to his feet. “‘Riches only,’ quoth she, as if—great God!—riches were not the be-all and the end-all of this nether world!—the prime distinction between base and noble—vice and virtue—and did not sunder men as widely as earth is from heaven! Riches *only*, forsooth! Hark ye, girl,” he added, “you are on the verge of a precipice, and by Heaven ——”

He spoke to deaf ears. Mabel had fainted. As soon as she was sufficiently recovered, a hack coach was called, and Jonathan escorted her to Clifton, the silence between them only broken by a mutual “good night.” The next day he gave Mrs. Houston written notice that, on that day month, Mabel Reeves would return to his, her legal guardian’s, home.

It was soon apparent that Mabel Reeves was extremely averse to compliance with her brother’s wishes or commands. She grew dull, melancholy, absent, and reserved in manner, and appeared to dread that till she attained her majority—and it wanted a whole twelvemonth of that—she would be little better than a prisoner in his house. A day or two before the expiration of the stipulated term, the brother received a hurriedly scrawled note from Mrs. Houston. Mabel

had fled ! To London it was rumored, but with whom (if with any body) nobody could conjecture. She had been gone five or six hours before the discovery was made. Finally, Mrs. Houston wished to see Mr. Reeves instantly.

The brother tore the note to atoms, and sped off with frantic speed towards Clifton. Before Mrs. Houston, who was painfully agitated, could utter a word, Jonathan Reeves broke in with "Those vipers — the Hallidays, I mean — are in the habit of visiting here ; James, the youngest, especially. Is that so ?"

"Yes, certainly, they are ; but ——"

He did not wait the conclusion of the sentence, and in a minute or two he was thundering at the mansion of the dowager Mrs. Reeves. The servant who opened the door was instantly thrust aside, and, guided by the voices he heard within, Jonathan Reeves burst unannounced into the dining room. "My sister," he gasped — "thieves — plunderers — devils — where is my sister ?"

The company thus flatteringly addressed were Mrs. Reeves, Mrs. Robinson, and the two Messrs. Halliday. They stared at each other, and at the questioner, their looks indicating not so much surprise or alarm, as concern and irresolution.

"We have heard something of this unhappy

business," said Mrs. Robinson; "but be assured no one here has been privy to or aided your sister's flight."

"You—you answer," shouted Reeves, addressing the gentlemen; "it is you I suspect, not your aunt."

"My aunt's answer is mine," said the older Halliday; "and I deeply grieve ——"

"Perdition to your grief and you! And now, sir, *your* reply. What say *you*?"

Mr. James Halliday sat in the shadow of the heavy window curtains, and it was growing dusk, so that his face could not be distinctly seen; but his voice was firm enough as he replied, "I have nothing to say: it is now three or four days since I last saw Miss Reeves."

The baffled querist glared bewilderedly, for a few minutes, from one to the other, and then muttered aloud, but speaking to himself, "It may be as they say. They are certainly both here, and she gone; gone—six hours since. But if she be hidden in the bowels of the earth, I'll find her."

He then rushed out of the house as madly as he had entered it, reached home, provided himself with money, and left per mail for London the same evening. A fortnight afterwards he returned, haggard, worn, half crazed—without Mabel.

Again a gap occurs in this roughly-connected nar-



rative, extending over eighteen years and upwards; and when I again reknit its broken thread, it is the month of March, 1812—at which time it happened that I visited Bristol on some legal business, in which Mr. Randall, the solicitor, was concerned, and thus became a hearer and spectator of the last act in this curious domestic drama.

Jonathan Reeves, I must first state, was still a bachelor, and resided in Redcliffe Street, but nearer towards Bedminster Bridge than he formerly lodged, where he kept a small working jeweller's shop. He was still poor; and not only so in purse, but in heart and spirit. Years of senseless repining and unavailing regrets had done their work upon him, aided, it is grievous to record, by the ravages of drink, to which fatal propensity he had gradually addicted himself; so that, not yet forty, he was already an aged man. Mabel he had never seen nor heard of, directly, but he had every year received parcels containing presents of some value, which could only come from her, and denoting that, at all events, she was not suffering from poverty. There was no address given, no line written; but every parcel contained a lock of golden hair; and strangely enough, the brother thought the well-remembered color did not suffer change from age—nay, the very last he had received was positively,

he was sure, more brightly golden than that which he had hoarded up some fifteen years before. Mrs. Reeves, his grandfather's wealthy relict, still lived—in London, he believed; but it warmed the sickness of his cankered heart to know—in paralytic helplessness, as well as deep mental gloom, caused by the untimely passing away, within a twelvemonth of each other, of her two sons, who had both died unmarried. Charles Robinson would therefore—unless in a fit of caprice she disinherited him; and she was, people said, as vengefully capricious, as much dominated by selfish and obdurate passions, as when life was young with her—come ultimately into possession of the greatly-improved and augmented property.

This is all, I think, I have to set down respecting the interval of eighteen years and upwards, which terminated in March, 1812. In that month the long-desired letter from his sister reached Jonathan Reeves. It was affectionate, but reserved and brief in regard to her flight from Bristol, and subsequent existence; and it was stated that the time for a full explanation was still, in all probability, far distant. She was a widow, and alone, and yearned to find herself once more in the home of her brother. She should not be a burden to him, having enough (though barely so) for her own maintenance. She would be in Bristol

on the fourth day after the receipt of the letter, which was subscribed "Mabel," only.

"You are but little altered, Mabel," said Jonathan Reeves, after the first rapturous emotions that swelled his heart on again embracing his long-lost sister had somewhat subsided; "still beautiful, though more sedately so, perhaps; ay, and I think more hopeful too: but surely, Mabel, this hair, thinner than I once knew it, is scarcely so bright and glossy as the locks you lately sent me."

Mabel colored a little, and replied, "You fancy so; that's all."

"It may be as you say: a widow, and recently," he added, glancing at her dress.

"Yes, dear Jonathan. I wrote you so."

"And children — none?"

"One only," replied the sad mother, with bowed head and husky voice, "and she has been taken from me."

A long silence ensued, suddenly broken by Jonathan Reeves. "Did you know, Mabel, that Mrs. Robinson — that woman's sister — has returned to Clifton within the last month, and resides in the old place?"

"I have heard so."

"Her son Charles is now the lawful heir; is he not?"

"It would appear so, unless our grandfather's widow should will it otherwise: she has the power to do so."

"That is not likely, I think. Mrs. Robinson is a kind woman enough: I have worked for her often. The old dreams are gone, Mabel, and harsh necessity has humbled my pride. She has sent to say I must not forget to call on her to-morrow, on business. You are tired — good night."

"You would have been amused, Mabel," remarked Jonathan Reeves, as he sat down to tea the next evening, on his return from Clifton, "to hear how anxious Mrs. Robinson is concerning you. Over and over did she cross examine me, to find out what she said you *must* have confided to me of past events; and yet I thought she seemed pleased when satisfied that I knew nothing. Is not this a splendid diamond?" added the jeweller, holding a large, old-fashioned ring, encircling a magnificent jewel, to the light, upon which his gray, eager eyes were fixed all the time he had been speaking — "clumsily set, but of the finest water, and very, very valuable, from its size and color. It was grandfather's," he added quickly; "part of the rich spoil of which we were plundered. It should be ours, Mabel."

"Yes, perhaps so, in fairness and equity; but in law it belongs to Mrs. Reeves. Tell me," continued

Mabel, in her turn speaking with quick nervousness, "did you notice any body—any stranger—that is, any body I know, I mean—either—no matter—with Mrs. Robinson?"

"Let me see. Her son was at home, and there was a young woman with her I hardly can be said to have seen,—Miss Murray I think they called her,—a sort of humble companion. Ah, you tremble and change color. You are ill."

"No, no, a slight faintness; that's all."

The jeweller's thoughts quickly reverted to the diamond. "I think," he said, "this jewel, which, as you say, is ours in fairness and equity, must be at least worth two hundred pounds."

"To us that can matter little," replied his sister, quietly. "You had better put it away in a safe place at once. I shall take a walk," added Mabel, "as far as Mr. Randall's: he lives in Queen's Square—does he not?"

"Yes, on the left hand side from here—name on a brass plate. At least two hundred pounds," Mabel heard her brother mutter as she closed the door, his fascinated gaze still riveted upon the flashing diamond. "At least that sum—and we so poor."

Jonathan Reeves's almost continually absorbed contemplation of the diamond, and muttered comments

on its value, at length raised a feeling of alarm in Mabel's mind, which closer observation but heightened and confirmed. The resetting had been for some time finished, but Reeves was always ready with an excuse for not parting with it. This appeared unaccountable, till Mabel discovered that he had been industriously engaged in the preparation of a paste imitation, which, in size, cutting, and, as far as possible, in lustre and color, was a fac-simile of the true jewel. Such a matter required to be promptly and decidedly dealt with, and Mabel was pondering how to proceed, when a lucky chance relieved her from all difficulty. Her brother was out, and Mrs. Robinson's footman called for the ring. Mr. Charles Robinson was engaged out that evening, he said, and must have it. Mabel desired no better, and instantly delivered it to the messenger. Before going away, the man happened to casually remark, that Mrs. Robinson had been summoned to London about a week previously, he believed, in consequence of alarming reports concerning her sister's health—a piece of news which so flurried and agitated Mabel, and so completely drove all thoughts of the diamond out of her head, that it was not till her brother had been ransacking the shop for several minutes in search of the missing treasure, that she remembered to tell him it had been sent

home. The intelligence literally dumfounded him; he stared and trembled as if utterly overwhelmed with surprise and dismay; and when he had somewhat recovered from the shock, he went about the house moaning and lamenting as if he were demented or had sustained some grievous irreparable loss; and all night long his sister heard him pacing up and down his chamber, as restless and perturbed as during the day.

About three o'clock on the following afternoon, Jonathan Reeves arrived at Clifton, and asked to speak with Mr. Charles Robinson: his request was complied with, and he told the young gentleman that he had called to place a foil beneath the diamond; it should have been done before it left his shop, had he been at home when it was called for, and would add greatly to its brilliancy. The young man carelessly consented, and told Reeves to go into his dressing room, where he would find the ring on a toilet table. The job did not occupy much time, for scarcely three minutes elapsed before the jeweller reappeared, bowed hurriedly to Mr. Charles Robinson, said it was all right, and hastened away. "How deused queer the man looks!" thought Charles Robinson. "Surely he has not stolen the ring! but no—that is out of the question, I should think; I will see, however." The

ring was safe enough, and the young man blushed for his suspicions. "A droll improvement, though," he presently muttered, "he has effected; my judgment and eyesight must be strangely at fault, or ——" Charles Robinson rang his dressing-room bell, and desired the servant who answered it to go instantly to an eminent lapidary, in Wine Street, Bristol, and request that he would come and speak with him, Mr. Charles Robinson, immediately. In less than an hour the lapidary arrived, and what followed thereupon we shall presently see.

It was just dark when Jonathan Reeves reached his home; and had not his sister been herself in a state of great excitement, she must have noticed that he was deathly pale, nervous almost to fainting, and fell with abject helplessness into his chair, like to a drunken man. "Mr. Randall has just left," began Mabel, her usually meek, calm eyes ablaze with light, "and has brought strange news—news just arrived. Our grandfather's widow, Mrs. Reeves, is dead—has died intestate. Mrs. Robinson will be here to-night or to-morrow morning to communicate with her son, and accompany him back to London—her son, the rightful heir at law, you know." These last words Mabel pronounced with exultant emphasis. Her brother hardly appeared to hear her; the nervous



terror that possessed him visibly increased, and a slight scuffle at the door by some passers-by increased it to frenzy. "Shut—bar the door, dear Mabel," he hoarsely ejaculated, "or I am ruined—lost! O God! that ever I was born!"

The violence of his terror startled Mabel; she hastily bolted the door, and then demanded an explanation of his frightful words. "I have been mad during the last fortnight," he answered; "mad with greed and drink. I must have been so, Mabel; but no sooner was the crime effected, and I inextricably meshed in the toils, than the wretched, drunken illusion, promising success, impunity, vanished at once, and I saw that detection was inevitable—the gallows sure, and swift as sure."

"The gallows! O my brother!"

A loud knock at the door interrupted them. "They are come!" gasped the criminal, with white lips. "Here, Mabel—quick, take my purse—the accursed thing is there."

Mabel had hardly time to conceal the purse about her person, when the frail door-fastenings were burst in, and several constables entered.

"We were expected, I see," remarked the chief of them, glancing at the fear-stricken man. "We have a warrant," he added, civilly addressing Mabel, "for

the apprehension of your brother, on a very serious charge, but we need not unnecessarily intrude upon *you*. There is a coach at the door; come, Mr. Reeves."

The instant Mabel found herself alone, she drew forth and examined the purse. The true diamond was there. Alas! alas! And that this calamity should have happened now—now that—but not a moment should be lost. Mr. Randall must be seen instantly. Perhaps"—and the thought which glanced across her brain sent the hot blood in swift eddies through her veins—"perhaps he may yet be saved."

It was about half past nine o'clock when Mr. Randall reached Clifton. Mrs. Robinson, who had not long arrived, was busy for the moment, but would see him presently if he could wait. Certainly he could. "Mr. Charles Robinson is not at home, I believe," he blandly added; "but I dare say I shall find Miss Murray in the drawing room. Mr. Randall briskly ascended the stairs, and as he opened the drawing-room door, said, "Be sure to let me know the instant Mrs. Robinson is disengaged." In about a quarter of an hour, he was informed that that lady was expecting him in the library.

"It is a very unfortunate affair," said Mrs. Robinson, after a few preliminary sentences. "Had I

been at home, there should have been no prosecution. But it must, I suppose, now go on."

"Your son must appear either to confirm his accusation, or, by absenting himself, admit it to be false."

"I am very sorry for it, but the prosecution shall be leniently urged. Poor Mabel Reeves, too! You are aware, I know, how much I risked by taking her daughter when neither of them had hardly bread to eat. Had my sister heard of it, it is quite possible my son would have been disinherited. But that danger is now passed."

"It is true, then, that Mrs. Reeves died intestate."

"Yes, and as the two Messieurs Halliday died without *legitimate* male or female issue, my son is, you are aware, the heir, under the original will settlement."

"That would be as you say. By the by, who has the custody of this unfortunate ring?"

"It is locked up," was the reply, "in a drawer in my dressing room. Miss Murray shall bring it here, if you wish to see it."

"O dear! no, not at all. I am glad to hear you are not disposed to press the case harshly, supposing there be one at all; and I have the honor to wish you, madam, a very good evening."

'The magistrates' office was crowded the next day by an auditory which it did not surprise any body to

find—since they were all thoroughly acquainted with the antecedents of both parties—sympathized with the prisoner rather than the prosecution. Mrs. Robinson and her son were seated near the magistrates; *Miss Murray* had placed herself beside her mother, and, but that Mabel looked pale and agitated, two more charming females, at their respective ages, could not, I think, be found in the city of Bristol, or the two counties in which it stands.

At eleven precisely the accused was placed in the dock, and business commenced. Mr. Charles Robinson proved what he had seen, and then the lapidary was placed in the witness box. He had been sent for by Mr. Robinson, and found that a paste imitation—a very good one, he must say—had been substituted for the original diamond, which he knew well, and had very lately seen in the prisoner's shop.

"Is the ring here?" asked Mr. Randall.

"Yes, it is in this case," replied Charles Robinson, handing it across the table.

"Very good. Now come, Mr. Lapidary, be modestly candid, let me entreat you. Are you positive, I ask, that you can always distinguish paste from a diamond, especially between the lights, as in this instance?"

"Sure!" rejoined the lapidary, with dignified con-

tempt, "I could tell the difference blindfold. Look at this ring yourself; paste, you perceive, is—paste, you perceive, is——the devil!"

"Is it, indeed?—well, that is something new, at all events. But pray go on with your very lucid description."

The confounded lapidary could *not* go on. His face was alternately as red as brick dust and white as chalk.

"Can this be the ring," he at length stammered, addressing Charles Robinson, "that I saw yester-evening?"

"No doubt of it—why do you ask?"

"Because this is unquestionably a real diamond—the real diamond—no doubt about it."

"*The* real diamond!" vociferated the mayor indignantly. "What is the meaning of this accusation, then? But the witness seems hardly to know whether he stands on his head or his heels."

A white-headed gentleman, in a large way of business as a jeweller, it was whispered, stepped forward, and after looking closely at the ring, said, "This is not only a real diamond, but one of the finest I have ever seen for its size." At this confirmation of what had at first appeared to be too good to be true, the audience broke into a loud cheer, which was again and again repeated. The accusation was formally given up, and the prisoner was immediately liberated "with-

out the slightest stain upon his character," the mayor emphatically assured him. I never, I must say, saw an accused person so thoroughly bewildered by a triumphant acquittal in my life. Happily he held his tongue, which was a mercy.

"Hand the ring this way, if you please, Mr. Randall," said Charles Robinson, tartly.

"Ought I not, think you, sir, to hand it to the right owner at once?"

"Certainly—you are asked to do so."

"In that case, I must present it to this young lady on my right."

"To that young lady—to Miss Murray!"

"That was a mere *nom de circonstance*, and there is now no necessity for its retention. Her true name is Mabel Halliday, and she is the legitimate daughter and sole heiress of James Halliday, deceased. This we shall be able to show beyond the shadow of a doubt, at the proper time and place, if her right is opposed, which is not, however, likely. James Halliday and Mabel Reeves were married, by banns, in London; and the fear of disinheritance by Mrs. Reeves has hitherto prevented its acknowledgment. All this can be legally established, and I only mention these details because I know the great majority of the people of Bristol will rejoice, that an estate cruelly

diverted from the legitimate heirs has, by the overruling providence of God, been restored to them in the person of their descendant, Mabel Halliday." I do not think the auditory breathed whilst this was uttered, but at its conclusion, a perfect hurricane of cheering took place, prolonged for several minutes. It was taken up in a trice, and ran like wildfire along the streets; in fact, the enthusiasm rose to such a fever heat that I positively apprehended some accident would befall the mother and daughter, so boisterously did the mob press round to see, congratulate, and hurrah them. As Mr. Randall anticipated, no impediment was offered to Mabel Halliday's accession to the property of which Mrs. Reeves had died possessed according to the tenor — happily unrevoked by his implacable relict — of her great-grandfather's will. Jonathan Reeves, I have reason to know, was startled into sober and decorous conduct by the exceedingly narrow escape he had from the iron hands of the law. Should any reader fail in comprehending *how* it was he was so cleverly extricated from such deadly peril, he will be, if that can console him, in precisely the same mental condition as the discomfited lapidary who, to the day of his death, could never comprehend how the paste of the evening could possibly have become the diamond of the morning.





## **BUY IMAGES!**

**"IMAGES! Buy images!"**

Such was the cry of an Italian image seller, as he proceeded on his way down one of the narrow, ill-paved streets of a little town in the Potteries.

**"Who'll buy images? Vill you buy von, sir?"**

The words were addressed to a little ill-clad boy, who gazed wistfully up at the miniature sculpture gallery on the head of the Italian vender. The collection was made up of copies in plaster of paris, from old and modern statues, mixed up with Prince Alberts, Wellingtons, and Napoleons crossing the Alps. There were some of Pradier's lovely representations of soft and delicate women, Canova's dancing girls, Venus, Isis, Apollo Belvedere, and a beautiful cast of the Boy extracting a Thorn.

**"Vill you buy von?"** repeated the dark-eyed Italian to the boy, who still followed, gazing eagerly at the miniature statuary aloft on the man's head.

The boy turned away with a sigh.

At that instant, a gentleman alighted from his horse, at the gateway of the large pottery of the little town, and looked about him for some one to hold his horse. He caught the eye of the boy, and beckoned him with his finger.

"Come here, my boy, and hold this horse for an instant; I'll be back presently."

The boy at once ran up, and took the reins of the horse to hold it; but still he gazed after the receding Italian, who paced slowly down the street, echoing his cry of "Images! Buy images!"

Nearly an hour passed, and the gentleman at last issued from the gateway.

"Come, my boy," said he, "I have kept you longer than I meant to do. Here's a shilling for you. Will that do?"

"O, yes, sir, and thank you, sir! thank you, indeed, sir!"

The boy was quite fervent in his repetitions of gratitude.

"You are a good little boy. What is your name? Where do you live?"

"In Back Lane, sir. My name's Aleck Williams. I want work, sir, if I can get it, for we are very poor."

"Why, we want boys now. Here, Davis," calling

to a man who had come out of the gateway after the gentleman, "here's a boy wants work. See if you can't take him on. I like the look of the lad. Find out who his mother is, and let me know to-morrow. Yes, my boy, you can come back here to-morrow. Davis will try and find some work for you."

"Thanks, sir, many thanks," said the boy. "I should like nothing better than to get set to work in the Pottery."

"Very well." And the gentleman rode away. Davis retired within the gates again; and the boy remained standing in the street, looking at the bright shilling in his hand. A thought seemed to strike him, and he darted off down the street, after the image seller.

He was nowhere to be seen. The boy peeped into the public house door: there were no images there. He glanced along the back lanes; the image seller, with his precious load, had disappeared. He had, doubtless, proceeded along the highway towards the next town. Away went the eager boy after him.

"He cannot have gone so far," said the boy to himself; "and I shall soon make up to him. Those beautiful images!"

A sharp turn of the road, which he had now reached, showed that he was right in his surmise.

The Italian rested under a hedge, which shaded him from the hot sun; and his miniature treasures of art were laid on the grass beside him. They looked still more beautiful than before, their dazzling white relieved against the fresh green of the hedgerow and the grass. The sun, which here and there streamed through the open foliage of the hedge, fell upon the figures, and brought out their beauties in glorious light and shade.

The boy had almost run himself out of breath, and he slowly approached the place where the Italian lay eating his bread and cheese. The man looked up and smiled.

"Vat, then, leetle boy: you vant to buy images? Very beautiful images!"

"O, they are, indeed," said the boy, "but I'm afraid they are too dear, and I am very poor."

"Vat you got? How mooch?"

"Only sixpence to spend," said the boy; "the other sixpence is for mother."

"O, you got von shilling! I give you beautiful cast for von shilling!"

"I cannot spend it all," said the boy, "but if you can let me have this"—pointing to the Boy and the Thorn—"for a sixpence, I'll give it you."

"Two leetle! It's worth two shillin'."

"Ah," sighed the boy, "then I cannot buy."

"But stop," said the Italian, as he seemed to be turning away; "you poor lad; me poor man too; but you love fine casts; you ver good taste—yes, ver good. Dat cast is after de antique——"

"And what may that be?" asked Aleck.

"Ancient art—de old statuary of my noble and glorious country—Italia, Rome! Hundreds of years, perhaps a thousand years ago, de bronze statue of dat boy stood in de Roman Capitol——"

The man shaded his eyes as he spoke. Perhaps thoughts of home, and of the bright, sunny south, the land of his birth, flashed across his brain. He sighed, and continued,—

"You see de beautiful proportions—so simple, graceful, and true. Ah, de old artists knew how to vork de grand statues! But look you here, boy; you love beautiful little casts. See dare, now!"

The Italian lifted a small square box from his tray, and taking therefrom a pair of small medallions, he held them up before the boy. They were a pair of copies from Thorwaldsen's "Night" and "Morning"—two small circular medallion tablets, perhaps fuller of grace and beauty than any tablets of equal compass can display. Look at "Morning," bounding from her gorgeous eastern chamber, scattering roses on

her way; her sweet lips half opened, as if hymning praise to the Spirit of all good. You can almost fancy the air filled with sweet sounds—the song of the lark, the hum of bees, the lowing of cattle, the chitter of insects, rising up with a thousand voices to herald the Morning on her way. And then the unutterable grace, repose, sweetness, and quiet joy of that radiant Queen of the Day, floating in soft drapery, with the glad babe in her loving arms—borne onward in light and love through the sweet air. The second tablet represents the “Night,” with drooping head—the child nestling in the mother’s breast, while the owl flits abroad, with its *Tu-wit, Too-hoo!* and the weary sons of earth sink to rest after the toils of the day. Never before, in so small a compass, did the youth gaze on so large a treasure of beauty. He bowed his head over these pictures in plaster, and almost wept with joy.

What would buy them? Alas! here was but his poor sixpence, and he had already pledged it for the Boy and the Thorn. And the other sixpence he would keep sacred. That, at least, must be taken home to his poor mother, with whom sixpences were so scarce. He yielded up the medallions to the image seller, with the remark, from the depths of his soul, “O, how beautiful!”

The Italian seemed to be moved with the boy's reverent admiration of his treasures. "You cannot buy them?" he asked.

"No," said the boy, "I cannot. There is the sixpence for the cast: it's all I can spend now. Some other day, if I should ever see you again ——"

"I'll tell you vat," said the Italian, "you love art, my good boy; and as here is von of my "Mornings" vid a damage in her, I'll give it you. Dere, good boy! take her!"

The boy's eyes glistened with delight. He grasped the hand of the Italian, whose eyes glistened too. He overpowered him with his thanks; and the cast seller was more than repaid by the joy with which he had filled the heart of that ardent youth. Indeed, there is no luxury experienced by the poor equal to that which they feel when doing a kindness to one another.

The boy then prepared to set out home with his treasures, and the Italian to proceed upon his journey. They parted, after a tender leavetaking; for a friendship had already sprung up between these two — though born on soils separate from each other — through their common love of art; which, like a touch of nature, makes the whole world kin.

"And what is this that you have brought home with you, Aleck?" asked the mother, after the boy had told his story of the morning's adventure with the Pottery lord, and placed the reserved sixpence in her hand.

"It is a beautiful cast, which I have bought for only sixpence," said he; "and then look at this beauty!" holding up the medallion of "Morning" as he spoke.

"I see nothing in them," she coldly observed. "They are only bits of stucco. And you gave sixpence for such things! Well!" And in mute astonishment the mother held up her hands.

How often is it that the object which possesses so much beauty for one is but so much dead matter to another! Here the boy's whole soul had been moved, his very nature transformed and quickened into new life, by the sight of these objects, which to his mother were only so much stucco. Thus to some the great Creation of Raphael is only so much canvas, spoiled by colored earths spread upon it in oil; and grand old abbeys have not unfrequently been pulled down to build barns with: they were only so much misused stone and lime! Only the true artist sees a meaning in beautiful forms; and Aleck Williams had the temperament of a true artist, though but a boy.



But the prospect of his being taken on at the works was a thing which the mother could appreciate; for it meant bread, and meat, and clothes, and firing. And though the sixpence had been thrown away by her boy upon the "stucco things," she rejoiced in the good fortune which had otherwise befallen him.

In good time, Davis called at her house—found Mrs. Williams to be a very poor, but a frugal and cleanly woman, who bore a good character for industry and honesty among her neighbors. In fact, the boy could not have had a better character. His mother was unexceptionable. So he was taken into the Pottery, and set to work at first in the lowest department—that of driving the lathe wheel.

The boy conducted himself well, and was gradually advanced to higher departments. But we must mention the circumstance which led to his first decided rise.

One day, the master of the works, who exercised a kindly supervision over the boys, when passing through the place where Aleck labored, during the hour of rest, while the other boys were playing or lounging about, found Aleck silently occupied in a corner. What could the boy be about! He walked up to him, and glanced over his shoulder. The boy had

picked up some waste clay from about the lathe, and was busy modelling a clay figure after his cast of the Boy with the Thorn. Here was the first fruit of 'Buy images.'

"What, my boy," asked the master, "do *you* model? That is really very well done. Where have you learned this? Who has taught you? The modelling of that back is admirable. How is it you know any thing of this sort?"

The boy rose up, blushing scarlet. He could scarcely speak at first, caught, as he had been, in the act.

"I have only practised a little at home, sir. I like it, and I have a cast of this, which I am trying to copy. It's very badly done."

"Not at all. Davis, come here. Do you see that? The boy has a genius for this sort of thing. You must put him in the designing shop. He is too good for the wheel. The boy is an artist by nature."

"Very well, sir," said Davis; "I am glad you like the boy. He is a very diligent, well-conducted youth; and we haven't one in the place who is steadier or more attentive at his work."

"Good! good!" observed the kind master; "go on as you have begun, boy, and we'll soon make a man of you."

The boy had, however, the right stuff in him to make a man of himself. But a word of kindly encouragement, and a little help from an employer, at the right time, is worth untold gold to a diligent youth; and Aleck Williams was acutely sensitive to every word of praise or censure; though he was always most careful to avoid the latter by his steady good conduct.

At home, usually, by the fireside, Aleck busied himself in drawing his model Boy. Occasionally, he would bring from the Pottery a spoiled pattern sheet, and labor to copy it with his pencil. The art of modelling deer, and holly trees, shepherds and shepherdesses, birds and beasts, on the exterior of jugs and bowls, was then but in its infancy; still he labored to acquire this art. He was not satisfied with this, but attempted new designs; and he even aspired to model his favorite "Morning," as a design for a water jug!

Such efforts are never without their results. The mother often thought her boy was but wasting his time, and was even disposed to scold him because he did not run about and play like other boys. But Aleck's attraction was among his models, to which he was now able to add, by the expenditure of a sixpence or a shilling from time to time, though his

mother wondered at his passion for these "rubbish of stucco images." Indeed, Aleck sometimes feared lest they should be swept to the door. Nevertheless, he went on persevering, and aiming at excellence, though he knew it not.

Aleck was taken into the modelling shop, and, to the astonishment of his fellows of much greater age and longer standing than himself, he at once took rank as one of the best workmen. He was encouraged to design new patterns, the business of many of the best houses depending upon their superiority in this respect. He was left to follow his own tastes; and now his early models—his much despised "stucco things"—stood him in good stead. They had cultivated his taste, and educated him in art. He strove to model in the same style, and the sight of them, and of similarly pure designs, never failed to stimulate him to fresh efforts. He endeavored to design and to draw patterns in the same style; and he succeeded. The house became celebrated for its classical designs. They were even publicly praised. Orders flowed in; and the success of Aleck as a designer was decided. He distanced all his competitors.

The young man's foot was now on the ladder of fortune; but of fortune he had never thought. He but followed earnestly and purely the bent of his

own genius. His whole happiness was concentrated in his art. He lived thinking of it by night, and laboring at it by day. His designs were generally after the antique, by which he obtained, from day to day, increased means of studying; but many of his own original designs, especially of Cupids and children at play, with which he adorned the exterior of water jugs, were often extremely beautiful.

As he grew older, and came occasionally into contact with artists and men of influence, the advice was occasionally given to him to "turn artist, and devote himself to modelling and sculpture in their highest forms."

But his modest answer was, "No; I am satisfied if I can bring art, through means of the articles in daily use, into the homes of the people, even of the poorest. Let me design an object of beauty which, infinitely multiplied, may gladden thousands of eyes in all dwellings—which may teach beauty and grace from every tradesman's tea table, and every parlor chimney-piece, and every poor housewife's plate rack. I would rather labor to make art a familiar thing in the dwellings of the poor, than to cultivate it as a sickly exotic for the sculpture galleries of the rich."

In fact, Aleck had resolved to popularize art, and

extend its influence among the people; and with this end, he went on laboring in a high and noble spirit.

It would take too much space to detail the various stages of his progress. In all worldly respects he prospered. He removed his mother from Back Lane to a comfortable house on the outskirts of the town, whither he had all his early casts and models carefully removed—including his favorite Boy with the Thorn, and the chipped medallion of "Morning." He had long since been enabled to purchase more costly specimens. But these comparatively shabby casts were dear to him, as they had first awakened in him his intense admiration for the beautiful in art. His mother, growing old, learned to admire the character and the tastes of her noble son; and she no longer spoke a word in disparagement of his "stucco things."

When Aleck heard the cry of "Buy images" now, he never failed to recall to mind his past encounter with the kindly Italian; and he peered in the faces of all the image men in the hope of recognizing him. But he never had the good fortune again to meet with his first helper in art.

In due time Aleck Williams's name was joined to his master's in the business which he had so greatly contributed to extend, and in a large measure to

create. The works were much enlarged, and many hundreds of additional hands were maintained in regular employment through his instrumentality. He established a school of design and modelling in connection with the works, together with evening classes and libraries, for the use of the workmen—remembering the difficulties which he had himself encountered in the earlier part of his career for want of such facilities.

In conclusion, it may be added, that at this day, the Porcelain and Parian statuettes, and the China and stone ware articles, manufactured by the firm of which the subject of this little sketch is now the active head, are universally acknowledged to be unequalled for their beauty and purity of design, as well as for their more substantial and useful qualities. Nor did any articles exhibited at the Great Exhibition of 1851 command more general admiration than those which were displayed at their table.

When any poor Italian, then, in future cries “Buy images” along the street, let the kind reader recall to mind the features of this little story.

## **CLOUD MUSINGS.**

**BY MRS H. J. LEWIS.**

**"The Lord shall make bright clouds and give them showers of rain."**

THE season is approaching when soft showers will call from the brown earth tender grass and flowers, weaving a robe of beauty which will endure until the winds of autumn revisit the earth. Bright clouds will come, noiselessly sailing through the ethereal ocean, and with their forms and hues of loveliness awaken a wish in the thrilled bosom of the lover of Nature to be, like them, rovers among all things bright and beautiful.

I love to lie down on a clear spring day, when the air is fresh and fragrant, and watch the clouds pile themselves in threatening masses or slowly dissolve and disappear. They move up from behind the distant hills, their silver edges bright but not dazzling, borne on the wings of the wind to the zenith, changing but still beautiful, never reposing, but seeking the horizon, and at last



disappearing, to be succeeded by a long train as fair, as fragile, and as unresting as themselves.

No words can paint the wondrous, ever-varying beauty of the clouds. They pluck the rainbow's hues for their adorning; they glow sometimes like floods of molten gold; they weave themselves into fantastic forms; they open the very heart of their blackness for the moon to shine through and touch the whole with glory; and, when the parched earth calls to them, they answer with blessed and refreshing showers; and the trees, and the blossoms, and the hearts of men rejoice.

Precious, then, to the spirit should be the assurance that the Lord will make bright clouds. How should we miss their moving shadows from the uplands and the meadows and from the glittering streams! Did you ever stand in the woods, not dense enough to hide the distant landscape, when a cloud came between you and the sun, and all save the spot where you reposed was flooded with golden light? If you have, the vision comes back, and the heart thrill to which no words do justice.

The showers of rain in the spring time are not the least lovely among the changes of the natural world. They fall tenderly upon the springing grass and budding wild flowers, and their silvery clashing has a music of its own. Sometimes their accompaniment is the light-

ning and the thunder peal; and sometimes they fall before the very eye of the sun, which pierces them and renews upon the clouds the tinted bow of promise. They come in the morning and hush the matin song of the birds; they fall at noon, and send the ploughboy from his toil to the protection of the cot; they visit the parched earth at eve and moisten it after the fervent kissing of the sun; and in the hushed and holy night they tread softly lest they awaken the sleepers whom they come to bless.

How the young leaves and the blossoms glisten after their baptism in the pure element! The breezes come and shake the heavy drops from their edges; and the earth takes them to its bosom and yields them back in added strength and beauty to her floral children. No drop of all the multitudinous showers that fall is lost in the great laboratory of Nature. Each one has its mission and performs it, though often wrought out beyond our wisest thoughts. What do these soft showers upon the bare mountain tops, where no flower looks to them and no blade of grass springs up for a covering? The waters lie there until a strong wind bears them away or they find a pathway down the rugged sides and join the rivulets, which gleam like silver threads in the sunshine and swell the river sources. Then they flow through cultivated fields and by the dwellings of the

happy, till at last the broad ocean takes them to its bosom and they mingle with its world of waters. Are their sojournings ended here? O, no. They rise again upon the invisible element, and again sweep over continents, mountains, and rivers, sometimes pausing over some far-off ocean isle and scattering healing from its borders, and sometimes hovering over the deserts, but gathering up their skirts and yielding no rain.

With all lovely things and precious let us henceforth number the clouds of heaven. We shall not love less the shell that lays its rose lip beside the foaming waters, the beauty and the music of the summer birds, the insects' hum and the sound of falling water, the spirit melody of the human voice, the subdued soul light of the eye, "the infinite magnificence" of the stars, and the wild majesty of the mountain land.

The dull-gray mass which sometimes limits our vision may indeed suggest gloomy thoughts; but the mingling of cloud and sunshine is all joyous and beautiful. With what uninterrupted and graceful motions they glide through the infinite space above us! How rapturous, and at the same time calming and elevating, are the thoughts they suggest to us! and from the fever of life the soul seems to cast itself upon their vapory forms, and flee away and be at rest.

Very beautiful are the morning, the noon, and the

evening clouds, with their background of serenest blue, and their edges of gold, silver, scarlet, or purple. Sometimes they pile themselves up, as if preparing a throne for the monarch of the day, and again their rugged outline seems like mountain summits shattered by the storms of centuries ago. Sometimes they are so light and fleecy one would imagine a breath might scatter them, and we think to see them fade while we gaze; and in a few hours, perhaps, the storm king summons his forces, and the hills are black with shadows, and the fierce lightning rends the vapory mass, and the heavens and the earth seem meeting in the terrible conflict. Peace, the burden of the angels' song, soon succeeds the rush of the storm; and, as the darkness rolls away, all things seem to rejoice, whether animate or inanimate.

Thanks, from the depths of an adoring spirit, that the Lord has made and will make bright and beautiful clouds.

## COOKING FOR A HUSBAND.

"My dear," said Mr. Katzenstein, coming hurriedly in from his office. Mr. Katzenstein was head partner in a German firm, but had been naturalized as an Englishman, and married an English wife. "My dear, here is an overpowering honor about to fall upon us."

"Goodness, Edward, I hope it won't crush us!"

"Nonsense, my dear; listen to me. You know ——, the great German poet, dear to all the hearts of the *Vaterlande*." Mr. Katzenstein was becoming enthusiastic. "Well, he is over, and I have been introduced to him; and he is coming to dine with us to-day, to take pot-*look*, as the English call it."

"——!" cried Mrs. Katzenstein.

Before we go any further, we will invent a name for our celebrity. It will never do to let the Katzensteins keep calling him ——, and ——, during several hours' visit; so, if our readers please, we will just dub him at once Blumenwald.

"Blumenwald! Franz Blumenwald!" cried Mrs. Katzenstein. "What in the world shall we do with him? And coming to take pot-luck, too! O Edward, you never played me a worse trick than this."

"Never mind, my dear. Set Lily to work, and I have no doubt all will go right. Have a nice little dinner—nothing ostentatious, mind; and get up some of that saurkraut out of the cellar. He's a trump at saurkraut, I understand—eats it at all hours of the day. Meanwhile I will go and get a parcel of good cigars."

So saying, the worthy man—who was chiefly noticeable for a pair of prominent blue eyes, and a head too large for his body—left the room, just as his daughter Lily entered it.

"Lily, my love," exclaimed her maternal parent, "here is a pretty to-do. Such a visitor! You must do your very best, Lily. We can't get fresh fish to-day. A little good gravy soup, and a couple of fowls, with some of that nice ham, would do very well."

"Yes, mamma."

"And, Lily, if you could just whip up a few of those German creams, which your aunt Rosalie taught you how to make when she was over——"

"All shall be right, mamma."

"Mr. Blumenwald."

"Who, mamma?" hastily inquired Lily, for the first time manifesting some interest in the expected visitor.

"Franz Blumenwald, my dear—the poet."

"O, mamma, the great, grand Blumenwald."

Lily was a true German maiden of a certain type; fair, plump, large, outwardly phlegmatic,—except when unusually excited, as on the present occasion,—inwardly dreamy, enthusiastic, given to reveries and transcendentalism. In countenance she resembled her father, and yet few would have liked to say so; for his starting visual orbs were, in her face, transformed into tender, floating organs, celestial as those of a loving seraph; and the only trace of his immense head, visible in hers, was the broad, placid forehead. Then who would object to the slight over-fulness of that bewitching mouth, revealing, as it did every moment, the rows of pearls within? In short, our heroine was a lovely specimen of mild, gentle, peaceful womanhood; and when her long golden tresses were disposed in their most becoming form, she might well have passed for a Madonna of the old Flemish masters.

With all Lily's romance, she had a fund of good plain sense at bottom, that never suffered her to neglect the duties of the hour. Upon leaving her

mother's presence on this eventful day, she gave one short five minutes to the idea of the great personage whom they were about to entertain, and then her very delight spurred her on to hasten into the large, commodious kitchen, there to consult with the cook, and afterwards personally superintend the preparations for their improvised dinner. Lily was attired as every sensible housekeeper ought to be, when attending to her morning duties; that is, she had on a neat, well-made, printed dress, not *too* long, with collar of snowy white; and her hair was nicely out of the way. So there was nothing to hinder her setting to work at once, while the cook stepped out to buy the fowls, about a little scheme of her own, of which we shall say nothing more at present.

Dear Lily! It would have done your heart good to see how tidily she moved about; how she whipped the creams, and flavored the soup, and got out the best china, and polished the decanters, and counted the wine glasses, tall and short, and fetched up from the cellar the bitter ale, and porter, and wine, taking care to select a couple of bottles of her father's primest hock, for she knew well that the poet loved this sparkling drink; she had read it in some of his choicest lyrics. Nor was the saurkraut forgotten, though her mother had omitted to mention it in her first



directions; and when that good lady called to her daughter as she was passing the door of the dining room an hour before dinner, "Lily, Lily, I never told you to get up the saurkraut," she was answered by a composed "Yes, mamma, it is all ready in the large china dish." For Lily had turned her reading to good account here again, and promptly understood this second predilection of the great man.

It was half past four o'clock, and all was ready. The drawing room looked pleasant, bright, warm, English; the lady of the house handsome and smiling, in her black satin gown, and French cap trimmed with roses. Sweet Lily was attired as became her comely gentleness, in a clear white muslin, decorated with the palest pink ribbons, her shining hair falling in large, soft curls over either temple, and descending to her well-formed shoulders; her blue eyes lighted up with a mingled joy of delight and expectation. The door bell sounded a peal; the tidy parlor maid hastened to open it; the quick, bustling step of Mr. Katzenstein ascended the stairs, followed by a slow and stately footfall, and the host and his guest entered.

It is the most difficult thing in the world to imagine an individual's appearance from any description of his person, however elaborate. Hence we are continually baffled, and all our ideas reversed, upon

an introduction to those whom we have hitherto known only by report. Such was not exactly the case with Lily Katzenstein. She had met with a portrait of the poet, in the frontispiece to a collection of his poems, and it happened to be tolerably like. Yet she was not prepared for the extreme majesty of his lofty stature, for the clear, penetrating glance of his hazel eye, or the magnificence of the auburn locks that curled and clustered around the high, pale brow, marked by a prominent vein. What with her former imaginations, her present impressions, and the immense distance that she fancied must exist between a simple maiden like herself and the colossal genius before her, poor Lily was well nigh overwhelmed; and when her father brought their distinguished guest up to where she stood, trembling and shrinking like a white rose in a cold blast, and the proud glance of those hazel eyes rested for a moment on her fair countenance, she would willingly have been spared the introduction that followed. She was not, however, called upon to say much; a mutual bow, and the poet turned away, and devoted himself to her mother.

It was plain that Franz Blumenwald was not particularly gallant; nay, one would almost have conjectured that he was wanting in a perception of the

beautiful, or how could he have so disdained the drooping Lily, as not to cast another glance towards her? But his very neglect gradually restored her self-possession; and she remained in a trance of delight, listening to his brilliant conversation, as he flew from topic to topic, illustrating and idealizing all by the light of his marvellous genius. And when, dinner being announced, he offered his arm to her mother, and led her down stairs, the maiden's only uneasy thought, as she followed with her father, was as to whether the cook had thoroughly understood her directions in regard of a certain dish.

"Take some saurkraut?" inquired Mr. Katzenstein, as the meal proceeded.

"Certainly." And the poet helped himself very unpoetically, and devoured an immense plateful—as it were unconsciously. It was a weakness, a foible of genius.

"My dear," said Mrs. Katzenstein to her daughter, who had not yet spoken a word beyond, "If you please," and "Thank you,"—"my dear, what is this?"

The servant had just uncovered a dish that had not entered into Mrs. Katzenstein's calculations.

"I will trouble you," said the poet, sending up his plate. "This dish," he remarked, "is endeared to me by associations connected with a particular epoch

of my life. But I was not aware that this peculiar preparation was known in England. I presume, Mr. Katzenstein, that you have imported it."

"Not I, my dear sir; I do not meddle with those matters. It must be Lily's fancy; but where she got the recipe, I cannot imagine."

This, then, was Lily's secret; she acknowledged the fact by her sparkling eyes and heightened color. The poet looked at her, and for the first time a gleam of admiration softened the piercing brightness of his glance. Are, then, the greatest of men to be influenced through so vulgar a medium as that of the palate?

However this may be, it is certain that the poet forthwith condescended to bestow a portion of his conversation upon our heroine, addressing her directly from time to time, but seldom eliciting more than a monosyllable. At length, apparently finding it labor in vain, he desisted, but his eye frequently travelled towards her; and once their glances met, and though Lily's eyelashes immediately descended upon her cheek, she had read something in the bright hazel orbs that made her thrill all over.

The remainder of the visit passed as such visits usually do, and Franz Blumenwald departed. It was his intention to leave for the north, he had said, in

the course of conversation, and another of those singular glances had thrilled Lily's heart as he said it. But she went quietly on with her crochet work, looking a very emblem of peace and innocence, until discovering that a rosette was missing from the front of her bodice, she bent down to search for it. It was not to be found, and she resumed her employment. As the poet made his final bow, she discovered an end of pink ribbon peeping from his waistcoat pocket. Could it be? An odd kind of feeling prevented her from making the inquiry that rose to her lips, and he was gone.

That evening, on returning to bed somewhat late, Lily took from a private drawer the book in which she recorded the events and reflections of each passing day. We should like to persuade our young readers to keep a diary. If a succession of such records could be carefully and securely laid up during the years of a long life, the owner would have a truer estimate of the value of slight occurrences, would acquire a clearer view of the minute hinges on which turn the good or evil, the prosperity or adversity, of our lives, than we can ever otherwise expect to arrive at. And what novel could equal in interest such a collection as this? We all *live* novels, did we but know it. But it is time to take a peep at Lily's diary.

Seated at her dressing table, her shining hair safe in its embracing curl papers, her white dressing gown falling around her like the robe of a glorified saint, rapidly, and in some agitation, she wrote thus:—

“Thursday, May 25. What a poor, trembling fool I have been! He, the long-time idol of my heart, he, unhopèd for and unexpected, has been in the same room, breathing the same atmosphere. I have drunk in the fire of his eloquence, have met the glance of his piercing eye, have been spoken to by him, gently, condescendingly, and yet I have not had a word to say in reply. What will he think of me? To-morrow I shall be forgotten, or remembered only as the most sheepish and awkward girl he ever met with. If I could but have spoken, have told him that his poems ——: but it is all a vain dream. I am evidently good for nothing but to cook; the only incense I can offer my idol is the steaming fumes of savory dishes. That he, the great, sublime genius, would deign to look favorably upon such a one as I, was the mere doting of a foolish brain; yet what did that expression mean? And again, when he went away?

“These geniuses *are* absent, just as people say. My poor rosette, thou art little conscious of the honor done thee. He doubtless espied thee lying on the

floor, and forthwith, without a thought, crammed thee into his pocket.

*"Weh mir!* I could not even speak to him in his own beloved language. Foolish Lily! go drudging on to old maidenhood; cook, crochet, pay wearisome calls, dress, dance, sing, play, and draw—thou hast missed the mate of thy heart.

"I wonder if the moon shines in at his window, lighting up those sublime features, now wrapped in placid slumber. I should like to gaze on him thus; he would no longer daunt me. —"

While Lily was writing thus, by the light of a waning taper, Franz Blumenwald sat in his apartment at the hotel, smoking a cigar; so continually opposed on this queer earth are fancies and realities. Before him stood a bottle of some light wine, beside him pen, ink, and paper, and a pink satin bow. He rose from his chair, stirred the fire English fashion, walked to his travelling desk, which leaned against a chair, placed it on the table, and took from it a small square book, in which he proceeded to write the following record in his native language, which we take the liberty of translating for the benefit of our readers:—

"May 25, 18—. Some days form turning-points in our world destinies. Fair, sublime, soft-floating

maiden, whose transparent robes wave like wings around thy majestic form, thou little suspectest that a heart is laid at thy feet, to raise into Elysium, or to trample the lifeblood thereout. Never before met I with a silent woman. But this maiden dwells in a perpetual tranquillity, that is better than speech; while her eye, love-laden, wafts a thousand tidings to him that can understand.

"While her hand, white as a snow flake, dispensed the hospitalities of her father's table, methought my lost and lovely Emilie sat beside me. It was again the happy anniversary day of our marriage, when my adored wife smilingly placed my favorite dish before me, and kissing my brow, said, 'This from thy Emilie's heart, my Franz.' We ever afterwards called it the *Herz-blumen*; and when my wife passed into the eternal world, like a silvery mist fading before the light of morning, I swore in my heart that never more should it beat for any woman who came not with the *Herz-blumen*. Yesterday I saw the dish again for the first time; and thou, white-floating Lily, art my wife, if love of poet can win thee."

This may appear to be very fanciful and nonsensical to our matter-of-fact English readers; but if they will take the trouble to look into any accredited translation of German rhapsody, they will find pas-



sages a thousand times more so. And whether they like it or not, the fact of the diary stands there unalterable.

We know not how the poet commenced his wooing. No doubt it would be like himself—that is to say, unlike every body else. Suffice it to say, that he did *not* proceed to the north; that he wrote to delay his return home; and that one fine day, two months afterwards, when I chanced to pop somewhat uncere- moniously into the Katzensteins' handsome drawing room, I found myself an unlooked-for witness of an interesting family scene. Mr. Katzenstein leant back in his easy chair, with a handkerchief over his eyes. His wife, with more composure, was extending her hand to the poet; who, with his arm round the waist of the fair and almost fainting Lily, stood proudly upright, radiant with happiness and love. His hazel eye no longer shed the icy beam that had somewhat displeased me when I had been introduced to him, a few weeks before. It now floated in softened lustre; and turning gently towards the intruder, he quietly said, "Come forwards, my good sir. I beg to present my bride."

We suppose our readers are aware that, with the Germans, a woman is called a bride immediately upon her betrothal.

So the fair Lily had fallen in with a husband to her taste; though we question if our young English ladies would not have looked somewhat coolly upon a man who could treat them so cavalierly on the first meeting. *Mais chacun à son goût.* It is better than being a slave before marriage, and a tyrant afterwards.

## COUSIN LUCY.

"It is folly, mere boyish folly, Margaret; and I cannot understand your motive for encouraging it. Had the girl been well educated, I should not have cared an atom for her want of station; but that my only son should choose to fall in love with a girl who can barely write her own name, is really most preposterous. *He* has already had my answer; let the same satisfy *you*."

"One word, my dear husband, and I have done: have you ever seen Lucy Elton?"

"Seen her! I dare say I have done so fifty times; but I certainly cannot recollect any difference between her and other women of her rank."

"Then you have *not* seen her, William; for she must strike the most indifferent observer. I never remember to have seen a sweeter face, or a more winning manner, than Lucy possesses. The polish of a little good society would make a lady of her in

the *real* sense of the word; and I know that you set no value upon the title, unless it *be* deserved."

"Ay, well! I see that, woman-like, you are determined to stick to your first impression; only let me beg of you not to encourage Arthur in his too favorable opinion of this paragon of mechanics' daughters. I shall be back in good time this evening, my love."

Mr. Randall had scarcely left the house on his way to business, when, hastily equipped in her bonnet and shawl, his young wife was bending her steps in the opposite direction. Leaving her at the door of a small, neat house, in a retired street, where the name of "Elton, Working Jeweller," appeared on a modest brass plate, we will introduce our readers more fully to the several characters already mentioned.

Mr. Randall was a wealthy silversmith in one of the largest towns in England: of respectable family, and an industrious, enterprising spirit, he raised the business left to him by his father, until the firm of "William Randall and Son" ranked with the first merchants in the city. Left a widower early in life, his domestic affections had centred in an only son, whom, in spite of his university education, he determined to associate with himself in trade. To this the young man had never objected; and Arthur Randall

considered himself, what every body else knew him to be, a fortunate fellow, to be placed at twenty-five in the position of junior partner in the flourishing trade of "Randall and Son." A year before his son's admission into the business, Mr. Randall had thought fit to take another partner to himself, in the person of a young and amiable wife. Margaret Bennett was an orphan, brought up under the careful *espionage* of a maiden aunt, the very model of elderly ladies as they ought to be. Seeing very little gay company, and having learned to appreciate whatever is good and noble in our nature, in whatever rank or grade it might appear, Margaret Bennett was the very wife Mr. Randall had for years been hoping to find; and in spite of the disparity of ages, few happier marriages could have taken place. To Arthur Randall the change brought about in their once gloomy home by this marriage was very gratifying, and his admiration for his father's pretty and accomplished wife grew, upon better acquaintance, into a firm and mutual friendship.

One evening the young man entered Mrs. Randall's little sitting room, drew a chair for himself on the opposite side of the fire, and with a smile of peculiar meaning, said, —

"Do you remember, Margaret, the conversation we

had some weeks ago about unequal marriages, and our mutual agreement as to what kind of unions might justly be included in the term?"

"I recollect it perfectly, Arthur."

"Pardon me, dear madam," said the young man, while something very like a blush mantled his handsome face, "but I am anxious to have the benefit of your counsel and advice before my father returns. You have heard my father, as well as myself, often speak of Robert Elton, one of our best and most respectable workmen. Three months ago he was laid up with a violent attack of inflammation, and has been more or less of an invalid ever since. With all my father's kindness of heart, you know his dislike to a sick room, and he never could be persuaded to pay poor Elton a visit in his. So this duty devolved upon me; and, in my frequent visits to the house, either to inquire after his health or on business, I was thrown much into the society of his daughter. Nay, Margaret, do not start; I assure you that the working jeweller's daughter were a fitting mate for the highest noble in the land, if beauty constituted that fitness. But I do not think that Lucy Elton's rare loveliness would have succeeded in taking my heart captive, had I not witnessed her devoted attention to her sick father, and the modest propriety of her whole deportment.

These have, I must confess it, decided me that I either win Lucy for my wife, or remain a miserable bachelor for the rest of my days."

"But your father, Arthur," murmured Mrs. Randall; "have you not spoken to him?"

"I have spoken to no one but yourself, Margaret. I know what my father will say too well; yet this shall never alter my determination. It has been arrived at after due deliberation, and a most careful study of Lucy's character. She wants nothing to make her such a companion as even you would love, except the society and friendship of a woman like yourself, Margaret. After a few months of your schooling, my father would confess that his workman's child was worthy of being his daughter."

"I must see this paragon, Arthur; only tell me, in the first place, if you have told her of your attachment, and whether she returns it, because you may really be reckoning without your host, after all."

"Lucy knows that I love her, and I am as sure that my affection is returned, though not a word on the subject has been breathed on either side. No, Margaret, the difference in our positions might have excited the suspicion of her honest, worthy old father. I think that I must ask you to be my mediator with him, as well as with my own father."

"A pretty task to set me, indeed! While you engage to do the agreeable to the pretty daughter, I am to manage a couple of stern fathers! I rather admire that stroke of policy, Mr. Arthur."

"Do not laugh at me, dear Margaret; but promise to call on Robert Elton to-morrow, and you will then judge whether Lucy is worthy of my love, and of your regard. I will leave you now,—it is time to dress,—and my father will be here in a few minutes; I only wish that my interview with him was over."

A few days after this conversation, the one between Mr. Randall and his wife, with which our tale commences, took place; and we now return to Mrs. Randall, whom we left at the door of Robert Elton's house, whither she was going to pay her second visit.

Margaret was met at the door of a small parlor by a young woman, whose fair cheeks flushed to a deep crimson as Mrs. Randall took her hand, and kindly inquired after her father's health.

"He is much better this morning, ma'am, and is able to go to the manufactory; but pray sit down." And Lucy Elton arranged the cushions of a pretty chintz-covered sofa for her guest.

"You must sit down beside me, Lucy; for my visit this morning is especially to you," said Mrs.



Randall, as the graceful girl prepared to seat herself on an opposite chair. "Do not be afraid of me, Lucy, though we are almost strangers; I assure you that I have already ceased to regard you as such, and, as a proof of this, I am about to give you my entire confidence, and to ask yours in return, upon a subject which deeply affects us both."

Margaret paused; and the half-averted face beside her drooped lower still over the work which Lucy held between her fingers. At last, with a strong effort, she raised her head, and fixing her large blue eyes upon Mrs. Randall's face, said slowly,—

"I think that I understand you, dear madam. My father told me of your conversation with him on Tuesday."

"Then, Lucy, I am saved the awkwardness of an explanation, and have only to read those blushes aright, to see that Arthur's affection for you is returned. If this be the case, I know that you will willingly agree to a proposal I have now to make."

Mrs. Randall then entered fully into a benevolent plan which she wished to carry out with regard to the fair girl whom she was perfectly happy to receive as her daughter. This was, that Lucy should arrange to devote certain hours each morning to the prosecution of those studies which she had hitherto so

imperfectly pursued. All this she wished to be done without the cognizance either of her husband or his son, that when Mr. Randall was won (as she believed in time he would be) to give his consent to the union which he now opposed, Arthur might have still less cause to blush for what his father called the deficiencies in Lucy Elton's education.

"And now, Lucy," added Mrs. Randall, as she drew her shawl closer around her, and prepared to say good by, "I read consent to my scheme in your face; do I not? and we have only to fix the hours when you can best leave your domestic duties here to attend to these new studies: shall we say from two to four each day?"

"Thank you, dear Mrs. Randall. How shall I ever prove my gratitude to you?" murmured Lucy, as she bent over Margaret's hand.

"By being an attentive pupil, Lucy dear, as I know you will be, and thus making the friend we both love and esteem doubly happy. To-morrow, then, I may expect you; and now, good by."

For several months Lucy Elton might be found at the appointed hour in Mrs. Randall's little morning room, reading and learning as diligently as the most exacting mistress could desire, and delighting her gentle instructress by the aptness with which she received

knowledge, and the ease with which she retained it. The secret of these pleasant lessons had been strictly preserved, and not even Arthur had any idea of the amount of help which Margaret was affording to his beloved Lucy, though he was satisfied with and grateful for the interest which he saw that she took in her improvement. Thus matters happily progressed, until the summer began to wane into early autumn, and a few weeks' sojourn at the seaside was spoken of by Mr. Randall, more on account of his wife than himself, for his absorbing attention to business always prevented his being willingly absent from the counting house for more than a week at a time, and Margaret had consequently been hitherto left to a month's solitude at some retired bathing-place—a solitude which was, however, by no means irksome to her thoughtful nature. In the present instance, she proposed to herself a companion; and although shrinking from the necessity of concealing the truth from her husband, she determined so to arrange that Lucy should accompany her, believing that the *motive* for her apparent duplicity would fully excuse it in his sight.

“Write to your friend, Miss Spencer, Margaret, and ask her to meet us at —— in a fortnight. I shall be so much better satisfied if I leave you with an agreeable companion, and I have often heard you

mention this pretty cousin Lucy, and express a wish that she could visit us. Besides," continued Mr. Randall, "who knows but that Arthur may take a fancy to her, and put an end to his present absurd *penchant* for a mere rustic Lucy?"

Nothing could have been more propitious to Margaret's wishes than this speech which her husband made during a conversation as to their proposed holiday.

She gratefully accepted the proposition, and in a few days was able to tell Mr. Randall that her friend Lucy would be delighted to join them for a month at ———. In the mean while Lucy Elton had been informed of the treat in store for her, and Arthur, too, was necessarily admitted into the secret of the deception about to be practised. At first, Lucy refused to lend herself to a deceit, which she thought would only increase Mr. Randall's dislike to her; but the representations of her friend Margaret, and the solicitations of her lover, at length conquered, and Lucy commenced her preparations for this new and unlooked-for pleasure. A week passed rapidly by, and the end of another fortnight found Mr. and Mrs. Randall with their visitor, "Cousin Lucy," seated in the bow window of a comfortable drawing room at ———, which commanded a magnificent sea view,

and a bold side landscape of rocky promontory and undulating wooded banks, which sloped to the margin of the bench. At a table covered with a profusion of damp seaweeds and shells, still redolent of the briny dew of the deep, Lucy sat and sketched a graceful group of these ocean treasures, which she had arranged with admirable effect, (for she had been for some years a pupil in one of those seminaries of taste and elegance, a school of design.) Margaret sat beside her with some work, and her husband, as he conned the pages of his daily paper, every now and then read some amusing paragraph aloud. At length, throwing the paper on one side, he exclaimed, —

“Well, dear wife, charming as this change is for a time, I really cannot give more than my fortnight away from business. Arthur is, in most respects, just as good as I should be among the people; but I fear he will not give his whole thought, or time either, to the counting house, so long as that foolish affair keeps its hold upon him. Besides, I want him to have a holiday as well as myself, and shall send him across directly I get back. If possible, I may come over again for a couple of days, and take you all home.”

“When *must* you go then, William? Not for another week, surely.”

“To-morrow, my love. Remember that I have

enjoyed the sea breeze for a whole fortnight, and a very pleasant fortnight too. You must endeavor to make the next three weeks pass as agreeably to Arthur. No, not you, Margaret; I depute that task to your fair cousin. Nay, Lucy, those golden curls, with all their profusion, will not quite hide your blushes. But, come, I will quiz you no more about this unknown knight. Let me see your drawing as a token of amity."

Lucy rose, and with a smile on her still blushing face, put the sketch into Mr. Randall's hand, and then left the room, while he continued,—

"What! gone again? I declare, Margaret, I could fancy the girl was in love with Arthur from my description. I cannot mention his name without calling up a blush on her face; I shall take it as a good omen of his success, I think."

"Then Arthur has your permission to endeavor to win Lucy's heart, William, portionless damsel though she be?"

"You know that money is the last thing I wish Arthur to consider in the choice of a wife, Margaret. In every other respect, I have satisfied myself that Lucy Spencer would suit him. And, fastidious as he pretends to be on the score of personal beauty, I defy him to object to your lovely cousin on that point."

As for her lack of accomplishments, in a wife these may be easily, and I think often profitably, dispensed with. Lucy draws beautifully, however, and how rapidly this sketch was taken!"

"But, William, before you say any thing to Arthur on this subject, remember all that I have told you of my cousin Lucy's birth and parentage. Not only is she without fortune, but she was the child of working people; her father was a tenant farmer of Lord ——'s."

"None the worse for that, my dear wife. You ought to know that I honor honest labor as man's noblest heritage; and the daughter of a day laborer, if raised by education and the refinement of intellectual society, is as true a lady, in my eyes, as the hereditary countess."

"And yet, dear husband, how determinedly you opposed all my wishes that you should see Robert Elton's charming daughter before you passed judgment upon her! She was, whatever you may believe, as worthy of your esteem and admiration as my cousin Lucy — perhaps even more so."

"I might have been wrong, Margaret, in this instance; but, as you know, it was not the girl's station or birth to which I objected, so much as her necessary want of mental culture — of that refinement of taste

and sentiment which I am sure Arthur would require in a wife; but here comes Lucy, and we must drop this subject for the present, at any rate."

. . . . .

The day previous to the one fixed for the return of Margaret and her companions had arrived. On the evening before, Mr. Randall had, in compliance with his promise, joined them, and the little party were making the most of the sea breezes by spending a long afternoon upon the beach. Seated upon a bank covered with short mossy grass and wild thyme, while her feet rested upon the ridge of many-colored pebbles, which marked the highest point of the tide, Lucy was finishing a sketch of the bay and its little white-walled town; while Arthur, stretched listlessly on the soft turf beside her, read and talked alternately.

"Come, cousin Lucy, suppose you leave Arthur to take charge of your portfolio to the house, and walk with us to the pier," said Mr. Randall, as he and his wife came up to the young couple. "Do you see how rapidly the —— Packet is coming into the harbor? Who knows what friends we may find among the passengers? Margaret has been giving me a hint that she half expects a newly-married cousin. Arthur will, perhaps, join us, and in the mean while you must accept of a less agreeable escort."



Taking Mr. Randall's offered arm, Lucy and her companions walked on in the direction of the town; and crossing the river by a narrow wooden bridge, they soon found themselves among a group of visitors and townspeople watching the approaching steamer as she made rapidly towards the pier. The vessel at length came to her moorings; and in a short time the eager passengers began to leave her deck.

"There they are!" exclaimed Mrs. Randall, as a pretty-looking woman stepped across the gangway, followed by a gentleman; and in another moment she had cordially greeted the new comers, whom she presented to her husband as "Mr. and Mrs. Wilson."

"To think that I should choose —— for our wedding trip, Margaret, because I knew you were here, and then to find that you are leaving by the next boat! It is really too provoking," said the lady, in a tone of disappointment.

"O, you will not want us, Lucy dear," returned Margaret, laughing: "but you must come to our lodgings at once; and now let me give you up to my husband's care; he knows you well by report."

"Only as Lucy Spencer, though; for you had not much notice of my change of name, Margaret."

"Another cousin Lucy, Margaret?" exclaimed Mr. Randall, with a look of astonishment. "I do not

remember to have heard you mention more than one. The namesakes seem strangers to each other, too. Lucy, my love, Margaret has not introduced you to this mutual cousin; for such, I presume, she must be. Miss Lucy Spencer, Mrs. Wilson."

An admonitory look from Mrs. Randall checked the expression of surprise which rose to Mrs. Wilson's lips as Lucy underwent her formal introduction to her, while a knowing smile was exchanged between the cousins; and the little party walked on quietly to their lodgings, meeting Arthur, who had been in search of them, on their way.

"Dearest Mrs. Randall," sobbed Lucy Elton, as she followed her friend into her little dressing room, "I cannot bear this misery any longer; pray let me go to Mr. Randall, and confess the deception at once. It must be found out sooner or later; and how wretched I shall be now till I know that he has forgiven me!"

"I suspect that it is found out already, my dear Lucy," said a kind, grave voice behind her; and the hand of Mr. Randall was laid gently upon her shoulder, as she clung weeping to Margaret. "Cheer up, Lucy, and do not suppose that I am so unjust as to withdraw my esteem and affection simply because it turns out that your name is Elton, instead of Spencer. As my wife was, by her own confession, the insti-

gator of this plot against my pride and prejudice, and as it has been so successful and happy in its issue, I must pardon all the aiders and abettors as well as the chief conspirator herself—ay, my sweet Margaret!

“We shall have a great deal to talk about when we reach home; but let us all devote this evening to the amusement of our visitors. Mrs. Wilson seems to be a very agreeable person; and, after all,” added Mr. Randall, as he kissed the still tearful cheek of Lucy Elton, “I am well pleased that, in taking you for my *daughter*, Lucy, we shall not lose sight of that pleasant, perplexing little kinswoman, *cousin Lucy*.”

## EDUCATED WOMEN.

BY MRS. ABDY.

LET not my readers be alarmed at the title of my paper. I am not going to advocate the claims of lady colleges, on the one hand, or cookery schools, on the other. I hold *that* education to be the best which not only fits a woman for the station which she is likely to fill in the world, but which so strengthens her character that, should fortune see fit to elevate her to a higher or depress her to a lower station, she would still be able to act in becoming accordance with its duties. Illustration is often better than precept: I will therefore give a short sketch of three married women of my acquaintance who, in my opinion, admirably exemplify the effects of a judicious education; but, lest my readers should surmise that I am about to inflict upon them the delineation of paragons of perfection, I will tell them beforehand that each of these exemplary persons possesses one fault, which I am about to point out, with the hope

that, in their case as well as in that of many others, it may be not only confessed, but amended.

Lady Corwyn was the daughter of a quiet widow with a moderate income, who was prevented, partly by ill health and partly by an indolent disposition, from introducing her daughter into general society. Sir James Corwyn, however, a baronet with a fine country seat and fifteen thousand a year, obtained an introduction to the secluded fair one at the house of one of her relations, and a marriage took place. Twenty years have elapsed since that event. Lady Corwyn is now eight and thirty; and her country neighbors and her London associates, her husband's friends, nay, even her husband's family, those chartered critics of a wife's sayings and doings, unite in praising the uniform propriety of her conduct — propriety which does not array itself in buckram, but which is evinced by the exquisite good taste and ease with which every relaxation of life is enjoyed, every social and domestic duty performed. Sir James Corwyn and his family pass the spring in London; it is his wish that his wife should mingle with the gay world; and she does so cheerfully and willingly. She is no flirt; yet men love to congregate around her and to listen to her animated, sparkling anecdotes. She is no flatterer; yet women consult her in their millinery dilemmas and girls eagerly seek her as a chaperon.

Eight months of the year, however, she passes at her husband's country seat ; here she is the kind benefactress of the poor and the wise and prudent manager of her household. She keeps up an extensive circle of visiting acquaintance ; but, as her habits are very active, she finds time for many other pursuits, from the cultivation of her mind to that of her flower garden, from playing chess and singing duets with her husband to directing the studies and sharing the pastimes of her children. She has a son, nineteen years of age, who is already distinguished by his talent and excellence, and two daughters, of fifteen and sixteen, who have not yet "come out." When they do so it is predicted that they will meet with excellent opportunities of marrying. Girls brought up under the inspection of such a mother may be safely trusted to make admirable wives.

Mrs. Stafford is about nine and twenty ; ten years ago she married a very rich merchant ; her tastes and habits were expensive ; she enjoyed her splendid dresses and elegant carriages. These inclinations, however, qualified her but the more for the station she was called upon to fill. Stafford valued wealth not for its own sake, but for the sake of the luxuries that it procured ; and a wife incapable of spending money would have been in his opinion quite unworthy of possessing it. Yet Mrs. Stafford was no frivolous, thoughtless worldling ; two

points she strenuously urged on her husband — to give liberally in charity from his abundance, and to abstain from all speculative attempts to increase the fortune which was already more than sufficient for every reasonable want and wish. Stafford was quite willing to oblige his wife in the first particular. So long as she did not require him to devote his time and thoughts to the service of his distressed fellow-creatures she might command checks on his banker for their use; but the second part of her counsel was more difficult to follow. Stafford entered into a tempting speculation; it failed, embarrassments ensued, and, although he was enabled to pay every body, he was reduced to the very unpleasant necessity of — so runs the mercantile phrase — “beginning life again.” To “begin life again” is the frequent aspiration of poets; but it is very seldom considered by merchants, still less by merchants’ wives. Stafford felt the shock even more for his dear, indulged, pampered wife than he did for himself; but he was speedily comforted and encouraged by the mingled spirit and sweetness with which she accommodated herself to her new situation. She parted with her jewels, locked up her finery, and looked far prettier in a muslin dress and straw bonnet than she had ever done in the most elaborate Paris fashions. She managed her little household so well that it did not bear the appearance of

having cost her any trouble to manage ; neither did she make a point of abjuring recreations and amusements. The well-chosen books arrayed in splendid bindings had passed into other hands ; but cheap literature and a subscription to a neighboring circulating library supplied the deficiency. Balls and banquets were henceforth to be unknown to her husband and herself ; but the lecture room, the concert room, and the social meeting at a friend's house remained open to them. Carriages and horses were extinct ; but Mrs. Stafford's step was more light and the roses bloomed more freshly in her cheeks since she had been what her commiserating friends denominated "reduced to walking." No one said of Mrs. Stafford that she bore her altered circumstances well, for she did not seem to consider them as troubles ; she was just as smiling, happy, and pleasant as when encumbered with a large house, a colony of servants, and an income to match. She will not long, however, continue to live in a confined manner ; for I have just heard of the death of a relation of Stafford's, who cut him out of his will for marrying a fine lady, and put him in again when his reverse of fortune discovered to his friends that a fine lady may be a very earnest, simple, loving woman. I believe the money that Stafford will inherit amounts to a large sum ; but no matter : I have so firm a trust in the consistency of Mrs. Stafford that



I should not fear for her even if it were discovered that her husband possessed a vested right in the largest gold field in Australia.

My third paragon, Mrs. Rushton, is the wife of a country clergyman; she is four and twenty years old and much handsomer than my other two favorites — in fact, she is a decided beauty; and when, at the age of eighteen, she was well introduced into the gay world by an aunt, and known to be the independent possessor of ten thousand pounds, no one can be surprised that her conquests were many and extensive; she was the belle of the ball room, the goddess of *tableaux vivans*, the heroine of acted charades; verses were written to her, sketches were made of her, and hearts and hands — some of them very desirable ones — were proffered to her acceptance. Her aunt was never easy but in society, and certainly she rejoiced in a most complaisant niece; the young beauty was never tired, never low spirited, never pale, never sleepy, never troubled with the headache. For three years she remained in a constant vortex of amusement and dissipation, till at length she made choice of one of her suitors; and to the astonishment of every body he proved to be a quiet country clergyman residing in a distant village on a small living. Poor man! I wonder that he ever found courage to propose to her. How divided he must have

been between fear of being refused and fear of gaining a very unsuitable wife for himself if he should be accepted ! Her aunt vehemently opposed her marriage ; but, as she was of age, it was impossible to prevent it ; and, as the income which her lover derived from his living was somewhat more than she herself drew from her ten thousand pounds, all threats held out of ultimate starvation were of course to be regarded in a metaphorical point of view. The beautiful bride entered on the duties of a clergyman's wife not only with cheerfulness, but with a tact and activity which surprised every one. I could quite conceive that her fine sense and fine principles would enable her to "quit the flaunting town" without regret when she had once made up her mind to do so. I could also well understand that, loving as she did deeply and truly, the affection of one fond, faithful heart would far outweigh all the triumphs and flatteries of society ; but I cannot even now quite comprehend how she became at once as if by intuition so versed in her new pursuits that any body might suppose she had been teaching schools and visiting cottagers all her life. Mrs. Rushton has refused all offers from her husband to take her occasionally to London or to a watering-place ; the little village where her home is fixed may occupy a very insignificant position in the map of England, but to her it is a scene of perfect and unvarying happiness ;

and the veriest dowdy who ever vegetated in seclusion from childhood to womanhood could not make a more quiet, contented, unassuming wife for a country pastor than does the darling of society, the flattered ball-room beauty.

The three ladies whose characters I have endeavored to sketch are of different ages and move in different circles. They do not know each other — nay, as far as I am aware, they have never even heard of each other; and yet they each have precisely the same fault in precisely the same degree. But before I mention it I must trespass on the patience of my readers for a short time while I delineate to them yet one other person.

There is a neat, trim row of houses in Brompton, bearing that peculiar air which denotes that they are let out in lodgings. In one of them the parlor and bed room on the ground floor are occupied by an elderly lady named Allen; she is thoroughly the gentlewoman in manner and appearance; and the beautiful drawings and tasteful pieces of needlework which form the principal ornament of her little parlor have owed their existence to her own skilful and active hand. I cannot say that I consider Mrs. Allen a very happy person; it is far from being my habit to estimate felicity in reference to pounds, shillings, and pence; but a certain *roominess* of income — to use the expression of an old-

fashioned friend of mine — is, in my opinion, quite necessary for comfort; and this it is not Mrs. Allen's lot to enjoy. Her table, dress, and apartments, although managed with the strictest economy, merge nearly the whole of her moderate life annuity; and she has nothing to spare from it for the little indulgences of life. She is of a social temper and has great powers of conversation; but she pays and receives very few visits. She has outlived her relations; some of her friends have forgotten her, others live at a distance from her; and she cannot make new acquaintance, since visiting is expensive even when carried on in the most moderate way. Mrs. Allen loves the country; and she is frequently haunted with images of breezy hills, flowery valleys, and umbrageous woods; but she rents her little lodging by the year for the sake of economy, and she cannot afford an excursion from thence; so she reads *Our Village and Summer Time in the Country*, fills her pretty painted flower jars with moss roses purchased from street venders, and tries to forget that there was once a time when she enjoyed "free Nature's grace" without restriction. Mrs. Allen has another drawback upon happiness; her health is failing; she can only walk to a very short distance from home, and carriage hire is out of the question. She has lately suffered under a severe attack of illness; and her landlady

earnestly persuaded her to have recourse to medical assistance. She resolutely refused; and the landlady expatiated long and fluently to her next "caller in" on Mrs. Allen's "unaccountable dislike to doctors." But Mrs. Allen has no dislike to doctors; she only dislikes the expense of them.

When I have said that I do not consider Mrs. Allen happy, let me not be understood to infer that she ever complains of her lot in life. No; on the contrary, she often expresses her gratitude to Providence that she has been able by her unassisted efforts to accumulate a sufficient sum to place her in independence for the rest of her days, giving her sufficient to satisfy the wants of nature and allowing her abundant leisure to prepare her mind for a future world.

Mrs. Allen's story is very short and very commonplace. Highly educated and slenderly dowered, she became the wife of a man of reputed wealth; she enjoyed every luxury for several years, when the sudden death of her husband discovered that his affairs were in so involved a state that nothing could be saved from the wreck of them for the use of his widow.

Mrs. Allen now deemed it advisable to avail herself of her talents and accomplishments as a means of support, and became a governess. Perhaps few governesses had ever less to complain of than she had; her

superior abilities insured her a good salary, and she was extremely fortunate in entering families who treated her with kindness and consideration; while her pupils, generally speaking, were amiable and intelligent and did credit to the excellent instructions which they received from her. Thirty years did Mrs. Allen pursue this way of life, regularly laying by as much of her yearly stipend as she could consistently save after making the appearance expected from a well-salaried governess. At the conclusion of that period, when her health and spirits both gave symptoms of failing, she was truly grateful to find that it was in her power to purchase a small life annuity which, managed with frugality, would procure her the means of living without future labor. Mrs. Allen had not very frequently changed her situations; but of course in thirty years occasional transits were unavoidable; and among her pupils at different periods were numbered the three ladies whom I have described as doing so much honor to the education bestowed on them. Lady Corwyn, Mrs. Stafford, and Mrs. Rushton were each under her care for some years. Now have I come to the moral for which I have been endeavoring to prepare my readers. Why has Mrs. Allen so completely passed from the remembrance of the pupils who owe so much

to her? Why do they not feel that it is equally a duty and a pleasure to keep up frequent intercourse with her, to invite her to their houses, and to introduce her to the husbands who have such cause to be thankful to her for having trained up for them such admirable wives? What would Lady Corwyn have been if left to the sole direction of a sickly, indolent mother? Mrs. Stafford, as an orphan under the care of a stately guardian with a silly wife, would have had still fewer advantages of moral training; and Mrs. Rushton, if her worldly, trifling aunt had been her sole preceptress, would probably have never been any thing but worldly and trifling herself. Were you to talk to these ladies on the subject of their education, I am persuaded that not one of them would deny that they were under the greatest obligations to Mrs. Allen; were you to tell them that she was suffering from poverty, they would assist her readily and abundantly; were you to apprise them that she was a candidate for admission into any charitable institution, they would write letters, pay morning visits, work for a fancy fair, or adopt any other mode which might be suggested to them as being most likely to be beneficial to her. Why, then, do they not seek her as a companion and guest? How many comforts and indulgences might they be the means of be-

stowing upon her, without causing any humiliation to her independent spirit! How many happy hours might she enjoy in the beautiful park and pleasure grounds of Lady Corwyn! How might Mrs. Stafford have made her the occasional sharer of her prosperity, and have been rewarded by finding in her one of her few firm, unshrinking friends in the season of adversity! How might Mrs. Rushton delight to welcome to her peaceful retirement the governess who implanted in her mind the excellent principles which qualified her to enjoy and to adorn it! I have frequently heard married women describe the pleasure they feel in renewing their acquaintance with those whom they have known in early girlhood, because they could retrace with them innumerable little incidents, scenes, and dialogues interesting to themselves, although dull and trivial to an indifferent person. Surely none can be so well qualified to share in such pleasant reminiscences as the governess, who was not only an occasional visitor, but the actual inmate of the house of her young charge during the delightful season of life's fresh spring. And yet, among the most amiable of women, how constantly do we see that the governess is suffered to pass into entire oblivion from the time she ceases to reside with them! Possibly in some cases a few letters may be exchanged; but the



languid correspondence soon comes to a close; her name is never mentioned, and her very existence is forgotten.

Is not this wrong, unfeeling, *ungrateful*? Yes; the right word has come forth at last—I will not gloss it over.

*Ingratitude* is the one fault of my three fair friends, and of many other equally esteemed members of society. It is a harsh word; it is a heavy accusation; there are few, even among the most humble minded, who could be induced to plead guilty to it. And yet what is the definition of ingratitude? Is it not the want of a due sense of the benefits that we have received from others? And how great are the benefits that a pupil receives from a thoroughly conscientious governess, who is not content with imparting showy accomplishments nor even solid information to her, but who carefully guards her young mind from evil, and instils into it the great truths of religion! Gratitude should be shown through life to such a preceptress; and the expression of it ought to be considered as an enjoyment and a privilege. Her married pupils, in particular, should delight to welcome her to their domestic fireside, to make her intimately acquainted with the failings and the excellences of their children, and to listen with pleasure

while she recounts to those children anecdotes of the youthful days of their dear mother. Is there any reason why such an intercourse should not be of frequent occurrence, with mutual comfort and advantage to each party? No; it is not even *attempted* to give any reason why it should not be so. Such an intimacy is never sought for because it is never thought of; and I am inclined to believe that want of thought more than want of real principle and kindness is the source of the error that I deplore. But the governess has deep feelings, warm sympathies, strong affections; the nature of her employment in life has alienated her from the society of her own family; she has given all her earnest interest to strangers; she has sat with them by the winter hearth, joined them in the summer walk, heard their troubles, shared their joys, partaken their prayers. She has won their friendly confidence; is it to be withdrawn from her the moment she quits them? She has qualified them to bless and be blessed in their progress through life; is she to be deprived of the gratification of seeing how it has pleased Providence to prosper the good seed which she has sown? No—no; let her lonely home be gladdened, let her sinking heart be cheered, by the renewal of ties so long dissevered; let her hear the sound of well-known voices, and gaze on

the smile of familiar faces ; let the husbands of her pupils delight to honor her, and their young children welcome her with caresses ; and then, and not till then, shall I say that the blot on our national character is removed, and that England has reason to be proud of her “educated women.”

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## ELLEN STEPHENSON.

I WAS for several years in the frequent habit of spending an evening in the cosy parlor of a tavern, at no great distance from Farringdon Street, which has long since been pulled down, but at the period I write of had a prosperous trade, and was kept by a man of the name of Stephenson. This, in my wife's very decided opinion, extremely objectionable practice was brought to a sudden end by the alarming advent of twins, in swift succession to three single blessings of the same kind; previous, however, to which connubial catastrophe, one or two circumstances had occurred in connection with mine host of the Star and Garter, to which after events gave a strange color and significance.

I must premise that I never liked the man,—the attraction of his house to me consisting solely in the company which frequented it,—though I could have given no other reason for the disfavor with which I and others regarded him, than a certain downcast,

furtive expression of countenance, which seldom left him, for he was a scrupulously civil and obliging person to his customers. I think his unprepossessing aspect was the more noticed by us from the striking contrast between it and the clear, candid brow and altogether gentle and winsome countenance of his daughter Ellen, the damsel who waited upon the parlor guests, and certainly one of its chief attractions. This, at least, was emphatically the case as regarded Mr. Richard Barstow, a superior young man, who had recently commenced business as a bookseller in Skinner Street. He, it was quite clear, encountered nightly the murky atmosphere of tobacco cloud entirely for the sake of the bright eyes which ever and anon shone through it with a light from heaven; and I was not at all surprised to hear him say, as we one evening walked home together, "Ellen Stephenson is certainly the prettiest girl, with the sweetest voice, the gentlest temper, and nicest manners in the world. I have a mind to pop the question, notwithstanding that prudence bids me wait a year or two longer, at the very least." I perfectly agreed with my friend's estimate of fair Ellen's charms, and still more decidedly with the suggestions of prudence, which I, with a laudable desire to aid the weaker side, endeavored to fortify with all the wise axioms,

applicable in such cases, I could at the moment think of. But, alas! those respectable personages, Prudence and Wisdom, however grave and weighty, are feather-light in the scale against a slim damsel of nineteen, when Youth and Passion hold the balance; and a week had not passed before it was abundantly plain to me that the question *had* been popped, and answered in the affirmative—with timid blushfulness, no doubt, for the telltale brightness still beamed upon her varying cheek, and sparkled in her gentle eyes. Stephenson had not as yet been consulted, for he looked neither more nor less heavy, austere, preoccupied, than usual; but that would, no doubt, have been the next scene in the matrimonial comedy, or tragedy, or tragicomic farce, as the hereafter should determine, had not a fresh actor suddenly intruded himself, and sent the previous *dramatis personæ* to the right about before they had well commenced their parts.

This ominous intrusion took place one fine evening in June, 1814, in the person of a seedy-looking man of about fifty. He entered our symposium just upon half past nine o'clock, and being a perfect stranger, as well as of much snobbier appearance than we law-clerk dignities—nearly all of us were minor potentates in the big-wig pandemonium—altogether

relished, he was rather sternly scrutinized, as he stealthily seated himself, and called for a "go" and a "screw;" yet none of us afterwards remembered to have read any *purpose* in the fellow's dull, gray eyes, and shuffling, awkward manner. He had, no doubt, dropped in by accident, and I at once summed him up to the full total of a begging letter writer, or other kindred respectability. In less than five minutes, he had subsided into oblivion, and we had resumed our facetious commentaries upon the great personages just then on a visit to John Bull—Prince Blucher's snuffing ugliness, Alexander's full-moon features, haloed with red hair, and so on, which poignant witticisms were presently interrupted by a cracked voice, pitched in *alt.*, screaming from out a smoke cloud,—

"Ah, Master Philip, is that you? God bless me, I'm in luck at last, then."

"Who the deuce is the fellow speaking to?" gleamed instantly from a score of eyes—a question that it did not require words to answer. Stephenson had entered the room with several glasses of spirits and water on a tray, all of which the sudden start elicited by the stranger's greeting caused to fall with a crash on the floor—a catastrophe momentarily unheeded by the landlord, who was glaring with terror-dilated eyes at the new comer.

"You—you here, Duffy?" he presently gasped out with spasmodic effort. "I thought you were—were ——"

"Dead, didn't you?" chuckled the cracked voice; "but I ain't, you see; and what's more, as you'll be, I know, glad to hear, I was never better nor likely to last longer."

Stephenson glanced at the attentive company, muttered something in excuse of his awkwardness in letting the glasses fall, busied himself for a moment in gathering up the fragments, and then, with a hurried, deprecatory sign to Duffy, as he called him, left the room, followed by the repulsive stranger. This was sufficiently odd and perplexing, but there was much more in the matter than any of us at all guessed of. On the next evening but one, Master Duffy shone out with extreme brilliance, having been newly togged from top to toe, by the Moseses of the day, at, nobody doubted, Stephenson's expense. He moreover drank nothing less expensive than brandy and water, and that to excess; strutted like a stage prince about the house, and in every way so outrageously conducted himself, that Stephenson must have kicked him a dozen times out of the house, had not some more potent influence mastered his rage. But if he dared not defy, he might at least escape the fellow; and



it was with only momentary surprise I heard, about a fortnight after Duffy's first appearance, that Stephenson had suddenly decamped. The new landlord, Owen Morgan, could only inform us that he had purchased the lease, stock, &c., of his predecessor, who, ten minutes after the money was paid, left the house in a hackney coach, with the weeping, sobbing Ellen, whither to betake himself no one knew, nor after urgent inquiry could discover. Duffy was absent on a pleasure excursion, to witness a prize fight, I believe, and terribly wroth he was at finding that the bird had flown. As to poor Barstow, he was so utterly disconsolate and woe-begone at the sudden disappearance of the Light of the Star and Garter, that I really feared, for a time, that suicide, in its modern and chiefly fatal form of excessive brandy and water, would be the melancholy result. Time, fortunately, is more than a match, in a general way, for the deadliest rage or the most heart-breaking tenderness. Duffy, after running himself to seed again in fruitless search of the particular coach that had carried off his precious dupe or victim, sank back into his previous haunts and habits; and as to the bereaved bookseller, he recovered with such reasonable speed, that in less, I think, than four months from the evanishment of his charmer, the last flickering symptom of

the disorder still faintly lurking in his veins showed itself by the present of a shilling to an excruciating street vocalist for her melancholy execution of

“Young Ellen was the fairest flower.”

A calamitous donation it proved to be, for not one evening was allowed to pass without a reiteration of the same floricultural fact by the same remorseless voice; till at length my exasperated friend was provoked to the energetic expression of a wish that “Young Ellen” was with an individual unnamable to ears polite—a sign, it struck me, of almost perfect convalescence, spite of his after ingeniously-figurative explanation of the words he had hastily used. Be this as it may, the vocalist was conciliated by a more considerable gift than the first, “the fairest flower” transplanted to another locality, and Richard (Barstow) was himself again.

Well, the days sped on. Summer, winter, spring were gone, and summer was slipping away again, when a severe attack of illness confined Mr. Prince for several weeks to his bed, and when subdued, left him in so prostrate a condition, that wintering in one of the sanatoria of Southern Europe was pronounced indispensable to the perfect recovery of health. He left England in September, and I was thrown, for

some months at least, on the *pavé*—a disaster which the arrival of the twins before alluded to did not in the least degree tend to render more agreeable. I was sitting one morning in the Rainbow by the Temple, profoundly meditating, I well remember, upon the miserable instability of the affairs of the world in general,—the decline of Napoleon's fortunes, and my own more particularly, (Waterloo had come off the previous June,) and the discussion of some fine natives and finer stout,—when who should poke his nose in the doorway but Old Dodsley, of Chancery Lane. He was evidently in quest of some one, and that some one it presently appeared was me.

"You have nothing to do just at present, I am told," said Dods., coming, according to his wont, to business at once.

"As to *nothing* to do, that is an over-statement; nothing of pressing importance would be nearer the mark."

"Exactly: well, I can put a job in your way, for which, without flattery, you are exceedingly well qualified. Be at the office," he added, "precisely at ten to-morrow morning. Good by."

"One moment, if you please, Mr. Dodsley. How about the figure—the *solatium*?"

"The remuneration will, I have no doubt, be liberal; but I shall not be paymaster."

“Ha!”

“That’s pleasant hearing, isn’t it?” continued old Closefist, with a grin; “your principal will be Charles Atkins, Esquire, of the Bombay civil service. He wished to engage the services of one of my clerks, but neither can be spared. Good by again, and be punctual.”

I was punctual, and found Charles Atkins, a bilious-looking, gentlemanly man, of between fifty and sixty, I judged,—but perhaps the liver misled me a few years,—there before me. The business in hand, I found, was to set out immediately on a voyage of discovery through Great Britain and Ireland, in search of a missing damsel, one Laura Atkins, and only child of the gentleman before me. The preliminary particulars confided to me were briefly these: “Mr. Charles Atkins, of Boroughbridge, Yorkshire, after being married to Laura Franklin, of the same place, about six months, obtained a cadetship in the civil service of the Honorable East India Company, and thereupon forthwith set off for the Western Presidency, leaving his wife to follow as soon as a decrepit and only aunt, who had money to bequeath, and relatives eager to receive it, should have departed this life. This event did not occur till nearly three years afterwards, when the young wife and mother—for a

daughter, the Laura now in question, had been born about five months after Mr. Atkins's departure—immediately made diligent preparation for the Indian voyage. Death—unexpected, almost sudden, for she was ill only about a week—surprised her at the task, but not till she had given instructions that an elderly female servant, in whom she had great confidence, should, without loss of time, proceed to Bombay with the child. Accordingly, on the third day after the funeral of Mrs. Atkins, the woman—a married person, but separated from her husband, a drunken, worthless fellow—set out with her infant charge by coach for the metropolis, where they were to embark in the *Clive* East Indiaman. Neither woman nor child reached London, and the only reliable particulars since obtained were, that, on changing coaches at Sheffield, a respectable-looking man, with whom the woman appeared to be extremely intimate, continued the journey with her. Peterboro' was reached in safety; but after leaving that city, a terrific night storm overtook them, the horses took fright, and, madly plunging away, upset the coach at a quick turn of the road not very far out of Cambridge. The woman and another person were killed on the spot; the child escaped unhurt, and was taken charge of by the man who assumed to be the woman's husband. After the

inquest verdict of "accidental death" had been returned, he proceeded on to London, taking with him, as a matter of course, his wife's luggage, containing money and other property belonging to Mr. Atkins, to the amount of more than five hundred pounds. Neither he nor the child had since been seen or heard of; but it had been well ascertained that the man who obtained possession of the infant, Laura, and her father's property, was *not* the real husband of the woman, who was a fellow of the name of Duffy —— "

"Duffy!" I exclaimed, "Duffy!"

"Yes, James Duffy; does that name suggest any thing to you?" said Mr. Atkins, with quick interrogation.

"Well, I can hardly say: what manner of man is he?"

"I have never seen him, but people tell me a loutish fellow, now about fifty,—it is sixteen years since his wife was killed,—of sallow complexion, and a shrill, harsh voice."

"And the man who carried off the child; is his name known or suspected?"

"Yes, suspected. He is thought, from the description obtained of his person, to have been one Philip Gosnold."

“Philip Gosnold; humph! Have you the description of his person with you?”

“Yes; you will find it in this handbill.”

I read the description in a sort of flurried silence, and mentally commenting upon it as I read, “‘Dark hair, bushy whiskers’—Stephenson does not wear whiskers, and his hair, a wig by the by, is a very light brown. ‘Tall and thin’—tall? yes, but thin! Years, to be sure, may account for that change. ‘Nose prominent’—that’s right—and ‘bow-legged.’ Stephenson for a thousand!” Here I looked up, and saw that both Dodsley and Mr. Atkins were keenly regarding me. It was certainly no part of my game to show my hand too quickly, and I instantly assumed, as cleverly as I could, an air of doubt and perplexity.

“These are but doubtful guides,” I said, “in such a labyrinth. And the child,” I added, “the missing Laura, what was she like? I mean, of course, as to complexion, eyes, hair.”

“Extremely fair—blue eyes, hair light brown,” replied Mr. Atkins, in a voice vibrating with emotion; “and surely I either strangely misread the expression of your countenance, or God’s gracious providence has at last brought me in contact with one from whom I may expect efficient help.”

"It is best," I said, "not to be over-sanguine; and, descending to vulgar, but essential considerations, what is to be the pecuniary reward for success in this matter?"

"I am not," promptly rejoined Mr. Atkins, "by any means a rich man, in the city acceptance of the term; still, if two hundred guineas, over and above all reasonable expenses, will suffice ——"

"Quite, quite," I interrupted; "and this little matter reduced to writing, — you will excuse, I know, inveterate business habits, — I set forward at once upon my mission, with, let me add, some *hope* of bringing it to a successful issue."

All necessary preliminaries being at last settled, I sallied forth in mounting spirits, which, however, an hours or two's quiet agitation cooled down considerably. True, I had little doubt that my Duffy was *the* Duffy, mine host Stephenson Philip Gosnold, and pretty Ellen the lost Laura; but how to run the quarry to earth without giving such tongue as would allure others to the scent, and consequent participation of the spoil, was a matter of much difficulty. The first two or three days I spent in quietly seeking out Duffy, who, I at last succeeded in assuring myself, had left London about a month previously. The next step was to advertise, in a friend's name, a



reward of five pounds for the discovery of the hackney coachman who had, on such a day and hour, conveyed Stephenson and daughter from the Star and Garter. This produced coachee himself, and by diligent following up of the clew thus obtained, I at length discovered that Stephenson and Ellen had left London more than two months after they disappeared from the Star and Garter, by the Southampton coach. Other indices, unnecessary to detail, showed themselves. I determined to vigorously follow up the trail thus fortunately hit upon, and with this view booked myself for that ancient, and now go-ahead city, by, I think, the Telegraph coach, without delay. But I could not have the heart to leave town without giving my old friend Barstow a quiet hint of the delightful possibilities beginning to dawn upon the horizon of the dreamland of the future. I found him, as far as outward appearances enabled me to judge, in vigorous health of mind and body, and busily engaged in getting up, in conjunction with a gentleman in the "row," a new and splendid edition of *Seneca*, with copious notes by an erudite A. M. I had not seen him for some time, and his greeting was very cordial, and, no doubt to add to the pleasure of the visit, he forthwith set about regaling me with a heap of eloquent extracts from the new work, illustrative of the

nothingness of every thing, which I was fain to stop at last with, "There, there, that will do, my dear fellow. The old heathen was quite right, I dare say; and as you are in so very philosophic a mood, it will, I suppose, scarcely interest you to hear that it is possible I shall see Ellen Stephenson in a day or two."

Alas for philosophy! The rapt admirer of Seneca leaped up from his chair like a flash of lightning, whirling, as he did so, the sacred book to the other end of the shop.

"Good God!" he exclaimed, "see Ellen—see Ellen Stephenson! What can you mean?"

"Barstow, my dear boy, what are you about? Who, a moment ago, could have believed that Seneca would now be sprawling open-leaved upon the waste heap, and by your irreverent hand too? Fie! Fie!"

"Pshaw!—Stuff!—Humbug! You spoke of Ellen——"

"And this, too," I persisted, "just after reading that delightful passage upon the folly of love and the vanity of beauty, so charmingly set forth by the divine Seneca——"

"The devil fly away with the divine Seneca," burst in my excited friend, quite fiercely; "speak to me of Ellen! What of her?"

It would have been cruel to tantalize him further; so I e'en yielded to his impatience, and briefly ran over the chief incidents of the eight or ten previous days. The relation greatly agitated him, and the flashing of his fine dark eyes showed that the smothered and seemingly extinguished fire was blazing again as fiercely as ever.

"It is she," he said, in a quick, tremulous voice; "Ellen is the Laura you are in search of, I feel assured; and you will, I fervently hope, trust, believe, find her. And thank God," he added, with a burst, "that her father is not a rich man. I have myself, Robert," he added, "had a windfall lately, in the shape of a legacy, which, the duty paid, will put fifteen hundred pounds in my pocket."

This was gratifying; but it is needless to prolong the conversation. It will suffice to say, that I was intrusted with a hundred love messages, all of which I forgot before reaching Holborn Hill; and with one letter which I promised and fully intended to deliver at the proper time.

My search in Southampton was a protracted and tedious one; but perseverance seldom fails of success, and I finally obtained information which left little doubt that I should find Philip Gosnold, *alias* Stephenson; and now it appeared *alias* Parker, at

a roadside inn, near Titchfield, on the road to Gosport.

I alighted from the coach when within about a quarter of a mile of the house, and walked quietly on. The Fates were propitious. The first person my eye lit on, upon entering the door, was Ellen. She was standing within the bar, and it needed but a single glance to show me how hardly anxiety and grief had dealt with her. The rounded outlines of her charming person had become spare and angular, and she was pale as marble—a paleness instantly effaced by a flood of richest crimson, as she caught sight of me; and with a slight scream, yet eagerly-extended hands, recognized and gave me welcome. The next moment the death-like pallor came again, and her flurried look was turned towards a man at the farther corner of the bar.

“Ah, Stephenson,” I exclaimed, “you there ——”

“Hush!” interrupted Ellen, “hush!”

I followed her glance from some persons outside the open door to the swinging sign, which announced that “James Parker” was licensed to sell wines and spirits at the Black Horse. I nodded compliant intelligence, and walked inside the bar. Stephenson, who looked extremely worn and anxious, and more gloomy and downcast than ever, appeared at first

uncertain how to receive me; but my frank greeting partially reassured him, and we were soon chatting with some familiarity together. There was, I presently found, a nearer fear than I could possibly inspire, lower limb of the law as I might be, the incarnation of which dread presently appeared in the likeness of Duffy! Duffy, handsomely rigged out again, and ten times more triumphantly insolent than ever!—why and wherefore I now perfectly understood. He appeared a little startled at seeing me; but his look quickly changed to a cold and impudent one—a favor which I have seldom experienced any difficulty in returning full change for.

My course was now plain; but I was first desirous of a private interview with Ellen. This I with some difficulty obtained; and she, poor harassed child, was soon induced to give me her entire confidence. She had been aware, from the time of leaving the Star and Garter, that her father—as she, of course, still believed Stephenson to be—“was in Duffy’s power for some fault—some—some crime,” she hesitated, with her sweet eyes full of tears, “known to his persecutor. I could not abandon him,” she went on to say with increasing emotion; “for whatever his faults, he has been ever kind and indulgent to me; and even now, when he is again and hopelessly in

that bad man's thrall, refuses to purchase safety by even appearing to acquiesce in the — the proposal — the —— ”

Poor Ellen burst into a flood of tears. I quite understood her. “The ugly miscreant!” I exclaimed. “But never mind, we will fit him with something more suitable than the prettiest wife in all England. And as for you, my poor child, I really think I have a letter for you somewhere about me. Ah, here it is.” How eagerly, well mannered as she was, did she snatch Barstow's thickly-scribbled missive from my hand, and recognize, with the bright carnation of her glowing cheeks, the no doubt familiar hand. I now withdrew, first, however, exacting a pledge of secrecy, and busied myself in penning and despatching two letters, one to Mr. Charles Atkins, the other to Mr. Richard Barstow, which gentleman I counselled to wait, without a moment's delay, upon, as I hoped, his future father-in-law.

A scrap of writing reached me by the earliest post from Barstow.

“All right — gloriously right,” he scrawled. “Dear Ellen's father and himself would be with me exactly at the time appointed, and, as I had directed, would quit the post chaise at about a mile from the Black Horse. As to Stephenson, he was to be forgiven, of course, for his kindness to Ellen, &c.”

All right, indeed, and not one hour too soon. Duffy, who had a keen scent for coming events, was, I heard, furious for his immediate union with Ellen; and when I and my two eagerly-impatient friends entered the Black Horse by the back way, he, Stephenson, and Ellen were—the maid of all work whispered—together in the inner bar, and, as our ears quickly made us aware, quarrelling, the men at least, fiercely. Mr. Atkins was too nervously agitated to act decisively, but I could hardly hold that confounded Barstow back for half a minute.

“You defy me, then, do you, Philip Gosnold?” we heard Duffy exclaim at the top of his cracked voice; “but I tell you again, that either I marry Ellen, or ——”

“You be d——!” roared Barstow, bursting into the room, followed by Mr. Atkins and myself. “Ellen, beloved Ellen—your father—myself—every body—O Lord!” He was blubbering like a mooncalf, and so were others, for that matter; but I shall not attempt to transcribe the Babel of exclamations, explanations, sobs, raptures, embracings, hysterics, that followed. Indeed, I heard a part only, having immediately busied myself in driving out the astounded Stephenson and his quondam friend, Duffy. The former slowly comprehended the bewildering scene, and very grateful

he was for the assurance I gave him, that in consideration of the redeeming point of his kindness to Ellen, or rather Laura Atkins, he would not be prosecuted. When we had leisure to look about for Duffy, we discovered that that worthy had absquatulated, as Yankees say, taking with him the bar cash box, a not very weighty affair; and he has never, to my knowledge, turned up since. An hour afterwards, I looked in at the bar parlor: the tremulous calm of a recent but assured happiness had succeeded to the first tumultuous emotion of the father and daughter, of the lover and his promised bride. I was overwhelmed with thanks and praises. My friend Barstow pronounced me to be emphatically the cleverest fellow in all England; dove Ellen kissed me; and Mr. Atkins, grasping me warmly by the hand, left there a check for —; but that is private business. I may, however, mention that, in the pleasant dreams I had that night, one perpetually recurring image presented itself, namely, Mrs. T—— papering up, in the very wantonness of riches, the locks of our five olive branches with bank notes.



## GOODNESS AND GOOD NATURE.

"ARE you not awake yet, mamma?" said Louisa Seyton, drawing aside the curtains of her sick mother's bed. "It is nearly one o'clock."

"Yes, my dear, I am awake, and have been for some time; but I waited for you to bring me my breakfast. I knew you would soon be back, and perhaps I shall not have you many more mornings."

"I hope not, dear mamma; for there is a prospect of my getting an excellent engagement. I have seen Mrs. Todd, the lady who answered my advertisement, and she seems quite satisfied with me. I am to call to-morrow for her final answer. But do not look unhappy, mamma, now our plans have succeeded, and my long-cherished wish is about to be realized."

"I should, I dare say, have been more unhappy if you had failed; yet, as the prospect of losing you draws nearer, I cannot but feel its bitterness. How I enjoy this tea you have made me! I shall never take my food with the same relish when you are not

here to bring it me; and how lonely I shall feel all day, while your brother is away!"

"Dear mamma," replied Louisa, smiling faintly, "if I were to remain here, I should soon have no food to bring you, or to eat myself, either. I shall spend very little of the money I earn, and send the remainder to you; then, surely, you will repay me by relishing food of my earning."

"I will try. How much are you to have? and how often shall I see you?"

"I left that entirely to Mrs. Todd. I was afraid of naming any amount, lest, by saying too large a sum, I should lose the engagement; or too small, I should fix the salary at a lower rate than Mrs. Todd had intended. I knew I must accept whatever she offered, and she seemed so good natured, that I have little doubt of her paying me liberally, and allowing me to give holidays twice a year."

"She may be very good natured, and yet do neither; I am sorry you made no agreement."

"I can do so to-morrow, mamma; but I would rather trust to her goodness."

"I see you think good nature and goodness equivalent. I hope, my dear, that you will find this good-natured lady is good, too."

In the evening, Louisa repeated the news to her brother.

"I am sure of having forty or fifty pounds a year," said she; "if it should be fifty, I can send home thirty, which, added to mamma's annuity, will enable her to live in tolerable comfort."

"I think," said Robert, "you should have mentioned that sum, as you say Mr. and Mrs. Todd seemed to be rich people. Ten pounds more or less would not have lost you your situation; and it will be of the utmost importance to us. If you have only forty pounds a year, we cannot remain in this house, where mamma has such a comfortable room; nor can she afford to continue taking the draughts that seem to be doing her so much good; but you are older than I am, and I dare say did what was best."

Louisa explained to her brother her reasons for not having mentioned any particular amount of salary; whereupon he declared that she was, in this case, as usual, perfectly right.

The brother and sister spent the whole evening in hoping and conjecturing concerning the amount of Louisa's salary, and arranging the manner in which each possible sum could be most wisely laid out.

"Have you fixed upon a governess yet?" inquired Mr. Todd of his wife, at breakfast, the morning after the foregoing conversation.

"Yes," replied she. "I have seen a very nice

girl, who seems likely to suit me in every respect; what salary ought I to offer her? She did not mention any sum."

"I scarcely know. What is she to teach?"

"Music, singing, French, Italian, and drawing; besides English, writing, and all that which we look for as a matter of course."

"I think fifty pounds a year would be a fair remuneration."

"I do not know at all what is usual, but I will ask my sister what she gives her governess. I was thinking of offering forty pounds."

"Well, as you please, my dear; ten pounds more or less will not ruin us."

After breakfast, Mrs. Todd drove over to the house of her sister, Mrs. Morley.

"What do you give Miss Dawson?" asked she. "I am going to engage a young lady, and I do not know what to offer her."

"When she came, two years ago, I gave her twenty pounds; last year she had twenty-five, and for the future will have thirty. What does your governess teach?"

Mrs. Todd found that Louisa Seyton's acquirements were much the same as Miss Dawson's, and that in all respects their situations would be similar.

Having originally intended to offer forty or fifty pounds, and not much caring what the exact sum was, she resolved on at once giving thirty.

"Shall you go to Brighton this year?" asked Mrs. Morley.

"I scarcely know," replied Mrs. Todd. "It costs us nearly fifty pounds, if we take all the children and two servants; and we cannot go comfortably without doing so."

"O, do go; the Stowells are going, and we shall enjoy it so much all together."

"Well, I will think of it. I shall most likely make up my mind to go."

Three weeks after this conversation, Louisa Seyton was taking leave of her mother. "I am very, very sorry, dear mamma," said she, "to be obliged to leave you in these miserable lodgings, where your room is so small that you scarcely seem to get enough air to breathe. Perhaps I may find a better situation some day, and be able to afford to take your old apartments again."

"I shall get used to these soon, dear," replied her mother. "Do not go without any thing you require yourself for my sake. I am sure you will need all your salary for your own clothes. When you can spare me a little money, I shall be thankful to you, and

enjoy the luxury it procures me; but when you cannot, do not fret; I shall do well enough, I dare say."

Louisa was not mistaken in thinking Mrs. Todd good natured. She found herself extremely happy in her house; so happy, indeed, that she grudged herself the comfort and pleasures which it was impossible to procure for her sick mother.

Mrs. Todd had a niece living with her, between whom and Louisa there sprang up a warm attachment. After the hours allotted to study, they sat together, working over the school-room fire; and, from general conversation, soon entered upon confidential subjects; so that, in a short time, each knew the other's dearest secrets.

"I can never quite tell," said Louisa, one day, to her new friend, "whether your aunt is really good natured or not. She has plenty of money, and always seems ready to give part of it to those who need it. Yet to me, who want it almost more than any one, (since upon my exertions depends the very life of my mother,) she gives so small a recompense for so much work. It cannot be because she thinks me incompetent to the task I undertake, for she has frequently expressed her satisfaction at the progress your cousins are making under my tuition. How can it be?"

"I do not know. I am often puzzled in the same way," returned Emma Todd. "You know she keeps me entirely at her own expense; has given me a good education, and is extremely angry if the servants treat me with less respect than they do her own children; yet sometimes she says and does things which seem to have no motive but that of mortifying me. For instance, she said the other day, before the children and servants, 'O Emma! it is a long time since I gave you any money. I suppose you have none. Here are five shillings.' It was perhaps foolish of me to mind this; but I could not help feeling vexed, when the servants exchanged significant glances, and the boys said to me afterwards, 'Do you think we shall obey you? Why, mamma keeps you, and gives you every penny you have.'"

When Louisa had been six months with Mrs. Todd, and had heard no hint of holidays, she began to despair of having them proposed to her, and resolved to mention the subject herself.

"Shall you," said she one day to Mrs. Todd, "have any objection to my giving the children a week or two's holidays at Christmas?"

Louisa dared not ask for more, and awaited in breathless anxiety the reply that was to decide her own and her mother's happiness for the next half

year. Mrs. Todd was counting some stitches in knitting, and did not answer immediately; so poor Louisa had time to think over the disappointment that awaited her dear, sick mother, and her affectionate brother, in case of a refusal.

"What did you say, Miss Seyton?" asked Mrs. Todd, looking up from her work.

"Shall you have any objection to my giving the children a few days' holidays at Christmas?" replied Louisa, changing the duration of the proposed holidays, in her fear of being refused.

"Not the least," replied Mrs. Todd. "When would you like to go home?"

"Will Friday week suit you? That will give me two days before Christmas, and I can return——"

"On the following Friday, if you please."

That evening, Robert Seyton went to his mother's room with a ruffled brow. "Mother," exclaimed he, "I have a letter from Loui. She is to come home; but only for a week. How mean and selfish Mrs. Todd must be! How can she expect poor Loui to be kind to her children, and exert herself for their improvement to the utmost every day, if she takes no more care for her happiness than this? She knows you are ill, and that Louisa has never been parted from you before; yet she grants her only one week,



to enjoy your society and refresh herself from six months of hard work!"

"What, children! not at lessons?" exclaimed Mr. Todd, on entering the drawing room on the first evening of the holidays.

"No; Miss Seyton is gone home for a week," replied his wife.

"Only a week! I thought your sister gave Miss Dawson four weeks' holidays twice a year."

"Yes; and I had intended to do so; but Miss Seyton only asked for a week; so I suppose she did not want more."

"Did you ask her?"

"No; I was busy knitting, and I did not think much about it; but I suppose if she had wanted more she would have said so. I rather wished the children to have had longer relaxation; but it does not signify much. Talking of Miss Seyton, why did you not leave me out money to pay her?"

"Do you pay Miss Seyton?" asked John, a boy of about twelve years of age.

"Go away, child," replied his mother, "and do not ask impertinent questions."

"I say, Tom," said John, "Miss Seyton has wages, like a servant."

"I did not know Miss Seyton was going home," said

Mr. Todd, in answer to his wife's question, "or that it was time to pay her. I hope you got the money by some means."

"No; she did not seem to care much about it. I do not suppose she wants it till she comes back; for when I asked her to wait, she consented immediately."

"You had better send it by a money order."

Mrs. Todd took the notes her husband gave her, and intended to send them, but was so busy in making calls the next two days, that the money glided away in small payments, before she again thought of Louisa.

"Louisa, dear!" cried Robert, entering his mother's room an hour or two after his sister's return. "Here is the landlord. I have put him off over and over again, hoping to get money to pay him, and was always disappointed. Last week he would have turned us out of the house had I not received your letter, which I showed him, upon which he consented to wait till you came to pay him."

Louisa's face was scarlet in a moment. She turned quickly, and was about to speak; but glancing at her sick mother, she seized her brother's hand, and led him from the room.

"Dear Robert," said she, as soon as she was out

of her mother's hearing, "I have no money ; Mrs. Todd asked me to wait for it till my return."

"Then did you not tell her how much you should want it while you were at home?"

"No ; I did not think she would have asked me to wait, unless it had been as inconvenient for her to pay me as she must have known it would be to me to go home without money."

Louisa went to the landlord, and begged him to wait once more. "I shall return in a week," said she, "and will ask for the money immediately, and send it to you by the first post. If I do not, my brother will not ask you to wait any more."

After much persuasion, the landlord consented to another delay of eight days, giving time for Louisa to return at the end of the week, and send the money by the next day's post. Louisa went back joyfully to her mother's room, and said nothing of what had passed. The little family were so happy in their reunion, and chatted so pleasantly of their plans for the coming week, that they forgot, for the time, how fast it would fly away.

On the last day of Louisa's holidays would occur the anniversary of Robert's birthday. She and her mother busied themselves during the whole week in preparing for the day. Three or four of the few

friends who had clung to them in their adversity were invited to spend the evening in their little sitting room, and the mother and daughter made presents in needlework, not only for Robert, but for each of the guests.

"Mamma!" said Louisa, coming in one morning with a glowing face and a letter in her hand, "Mary Stowell has accepted my invitation, and says that her brother Charles is returned from India, and insists on joining the party. Is it not good of him to come to us poor people, when he is become so rich?"

"Charles Stowell is too good a man to let riches or poverty interfere with his friendships," replied Mrs. Seyton, more pleased than she chose to let her daughter know.

On that same day, Mary Todd ran to her mother with a letter in her hand.

"Mamma," said she, "Mr. Stowell is come from India, and Mrs. Stowell has invited us all to go to her house on Wednesday, and sent us tickets for the Zoölogical Gardens on Thursday. May we go? We shall see a bird that Mr. Stowell brought to England."

"You may go to Mrs. Stowell's house on Wednesday, but I cannot let you go alone to the Gardens, and there will be no one to take you. I cannot leave the baby, and your cousin will be out."

"Will not Miss Seyton be back?"

"No; not till Friday."

"Then let me write, and tell her to come on Thursday."

"No, my dear; she will not like to return sooner than she expected, for the sake of taking you out."

"O, do, mamma," said Mary, pouting playfully; "just one day cannot signify. Dear mamma, do let me write."

"No, my dear. Now go. I am busy. You have had your answer."

"No, no, mamma. Do say yes; then I will go," continued Mary, holding her mamma by the skirts of her dress.

"Come, Mary, let me go. Well, any thing you like, then. Yes."

Off ran Mary, and wrote the letter which rendered useless all Louisa and her mother's work, and overthrew in a moment the happiness of the little group, who were talking merrily about the coming party.

"Mamma," said Louisa, as she heard the postman's knock, on the evening preceding Robert's birthday, "I long so much to see Mary and Charles, to see if India has changed him, that I am afraid at the arrival of each letter, lest it should come from them, to say that, after all, something will prevent their joining us."

The letter was given her. "No, it is from H—— Street. The money, no doubt," whispered she to Robert. She was silent for a few moments; then giving the letter to her mother, with tears in her eyes, she said, "I wonder whether Mrs. Todd ever remembers how entirely I depend on her for happiness! Never mind, mamma! I must go." And she forced herself to write a cheerful note of acquiescence.

Mr. Todd was surprised to see Louisa back on Thursday. On ascertaining from Mary the reason, he called his wife to his study.

"Mary," said he, "I have often thought of pointing out to you a habit of thoughtlessness, by which you seriously affect the happiness of others. I know you are thoroughly kind hearted, and would never willingly pain those who depend on you; but you do not sufficiently consider the matter. Does it ever occur to you, that besides myself and our children, there are five persons in this house whose happiness your slightest word or action can materially affect?"

"I have not thought much of it," replied she; "but I believe I am very good to Miss Seyton and Emma, and to the servants."

"Not good, my love; you are excessively good natured, but you do not think enough to let your

good nature have its full course. Was it good of you to deprive Miss Seyton of one of the seven days you had granted her, for the sake of a child's whim? Was it good, the other day, when your nursery maid was to have had a holiday to see her mother, to keep her waiting till you had finished reading the newspaper,—in which you never take much interest,—till the rain came on, and she could not go? When you found that it was so, did you remember how her poor heart must have sunk, as one half hour after another passed away without your ringing, as you had promised to do, for her to bring you the baby, and when at last she saw the clouds gather and the rain fall, so that all hope of seeing her mother was gone?"

"I was interrupted in my reading; and I shall see that the girl goes another day."

"You speak lightly of it, Mary, because you give the subject no thought. If little Mary were disappointed of seeing you, after a separation of six months, we should not blame her for crying bitterly, in spite of a promise that she should see you another day. Do you not think it is your duty to give a little thought to these five persons, for whose happiness you are in so great a degree responsible? I am sure, if you had thought about it, you would not have disappointed the nurse maid, nor deprived Miss Sey-

ton of her last day at home. Perhaps you sometimes make more unhappiness than you imagine by such carelessness. I know that few people look upon the subject as I do; but I consider it a serious responsibility to be at the head of a house, and should, in your place, think it right to devote considerable attention to the comfort of those under me. This, my dear, is the only duty in which I see you fail."

Mrs. Todd promised to consider the subject, though she did not at all see how her usual way of acting could bring any serious unhappiness upon the members of her household.

The next day she told her husband, as she was returning with him from a walk, that she had not paid Louisa, who had asked her for her money, as she particularly wished to send a part of it home by that day's post.

"Then we must hasten back," said Mr. Todd, "or we shall be too late for the post."

They walked on quickly for some time, till Mrs. Todd was attracted by a pretty bonnet, and insisted on going into the shop to ask its price. "I will not be three minutes," said she.

"You must not, my love, or we shall be too late," answered her husband. "I will wait for you outside."

Mrs. Todd tried on the bonnet. It was too small.



The milliner had another up stairs, and would get it in a minute. Mrs. Todd followed her. This was too large. "I cannot wait to see another," said Mrs. Todd. "Here is an elegant thing," cried the milliner. "O, that is beautiful! I will just put it on." This became the lady admirably. She bought it, and hastened down stairs.

On reëntering the shop, she found her husband inquiring for her. "You have been ten minutes, Mary," said he.

They hastened home, and as they entered, the clock struck six. The post was gone; and Louisa sat crying in her bed room.

"How can you tell," said Mr. Todd, "to what inconvenience the poor girl will be put by your delay? She would not have asked for the money unless she had wanted it particularly."

Mrs. Todd blushed, and felt herself to blame; but forgot it all, as she heard her baby's crow of recognition.

On the evening of Robert's birthday, Charles Stowell arrived half an hour before any of the other guests. He was too impatient to see Louisa to wait even for his sister. He had been fond of her before he left England, but had imagined, from her retiring manners, that she repulsed him. He had, however,

heard from his sister Mary of so many kind words on the part of Louisa, when he had been the subject of conversation, that he was now full of hope.

When he had waited ten minutes, and only Robert came, he began to feel less happy, and recall what his guardian had told him of Louisa's having formed another attachment; and when Robert stammered out—his own disappointment almost choking his voice—that Louisa had returned to H—— Street a day sooner than she had intended, Charles doubted his mistake no longer. He concluded that Mary's playful allusions to his fondness for Louisa had made her take this step to prevent his making further advances. He was gloomy all the evening, and left with a determination never to reënter the house.

On the appointed day, Robert and his mother watched anxiously for Louisa's letter, containing the landlord's money; but the postman went by, and no letter came. Before twelve hours had passed, from the time the infuriated landlord had again left the house without his money, Mrs. Seyton was lying on a broken sofa,—the only piece of furniture Robert had been able to purchase from the broker who had seized their goods,—in a small attic, without fire, and almost without covering.

The next day Louisa told Mrs. Todd that she had

received a letter which made it necessary for her to return home immediately. Mrs. Todd at once granted leave, and showed a kind concern at Louisa's evident dejection. "Is there any thing I can do for you, Miss Seyton?" said she. "I am sure you know I should be ready to assist you, if it is possible for me to do so."

Louisa thanked Mrs. Todd, but declined entering upon any explanation. The only favor she asked was, to be allowed to leave without giving the customary notice.

About a week after Louisa's departure, Mrs. Stowell called upon Mrs. Todd. "I want," said she, "to ask you about Brighton — whether you will take part of a large house with me. Your sister tells me you intend going there for a month or two next summer."

The plan was discussed and agreed upon. "There is one thing I am afraid you will be unwilling to do," said Mrs. Stowell; "that is, to go quite early in the spring. I want to ask two friends who are in great pecuniary distress to go with me. I have no room for them in my house, and I know they have at present scarcely enough to live on. By the time they have been with me a few weeks, I hope to have talked over some plan for their future support. The daughter may perhaps find a good situation, for she

is very accomplished, and might get fifty or sixty pounds a year; but in the mean time, you see, I am anxious to have them with me. The lady's husband assisted Mr. Stowell materially when we were first married, and got Charles his post in India.

"I want a governess," said Mrs. Todd. "Mine has just left me."

"I should be delighted for my young friend to be with you, I know you would treat her so kindly. She has been with some lady, who not only gave her so small a salary that it would have been impossible for her to spare any part of it for her poor mother, who spent the whole of the little fortune her husband left her in educating her daughter, but even this she neglected to pay; so that the poor creatures have had all their furniture taken by their landlord, and Louisa, obliged to leave her situation to wait on her mother, has scarcely food to eat. You may judge of the interest I take in the girl, when I tell you I wished Charles to have married her; but she does not like him, and left home a day sooner than she was to have done, evidently to avoid seeing him; but this is *entre nous*. My uncle, who, you know, was Charles's guardian till he was of age, cannot bear the name of Seyton, and wishes Charles to marry some one with money."

Mrs. Todd, who during the whole narrative had felt singularly uncomfortable, and had at each sentence blushed more deeply, now, as she heard the name of Seyton, turned quite pale, and made some excuse for leaving the room. Sending her niece to amuse Mrs. Stowell in her absence, she hastened to her husband's study, and told him all that had passed.

"Do not reproach me," said she; "I am enough punished. Tell me how to undo the harm I have done."

"We can soon do that, my love," answered her husband; "and Louisa Seyton is so good, that she will rejoice in the sorrow you have caused her, when she shall find, that by it she has secured, to all who are for the future under your power, a more careful, and do not feel hurt if I say, a more *conscientious*, treatment."

"That is indeed a hard word. Do you think I acted unconscientiously? I assure you I had not, in any one instance, the least idea that I was causing sorrow. I was only thoughtless."

"But it is unconscientious, my love, to be thoughtless about grave duties. Well! do not look unhappy; I am sure you will now be perfect, and never forget the lesson you have had."

"No; and I see you are right. People on whose

thought the happiness of others depends have no right to be thoughtless."

While this conversation was going on in the study, Emma was telling Mrs. Stowell of the loss she had just sustained in the sudden departure of her aunt's governess.

"I feel it more," said she, "because I think her family was in trouble. Though she had always told me all her secrets, she would not explain the reason of her leaving us so abruptly."

"Secrets!" exclaimed Mrs. Stowell, laughing. "Girls seem always to have secrets; or I should wonder what secrets there could have been between you and your aunt's governess."

"I assure you there were; for instance, Louisa was in love—at least I suspect she was—with some gentleman who returned from India while she was at home, and was to have seen her on the last day of her holidays, had not my aunt written for her to come back sooner. This made hours of secret talk, for she was constantly conjecturing what construction he would put on her absence; whether it pained him, and if she should ever see him again. I have not betrayed the secret," continued Emma, blushing, "for I have told no names."

"You must tell me the surname of your Louisa,"

said Mrs. Stowell, in her turn frightened. "If Seyton, I have made a dreadful mistake."

"Yes!" exclaimed Emma; "have I done any har

"No; but I have. Pray, call your aunt to directly."

Mrs. Todd came in with the traces of tears on cheeks. "My dear friend," said she, "I see in your manner that you have discovered me to be culprit whom you have been so justly blaming."

"Spare me, my dear Mrs. Todd," interrupted friend. "You must be sure I have known you long not to feel quite convinced that you acted in mere thoughtlessness. Pray forgive me for wounding you; and let us now unite in making Louisa Seyton and her mother happy."

The friends bade each other adieu. And Mrs. Stowell hastened to tell her son what she knew would, in a moment, dispel the dejection into which he had fallen since the evening of Robert's birth.

"I cannot," said Mrs. Todd to her husband, "regret that I have had so painful a proof of the truth of the observations you made to me some time ago. I thought, because every one called me good natured that I could not deserve your censure; but I now see there is a world of difference between Goodness and Good Nature."

## **MR. JOHN CAMPBELL'S MISTAKES.**

**BY PAULINE FORSYTH.**

**THERE** was a lyceum in Loudon. It had some Greek name, which I have forgotten, as we seldom tried to pronounce it. Almost all the young gentlemen of the place were members of it, and sharpened their wits during the winter by weekly contests with each other. At the close of the season they usually held a public debate, to which the ladies were especially invited. The subject announced for discussion upon the only meeting which I attended was whether, "intellectually considered, women are equal to men."

I presume this topic was chosen out of respect to the fairer part of the audience; and it was one too generally interesting not to command a full attendance. Every bench in the large hall was crowded with ladies in their prettiest array. Many of the gentlemen were obliged to stand during the whole evening; others encroached



upon the seats reserved for the speakers or gathered round the platform.

Some of the disputants, "unaccustomed to public speaking," were thrown into such great consternation by finding themselves gazing down upon so many bright eyes and rosy cheeks that, after stammering out a sentence or two, they fled precipitately down from their trying elevation to hide themselves among their companions. All these, I am happy to observe, were on the negative side of the question.

Those who spoke in the affirmative had too good an opportunity to pay the ladies highflown and astonishing compliments not to improve it. One of them, I remember, compared woman to "the moon careering like a storm through the firmament and throwing light on the orb beneath."

I doubt much whether

"That white-orbed maiden,  
With bright fire laden,  
Whom mortals call the moon,"

was ever known to forget the usual serene majesty of her slow progress through the sky in so surprising a manner; but I am afraid it is but too true that woman, especially in these latter days, does sometimes "career like a storm."

There was an inconsistency in the bestowal of applause that my rigid sense of justice rebelled against. The gentlemen, on whom this duty devolves by long usage and faithful performance, clapped and stamped with the most gallant and generous forgetfulness of their hands or boots whenever any particularly felicitous compliment to the ladies was uttered; even the slightest hint in that direction or flattering allusion met with ready sympathy and approval; while all the speeches in the negative were heard in the most profound and depressing silence. My feelings of compassion were quite moved for the poor unfortunates who had chosen so unpopular a side. If it had not been for my strict ideas of propriety, and my timidity, and my thin boots, and very tight French gloves, I would have given them a little encouragement myself. I had the heart to do it; but there were too many obstacles in the way.

Yet when the decision was pronounced, and, though all the best speakers and best arguments had been in favor of "Heaven's last, best gift," it was given against the sex, the room rang and shook again with the clamorous approbation with which the sentence was received. It was a Parthian arrow shot at us; and, coming at a moment when we were looking for victory, the surprise utterly routed us. I have never again, I hope, wasted so uselessly my stock of sympathy.

The evening of this particular speaking was rendered memorable in Loudon by an event which occurred just after the performance. It was a case of love at first sight — that most romantic of all romantic things.

Mr. John Campbell, a young gentleman studying law with his uncle, Mr. Woods, fell in love at the first glance he caught of the fair face of Imogen Edwards, a young lady returned a few days before from the convent at Georgetown, where she had been completing her education.

Of course the attack was sudden. One moment Mr. Campbell was as free as air; woman was to him, and had been since he was sixteen, nothing but an obstacle, a perplexity, an embarrassment. He had no objection to their sharing the world with him; but he wished that they would keep out of his way — it was all he asked. They would not grant him that simple favor; so he walked squares to avoid meeting any one of them that he knew would expect a bow from him. There was a very talkative and benevolent maiden lady who took it into her head that he was dull and moping, and persisted in hunting him out of every corner in which he took refuge, or stopping him in the street to have a little chat with him and “cheer him up,” as she said. How he dreaded the sight of her! He had walked miles, plunged into alleys and lanes when they were in a state

of mud that rendered them almost impassable, and darted into his friends' offices or shops — and all to avoid the good, gossiping, little Miss Parker.

But his hour was come; and in one second he was drowned so deep in love that all assistance was in vain. Perhaps my younger readers would like to know exactly how and when the deed was done.

The debate was ended. The ladies, after having been raised to the seventh heaven and dashed so suddenly to the earth again, were gathering themselves together with a most wonderful unconcern and lightness of spirit, proving of what elastic materials they were made, and discussing the merits of the several speakers. Some remark was uttered that Imogen thought amusing, and she laughed. That low, sweet laugh, like the silvery tinklings of a musical box, struck upon Mr. Campbell's ear as the pleasantest sound he had ever heard.

He was standing near her; for, though he avoided all mixed society where any of the burden of the entertainment might fall to his share, he rather affected crowds and assemblies, where he could be allowed to remain a mere listener and observer. Attracted by the laugh, he turned to discover from whom it proceeded, and saw a fresh, delicate young face, whose dimpled cheeks and parted lips confirmed the sweet assurance the voice had given; and the unconscious Imogen

completed her first conquest. Yet she was not remarkably pretty. There were many handsomer girls in Loudon. It was the dovelike expression that innocence and amiability gave her face that made her so attractive.

The next evening there was to be a party; and Mr. Campbell announced his intention of attending. His aunt was amazed; for he had steadfastly refused all former invitations and entreaties. She was astonished, too, when he came down prepared for the evening, to see how well he looked when carefully dressed; for he was generally very negligent in his attire.

"Why, John," said she, "I had no idea you were so good looking."

He seemed quite pleased, but said, —

"Don't you think, aunt Ellen, the barber here cuts hair shockingly? It seems to me mine never looked so badly; and my coat fits dreadfully; I am going down to New Orleans to get a new one as soon as I can."

"Aha! Somebody has made an impression on that flinty heart of yours. Nothing less could work such a change. Who is it, John? Is it Imogen Edwards?"

The color rose to his forehead as he replied, —

"Can't a man go to a party without being in love, aunt Ellen? And of course, if I do go, I want to look

like the rest of the people. To tell the truth, though," he continued, after a moment's pause, "I do think her the prettiest girl I have ever seen — beautiful, in fact; and I wish, aunt, that you would contrive to introduce me to her. But I have seen so little of ladies lately that I have forgotten how to talk to them. I haven't the first idea on the subject. I have been puzzling my head about it all the afternoon. If I could begin, I could go on, I am sure. Couldn't you help me out a little?"

Those are perplexities that meet with very little sympathy; and his aunt only laughed at him and amused herself by proposing all kinds of absurd and ridiculous remarks with which he might at least astonish the young lady. He listened patiently for a while in hopes of hearing something that might be useful; but at last he became a little indignant at being made a source of amusement, for he was very much in earnest.

"I will ask her to dance," said he.

"Don't, John, I entreat you; you know nothing about dancing; and you will commit a hundred blunders, you are so shortsighted. Besides, your parents disapprove of it so much — I do not know what they would say if they saw you on the floor."

"I think, aunt, they should have allowed me to learn dancing. Every gentleman ought to be familiar with

all those accomplishments that will make him feel at his ease in society."

"Well, John, there is no use in reasoning with a man in love. In one short night you are entirely changed. I suppose you have forgotten how often you have amused yourself at the expense of 'rational people with souls spending whole evenings in moving their feet about to a tune scraped by untutored fingers out of some poor fiddle.' Those were your very words. I thought them quite fine at the time. But little did I expect to see my sensible nephew bitten by the tarantula he pretended to despise."

"It is very easy to laugh, aunt Ellen; but that same nephew, now looking at society from another standpoint, says—and it is one of his most sensible remarks—that if people wish to go into society without feeling intolerably awkward there they must comply with its customs."

"Do any thing, John, but dance," was his aunt's last warning.

If he had attended to it his love affair might have had a different termination.

The dancing had already commenced when Mr. Campbell arrived with his aunt; and, Imogen entering soon after, Mrs. Woods seized a favorable opportunity to introduce them.

They stood for a moment in an embarrassing silence. Both were new to society and very diffident, and neither could think of a word to say. Rousing himself with a sudden resolution Mr. Campbell ventured to request the pleasure of her hand for the next "set."

Imogen danced very well; she had a slight, graceful figure that seemed to move itself through all the mazy windings of the reel and cotillon. Waltzes, polkas, and schottisches had not yet arrived in Loudon. She was very fond of it too; but her pleasure for that evening was soon destroyed.

A man desperately in love is not exactly in a fit condition to make his first attempt at dancing in a crowded ball room; his mind is not cool enough. And Mr. John Campbell achieved in five minutes the entire breaking up of the cotillon from his reckless determination to follow Imogen through every thing. If it would have given his mother a pang to know that he had danced, it made his aunt's heart ache to see how he did it.

Imogen retreated to her mother's side covered with confusion. She was very sensitive; and with the exaggerated importance the young attach to such little mortifications she imagined herself an object of ridicule and amusement to the whole room. She refused to dance any more that evening, and told her friends the



next day that "she could not endure Mr. Campbell; she hoped she should never see him again."

Her manner was so soft and gentle that Mr. Campbell, unused to reading the signs, slight but unmistakable, of a woman's preference or dislike, did not perceive her displeasure. It passed away in some degree after a time; but the first unfavorable impression remained.

Mr. Campbell was constant in his attentions and spent several miserable evenings with her, when long passages of silence were broken now and then by spasmodic attempts at conversation. Sometimes he would go home quite sad and desponding; at other times some little word or expression raised him to the summit of felicity. His general impression was that he was "coming on."

Once as he was leaving the room she said "Adieu" with a pretty French accent. This kept him awake all night. He repeated the word over and over, trying to catch the very tone in which she had spoken it; and there was no meaning of which it was susceptible that he did not extract from it.

Volumes might be filled with imaginary dangers from which he rescued her and the distress and sorrow from which he shielded her.

One very stormy morning he was indulging in these daydreams sitting in his study chair by the fire in his

office. The wedding was over; the house was bought and furnished, and she, the idol of his heart, transformed from the shy maiden that he was half afraid of to the busy little wife with a basket of keys in her hand, was just saying "What shall we have for dinner, John?" in the most matter-of-course way. He stopped to brood over this question for a moment. That "we," implying such a unity of interest, the familiar calling him by his name, the household nature of the question, filled his heart with more pleasant reveries than all the poetry he had ever read. He almost forgot that it was not real, when, glancing towards the window, he saw Imogen hurrying by without an umbrella, although the rain was falling in continuous streams rather than drops. It seemed as though the clouds had been seized with a hydropathic mania, and were determined to give the world and the poor atoms toiling on its surface a *douching*, (which is nothing but a German way of spelling *ducking*.)

Mr. Campbell, distressed at the thought of the delicate Imogen being caught in such a storm and delighted at the prospect of being of use to her, seized his hat and umbrella, as he supposed, and ran after her. She was walking very fast and was already some distance from his office; but he overtook her at last.

"Miss Imogen, let me offer you my umbrella."

For once she was really pleased to see him. She looked round with a smile, saying, —

“Thank you.” The smile changed to a look full of mirth and wonder. “Do you call that an umbrella, Mr. Campbell?”

His attention directed to it, he perceived that he held his cane upraised umbrella fashion in his hand. He was too much confused to speak.

“I do not think that will afford me much protection, Mr. Campbell — good morning!” And Imogen hurried on.

He returned to his office quite out of patience with himself. He called himself an “absent-minded idiot” and by every other opprobrious epithet he could find, walked up and down the room with hurried strides, then threw himself into a chair clasping his forehead with his hand. If any one had observed him they might have been justified in supposing he had committed some crime, in such distress did he appear.

At last he took refuge in reading Byron : —

“I have not loved the world, nor the world me,”

touched a sympathetic chord in his heart. But happening to light upon

“O that the desert were my dwelling-place,  
With one fair spirit for my minister !”

he went off into a reverie again, and, after meditating for some hours, resolved to take the first opportunity to decide his fate.

The next morning he received a letter which, on opening, he found to be a very spirited and amusing indictment in verse accusing him of an attempt to commit assault and battery on a lady in the public square.

"Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?" he groaned, as he recognized the writing of Tom Jessup, the wittiest man in Loudon and one who never allowed a good story to be forgotten.

He had hoped that his blunder had not been observed; but he knew too well that concealment now was hopeless; for if every other window had been closely shut and barred, and among all the inhabitants of Loudon only Tom Jessup, like his peeping namesake of Coventry, had caught a glimpse of him with his uplifted cane, every loungee in the hotel or at the corners of the streets would be laughing about him before nightfall.

His prognostications were verified; for every person he met while going to and from his office seemed called upon to stop him with some question or remark they evidently intended to be very jocose and witty, and to which Mr. Campbell, though he was internally suffering tortures, felt obliged to hear with a calm and smiling face. It was as bad as running the gantlet.

But greater troubles were in store for him. All Imogen's distaste to him returned when she found that the whole town was amusing itself with his mistake. She could not bear the idea of having her name associated in any way with one who made himself so ridiculously conspicuous. She took the greatest pains to avoid him whenever they were thrown together in social meetings, and generally contrived to be out when he called.

Several weeks passed by; and during all that time Mr. Campbell had found it impossible to obtain even ten minutes' conversation with Imogen. One beautiful moonlight evening he took his flute, on which he played delightfully, and went out to serenade "the star of his night." For more than half an hour the dulcet tones of his instrument floated on the night air; and, tranquilized and soothed, he was still playing away vigorously, when Imogen's old nurse, who hated, she said, "to see the poor young man wasting his breath so," thrust her head over the gate and told him "'Twasn't of the least use; Miss Imogen had been gone these two days to Miss Percy's."

He returned home, not in despair, but in desperation; and, his tumultuous feelings demanding some expression, he seized a pen and found himself to his own great astonishment suddenly possessed of a poetic power, of

which he had supposed himself utterly deficient. He wrote several verses full of ardor and passion, and which were truly remarkable, not only from the facility with which they were written, but from their concentrated power and strength of expression. It was his first and last attempt at poetry; for his feelings were never again wrought to so high a pitch as to force from him such burning words.

He did not send the verses to Imogen, as he had intended. Cooler reflection determined him to keep them till the interview, which he was anticipating with so much trembling, hope, and fear, had taken place.

Not long after his attempted serenade he met her again at a party. Most unfortunately, as he thought, whenever he asked her to dance she was engaged. He did not imagine that she had made an arrangement with a good-natured cousin of hers to be at her command for that evening, that she might with truth plead a previous engagement. He asked her to walk in the piazza; but she replied that her mother did not like her to expose herself to the night air. He made numerous efforts to obtain an opportunity for a *tête-à-tête*, but in vain. At last he took refuge by Miss Parker's side, whose niece and namesake Imogen was. This relationship had gradually overcome Mr. Campbell's old dread and dislike of her; and he now often found himself seek-

ing her society when his own Imogen was inaccessible.

The time for the breaking up of the party arrived. The ladies were in the dressing room up stairs; the gentlemen, hat in hand, waiting in the passage below. That odious cousin, whose obliging disposition had already aroused the demon of jealousy in Mr. Campbell's heart, was standing near the staircase. Mr. Campbell took his station, a little in advance of him, at its very foot.

Many ladies passed in review before him and disappeared with their attendant cavaliers; but Imogen still delayed her coming. At last he heard an affectionate "Good night, Imogen," followed by a kiss; and two ladies came hastily down the staircase. The cousin stepped quickly forward; so did Mr. Campbell. "Will you take my arm, Miss Imogen?" said he to the first lady.

Born and brought up in Loudon, Miss Parker was oftener called even yet by her first name than her last; so, without being surprised, — for lately Mr. Campbell had been unusually attentive to her, — she accepted the offered arm, and they went out in the starlight together. His mistake was not so strange, either; for there was that general resemblance between the two Imogens in height and air that relationship often gives, and their evening wrappings almost hid their faces.

They had but a short distance to walk; and Mr. Campbell knew he had no time to lose — he plunged at once into the midst of his confession. He told his astonished listener how long and how ardently he had loved her.

“Dear me!” thought little Miss Parker.

He told her that he had loved her from the first moment in which he saw her.

“And I never even suspected it,” thought she.

He told her that without her life would be to him a burden, a dreary void.

“Poor fellow!” and little Miss Parker sighed and shook her head.

He told her that the aim of every thought, every wish, every hope of his through life would be her happiness.

“Dear me! dear me! I am really afraid for him,” thought little Miss Parker.

“And now will you not speak to me one word of encouragement?”

“Indeed, Mr. Campbell, you have taken me so by surprise that I don’t know exactly what to say. Don’t you think the difference in our ages ——”

They were standing by the door. Mr. Campbell had his hand on the knob, unwilling to turn it till his fate was decided. He flung the door wide open, gave one



searching glance at the lady's face as the light from the hall lamp fell on it, and, without a word, sprang down the steps and out of the gate. He passed Imogen walking slowly along with her cousin, but did not even touch his hat to her, though the same merry, musical laugh that had first charmed him again floated to his ears.

Mr. Campbell left Loudon the next day. His father had written for him to return some time before; but he had delayed on the plea of business. He concluded he had "done the business," and that there was nothing left for him to wait for. We often heard of him afterwards as one of the most promising lawyers in St. Louis.

I met him a year or two ago. Our conversation naturally turned on our mutual acquaintances at Loudon. He talked very frankly about his love for Imogen; and I was surprised to find how deep that old attachment had struck its roots. Not that he had been constant to her memory; "for several virtues he had" since "loved several women;" but he told me that she was the only one whom he had thought beautiful—the only one whom he had regarded as perfect.

I thought of her, long since a happy wife and mother, and, though married to a man by no means Mr. Camp-

bell's equal, yet remembering him only to smile at his mishaps. And then I fell to wondering at the love that is wasted in this world.

My story has a moral ; but, for fear people would not suspect it, I will point it out to them :—

“ Look before you leap.”

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## MRS. SMITH AND HER COUSIN FANNY.

*Mrs. Smith.* I HAVE just finished a new novel, the Head of the Family, which you must read.

*Fanny.* By the author of Olive and the Ogilvies, is it not?

*Mrs. Smith.* Yes; but an advance even on those clever and remarkable novels. I cannot but believe that this young authoress—for youthful she is understood to be—is destined to take a very high rank among our writers of fiction. Her versatility is surprising; only the other day we were talking about her Christmas story, Alice Learmont, a little book of a highly imaginative character, in which fairyland is painted in a poet's glowing hues, and fairy folk delineated in the most fantastic manner; and now we have three volumes, in which, though a rich imagination and the many graces of poetry are every where apparent, there is an under current of strong sense which will please the mere intellect even of prosaic readers.

*Fanny.* Is it, then, a less emotional work than Olive?

*Mrs. Smith.* Nay, I will not say that ; on the contrary, it deals with sterner and deeper passions than the former works ; but the emotion is, as it were, reined in with a stronger hand, as if, while the heart of the author had expanded, the mind had acquired new force and grown "many sided."

*Fanny.* Is it a tragic story ?

*Mrs. Smith.* Partially so ; but by the side of poor Rachel Armstrong's history there flows a more simple tale, which yet in its truth and pathos has even a deeper interest. Rachel is the victim of a repudiated Scotch marriage. Most people are aware that north of the Tweed a very slight ceremony, even a public avowal, is enough to establish a marriage ; but the villain who betrays Rachel believes that he has destroyed every vestige of evidence, and after some changes of name and fortune weds another. Rachel is of humble birth, but has educated herself, possesses talent, and finally becomes an actress. I need not tell you how her love turns to vengeance or how the retribution is ultimately worked out. The true hero of the book, however, is Ninian Græme, the "head of the family," the elder brother of a large family, who generously devotes himself to his younger brothers and sisters, perhaps unconscious at the time what sacrifices may be demanded from him, but who bravely and nobly makes those sacrifices

which a high-wrought sense of duty demands from him. It is a beautiful ideal of a man that is shadowed forth in Ninian; and I cannot help thinking that the author has been thus successful mainly because she has ventured to depict human nature as of no sex, and has thus developed in her hero many of those noble, self-denying qualities which the world commonly attributes almost exclusively to women. It would be well if gentlemen authors would take the hint, and, when they are depicting their Isabels and their Clementinas, not imagine that they have to describe denizens of some different planet; then we should be spared the unreal, unnatural wooden dolls, which either on stilts or in slippers shuffle through their prescribed three volumes, doing every thing in the world except seeming for one moment genuine women.

*Fanny.* You are severe on the gentlemen novelists, but really not more so than they deserve.

*Mrs. Smith.* I am glad you agree with me. But to return to the Head of the Family. Ninian has a sort of ward, Hope Ansted, the daughter of a runaway bankrupt,—who is a reckless character, sketched with no common truth and force,—and the poor girl is in her desolation received into the family circle and treated and considered as one of Ninian's sisters. Hope is a charming character; not wonderfully brilliant or amaz-

ingly beautiful, but something much truer and better — a gentle, earnest, affectionate girl, that steals into Ninian's strong, manly heart before he is aware. Now come the strife and the struggle; his love remains unspoken; and Hope, whose deep reverence and sisterly love a word would have fanned into something warmer, weds another, that other being the villain of the book, the sleek gentleman of fortune, the betrayer of Rachel. I must read to you a scene between Ninian and his younger sister Christina, familiarly called Tinie. This sprightly lassie has just received an offer of marriage. You will guess that her heart is not quite her own, though far enough from the keeping of Mr. MacCallum.

“And what am I to say to Mr. MacCallum?”

“Say? Nothing! Or just tell him that I never meant any thing but fun, and I couldn't think of marrying him — a comical, fat, little goose of a man. I wonder he could ever fancy such nonsense!” replied Tinie, whose light spirits revived in a brief space of time. Strangely, bitterly, they jarred upon her brother.

“Child,” said he, “you have done a wrong thing. In this matter, my heart goes more with that poor man than it does with you. If, instead of your thoughtless message, I told Mr. MacCallum you were not worthy this sincere attachment of his, it would be nearer the truth.”

“Tell him so then — little I care!”

“No, I will not tell him. But I will write at once, as he entreats me; and something in his perseverance touches me, so that I shall do it more warmly than I would have done a week ago, when I thought he was a mere wealthy simpleton, beneath the least notice of my sister.”

“And you think him not beneath my notice now?”

“No; because he offers you an honest heart, which, though refusing, no woman ought contemptuously to spurn. Child, you are young; you don't know the world or the men in it — how lightly they love, how continually they play and trifle with girls' hearts, — especially such gay, sparkling creatures as you, — and never say frankly, as Mr. MacCallum does, ‘I love you; be my wife, and I will try to make you happy.’ And if I must explain all, — mind, I do it, not thinking of my own feelings in the matter, but simply fulfilling my duty towards this honest man, who has left his cause in my hands, — I ought to tell you, Christina, that, as the world goes, this would be deemed no unworthy offer for a girl entirely without fortune, between whom and poverty hangs only one life — mine. I say this because I wish to lay all sides of the case before you, that at no after time you may repent of your decision.”

This was a long, grave speech, the first of the kind

that Tinie had ever heard from Ninian. She looked up a moment to see if he were in earnest. He was, indeed; she even felt delighted at the stern lines of his face.

"Would you be glad, then, if I married Eneas MacCallum?" she asked.

"I never said that."

"No; but you implied it. I see how it is. Miss Reay was right in what she told me—I believe it all now," cried Tinie, the angry tears rising to her eyes.

"You believe what? Nay, answer—I must know!" said Ninian, firmly, though his face flushed.

"That some of these days you would long to be rid of us; that we—the twins and myself—ought to make haste and get husbands, ere we found we had no home in our brother's house."

"And you believed this? Go on; tell me all she said."

"All! as if that were not enough! No, thank Goodness! I have not yet seen my sister-in-law. I did not suppose you would marry a mad woman like Mrs. Armstrong, or a mere baby like Hope Ansted, or ——"

"Or Miss Reay herself," added Ninian, trying to smile. "Tinie might imagine even that, when once she takes into her head such unjust thoughts of her brother."

He was indeed one worthy the name of man, who



could speak so calmly, with a voice that never betrayed one trace of the struggle beneath—the passion, the self-reproach, the love warring against other love, and the stern, iron hand of duty laid over all.

“Were they unjust! O, say over again that they were unjust! You couldn’t do it, Ninian; you couldn’t turn away your poor little pet and marry her to any stupid fool that asks her; no, not even that you might take a wife yourself! Never mind what Miss Reay said—the wretch! If I had really believed it, it would have broken my heart.”

So exclaimed the little creature, pouring out her feelings amidst a shower of tears, trying to draw Ninian’s hands to her, and wondering that he stood so grave, so cold, so unlike himself, though without a shadow of unkindness or anger.

“You will forgive me now? I would not grieve you for a moment, my own brother! We all know what an angel of a brother you are. You will never think of marrying when we love you so much? That was what I said to Miss Reay. Tell me, only tell me that it is so! You will never go and love some stranger, and leave your sisters alone in the wide world?”

He turned his face upward; it was very white, or else the sunshine made it seem so. He said, “God is my witness, I never will!”

Then he sat down on a stone and let his little sister creep to him, clasping him round the neck, laughing and crying at once, breaking off at times to murmur, "O, forgive me!" "O, don't let my naughty words grieve you!" "Ninian, — brother Ninian, — you are quite sure you love me better than you love any one?"

"What, not satisfied yet?" And he tried to look at her with his old smile and caress her in his old affectionate way, but could not. "God forgive me!" he muttered, and once more turned his face up to the broad sky, that wore to him a brightness like marble, as dazzling and as hard. He was thankful that Tinie's tears blinded her, so that she did not see her brother.

"Yes, indeed, I am quite satisfied! I will never grieve you any more — never! Say that you are not grieved now — at least not very much."

"O, no! O, no!" He patted her hands, which held him so closely; and then, as he rose up, their clasp dissolved of itself. "We must walk on now, Tinie — at all events, I must. I think," — he faltered, as if for the first time his heart recoiled at the necessary hypocrisy, — "I think you will be tired if you go farther; nor shall I like you to return alone."

"I am not tired in the least, and I would like to walk with you all the way to Helensburg."

"It will not do," said Ninian, with a faint smile. "I

have business. I must send my wee sister back, now that we have talked over all we had to speak about."

Tinie looked ashamed. She waited a minute for him to recur to the subject of their earlier conversation; but he did not. He walked along mechanically, as if oblivious of 'every thing. She said at length, timidly, —

"Brother, I know how wrong I have been about that letter. Will you tell me what I must do? or will you tell Mr. MacCallum yourself?"

"Tell Mr. MacCallum what? Ah, yes, child, what we were saying. I understand!"

"You will write to him, then? Tell him I am very sorry, — I am, indeed, — and I will never do so any more," said the little maiden, in a tone of great compunction. "For the rest, brother, you know what to say."

"Yes! yes!" He drew his hand over his eyes. "I am very stupid, Tinie; but I did not quite hear you. My head aches, the sun so dazzles on the loch. Tell me over again what you wish written, and I will do it at once. I rather think I shall walk to Dr. Reay's."

"O, don't write the letter there! Pray, pray don't tell the Reays any thing about it. She would think, and he would think ——"

"Think what?" said Ninian, attracted by the degree of alarm expressed by his sister.

"I don't care — I don't care — not a jot! The

professor may consider me what he likes — a foolish little thing ‘of the genus *Papilionaceæ*,’ as I heard him say. But I don’t choose that Miss Reay, knowing I have refused Mr. MacCallum, should therefore imagine — what she had the insufferable impertinence to tell me one day ——”

“More confessions? Nay, wee thing! don’t stammer. Let us have them!”

“She said I was trying — and you, too, in your eagerness to get me married — that — that I should be made her niece. There, you have it now! No wonder I was in a passion; no wonder I have been playing all sorts of wild games. She shall never think I want to catch people that have all brains and no heart — dry, musty, geological, old ——”

“Nay, keep that foolish little head cool. Nobody with any sense, certainly not Kenneth Reay himself, would ever dream of such a ridiculous thing,” said Ninian, trying to reassume his ordinary manner and to turn his mind to the things she was talking about. But he heard them and answered through a mist; they made no impression upon him. Only once more he attempted to send away Tinie, dismissing her with a smile and a jest.

“Go home, lassie; I will keep your counsel. And don’t get into more love labyrinths for your sage elder

brother to have to dash in and rescue you. He might get lost himself, you know."

"O, no fear! Nothing would ever bewilder brother Ninian," cried the blithe creature, as she turned back and went singing along the shore of the sunny Gare Loch.

*Fanny.* I guess that the young lady is in love with the professor, though she does rail at him.

*Mrs. Smith.* I shall not tell; but even this one passage may give you an idea of the book.

*Fanny.* I am sure I shall like it.

*Mrs. Smith.* I have half a mind to say I will not read another novel for three months to come. I cannot read poor ones, and the good ones are so interesting — I would say exciting if I were not tired of that hackneyed word — that there is no laying them down.

*Fanny.* Especially one like the HEAD OF THE FAMILY, which is not to be skipped and rattled through; for so much of its merit consists in its subtle touches of character and powerful writing.

## **OLIVIA.**

### **TWELFTH NIGHT.**

*Vio.* **GOOD** madam, let me see your face.

*Oli.* Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text; but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture.

Look you, sir, such a one I was this present :

Is't not well done ?

[ *Unveiling.*

*Vio.* Excellently done, if God did all.

*Oli.* 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

*Vio.* 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white  
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.  
Lady, you are the cruelest she alive  
If you will lead these graces to the grave,  
And leave the world no copy.

*Oli.* O sir, I will not be so hardhearted; I will give  
out divers schedules of my beauty; it shall be inven-



toried; and every particle and utensil labelled to my will: as items, two lips indifferent red; item, two gray eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

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## THE BETROTHAL.

FRANCES SEYMOUR had been left an orphan and an heiress very early in life. Her mother had died in giving birth to a second child, which did not survive its parent, so that Frances had neither brother nor sister; and her father, an officer of rank and merit, was killed at Waterloo. When this sad news reached England, the child was spending her vacation with Mrs. Wentworth, a sister of Mrs. Seymour; and henceforth this lady's house became her home, partly because there was no other relative to claim her, and partly because amongst Colonel Seymour's papers a letter was found addressed to Mrs. Wentworth, requesting that, if he fell in the impending conflict, she would take charge of his daughter. In making this request, it is probable that Colonel Seymour was more influenced by necessity than choice; Mrs. Wentworth being a gay woman of the world, who was not likely to bestow much thought or care upon her niece, whom she received under her roof

without unwillingness, but without affection. Had Frances been poor, she would have felt her a burden; but as she was rich, there was some *éclat*, and no inconvenience, in undertaking the office of her guardian and chaperone — the rather as she had no daughters of her own with whom Frances's beauty or wealth could interfere; for as the young heiress grew into womanhood, the charms of her person were quite remarkable enough to have excited the jealousy of her cousins, if she had had any, or to make her own fortune, if she had not possessed one already. She was, moreover, extremely accomplished, good tempered, cheerful, and altogether what is called a very nice girl; but of course she had her fault, like other people; she was too fond of admiration — a fault that had been very much encouraged at the school where she had been educated; beauty and wealth, especially when combined, being generally extremely popular at such establishments. As long, however, as her admirers were only romantic schoolfellows and calculating schoolmistresses, there was not much harm done; but the period now approached in which there would be more scope for the exercise of this passion, and more danger in its indulgence. Frances had reached the age of seventeen, and was about to make her *début* in the world of fashion — an event to which,

certain as she was of making numerous conquests, she looked forward with great delight.

Whilst engaged in preparations for these anticipated triumphs, Mrs. Wentworth said to her one day, "Now that you are coming out, Frances, I think it is my duty to communicate to you a wish of your father's, expressed in the letter that was found after his death. It is a wish regarding your choice of a husband."

"Dear me, aunt, how very odd!" exclaimed Frances.

"It is rather odd," returned Mrs. Wentworth; "and, to be candid, I don't think it is very wise; for schemes of this sort seldom or never turn out well."

"Scheme! What scheme is it?" asked Frances, with no little curiosity.

"Why, you must know," answered her aunt, "that your father had a very intimate friend, to whom he was as much attached all his life as if he had been his brother."

"You mean Sir Richard Elliott. I remember seeing him and his son at Otterby, when I was a little girl; and I often heard papa speak of him afterwards."

"Well, when young Elliott got his commission, your papa, in compliance with Sir Richard's request, used

his interest to have him appointed to his own regiment, in order that he might keep him under his eye. By this means, he became intimately acquainted with the young man's character, and, I suppose, as much attached to him as to his father."

"And the scheme is, that I should marry him, I suppose."

"Provided you are both so disposed; not otherwise. There is to be no compulsion in the case."

"It is a scheme that will never be realized," said Frances; "for, of all things, I should dislike a marriage that had been planned in that way. The very idea of standing in such an awkward relation to a man would make me hate him."

"That's why I think all such schemes better let alone," returned Mrs. Wentworth; "but as your father desires that I will put you in possession of his wishes before you go into the world, I have no choice but to do it."

"It does not appear, however, that this Mr. Elliott is very anxious about the matter, since he has never taken the trouble of coming to see me. Perhaps he does not know of the scheme."

"O, yes, he does; but, in the first place, he is abroad with his regiment; and, in the second, he abstains upon principle from seeking to make your acquaint-

ance. So Sir Richard told me, when I met him last year at Lady Grantley's *fête*. He said that his son's heart was yet perfectly free, but that he did not think it right to throw himself in your way, or endeavor to engage your affections, till you had had an opportunity of seeing something of the world. The old gentleman had a great desire to see you himself; and he would have called, but he was only passing through London on his way to some German baths, and he was to start the next morning."

"And what sort of a person is this Mr. Elliott?"

"I really don't know, except that his father praised him to the skies. He's Major Elliott now, and must be about eight and twenty."

"And is he the eldest son?"

"He's the eldest son, and will be Sir Henry—I think that's his name—by and by. But he's not rich; quite the contrary; he's very poor for a baronet; and I incline to think that is one of the reasons that influenced your father. Being so fond of the Elliotts, he wished to repair, in some degree, the dilapidation of their fortunes by yours."

"So that I shall have the agreeable consciousness of being married purely for my money. I am afraid poor dear papa's scheme will fail; and I wish, aunt, you had never told me of it."

"That was not left to my discretion; if it had been, I should not have told you of it, I assure you."

"Well, I can only hope that I shall never see Major Elliott; and if he ever proposes to come, aunt, pray do me the favor to assure him, from me, that it will not be of the smallest use."

"That would be foolish till you've seen him. You may like him."

"Never; I could not like a man whom I met under such circumstances, if he were an angel."

Thus, with a heart steeled against Major Elliott and his attractions, whatever they might be, Frances Seymour made her *début*; and, however brilliant had been her anticipations of success, she had the satisfaction of finding them fully realized. She was the belle of the season—admired, courted, and envied; and by the end of it, she had refused at least half a dozen proposals. As she was perfectly independent, she resolved to enjoy a longer lease of her liberty, before she put it in the power of any man to control her inclinations.

Shortly after the termination of the season, some family affairs called Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth to St. Petersburg; and as it was not convenient that Frances should accompany them, they arranged that she should spend the interval in visiting some families

of their own connection residing in the country, who promised to take due charge of her.

The first of these, by name Dunbar, were worthy people enough, but, unfortunately for Frances, desperately dull; and the few neighbors they had happened to be as dull as themselves. There were neither balls nor routs to keep up the spirits of the London belle; and a tiresome drive of six or eight miles to an equally tiresome dinner party was but a poor substitute for the gayeties which the late season had given her a taste for.

Frances was not without resources. She was a fine musician, and played and sang admirably; but she liked to be told that she did so. At Dunbar House, nobody cared for music, nobody listened to her, and her most *recherchées toilettes* delighted nobody but her maid. She was *aux abois*, as the French say, and had made some progress in the concoction of a scheme to get away, when an improvement took place in her position, from the arrival of young Vincent Dunbar, the only son of the family. He was a lieutenant in a regiment of infantry that had lately returned from the colonies, and had come, as in duty bound, to waste ten days or a fortnight of his three months' leave in the dull home of his ancestors. As he was an extremely handsome, fashionable-looking

youth, Frances, when she went down to dinner, felt quite revived by the sight of him. Here was something to dress for, and something to sing to; and although the young lieutenant's conversation was not a whit above the usual standard of his class, it appeared lively and witty when compared with that of his parents. His small colonial experiences were more interesting than Mrs. Dunbar's domestic ones, and his account of a tiger hunt more exciting than his father's history of the run he had had after a fox. Frances was an equally welcome resource to him. Here was an opportunity, quite unexpected, of displaying his most fashionable ties and most splendid waistcoats; here was a listener for his best stories, and one who did not repay him in kind, as his father did; and here were a pair of bright eyes, that always looked brighter at his approach; and a pair of pretty lips, that pouted when he talked of going away to fulfil an engagement he had made to meet some friends at Brighton.

As was to be expected, under circumstances so propitious, the young man fell in love—as much in love as he could be with any body but himself; whilst his parents did not neglect to hint, that he could not do better than prosecute a suit which the young lady's evident partiality justified. Pleased with the prospect



of their son's making so good a match, they even ventured one day a dull jest on the subject in the presence of Frances—a jest which, heavy as it was, aroused her to reflection. Flirting with a man, and angling for his admiration, is one thing; loving and marrying him is another. For the first, Vincent Dunbar answered exceedingly well; but for the second he was wholly unfit. In spite of her little weaknesses, Frances had too much sense not to see that the young lieutenant was an empty-headed coxcomb, and not at all the man with whom she hoped to spend her years of discretion,—when she arrived at them,—after an ample enjoyment of the delights that youth, beauty, and wealth are calculated to procure their possessor. Her eyes were opened, in short; and the ordinary effect of this sort of awakening from an unworthy *penchant*—for attachment it could not be called—ensued; the temporary liking changed into aversion, and the attentions that had flattered her before became hateful. In accordance with this new state of her feelings, she resolved to alter her behavior, in order to dissipate, as quickly as possible, the erroneous impression of the family; whilst, at the same time, she privately made arrangements for cutting short her visit, and anticipating the period of her removal to the house of Mrs. Gaskoin, betwixt whom

and the Dunbars the interval of her friends' absence in Russia was to be divided. In spite of her stratagem, however, she did not escape what she apprehended. Vincent's leave had nearly expired too; and when the moment approached that was to separate them, he seized an opportunity of making his proposals.

There is scarcely a woman to be met with in society who does not know, from experience, what a painful thing it is to crush the hopes of a man who is paying her the high compliment of wishing to place the happiness of his life in her keeping; and when to this source of embarrassment is added the consciousness of having culpably raised expectations that she shrinks from realizing, the situation becomes doubly distressing. On the present occasion, agitated, ashamed, and confused, Frances, instead of honestly avowing her fault, which would have been the safest thing to do, had recourse to a subterfuge; she answered, that she had been betrothed by her father to the son of his dearest friend, and that she was not free to form any other engagement. Of course, Vincent pleaded that such a contract could not be binding on her; but as, whilst she declared her determination to adhere to it, she forbore to add, that were she at liberty his position would not be improved, the

young man and his family remained under the persuasion that this premature engagement was the only bar to his happiness; and with this impression, which she allowed him to retain, because it spared him and herself pain, he returned to his regiment, whilst she, as speedily as she could, decamped to her next quarters, armed with a thousand good resolutions never again to bring herself into such an unpleasant dilemma.

Mrs. Gaskoin's was a different sort of house from the Dunbar's. It was not gay, for the place was retired, and, Mrs. Gaskoin being in ill health, they saw little company; but they were young, cheerful, and accomplished people, and in their society Frances soon forgot the vexations she had left behind her. She even ceased to miss the admiration she was accustomed to; what was amiable and good in her character—and there was much—regained the ascendant; her host and hostess congratulated themselves on having so agreeable an inmate as much as she did herself on the judicious move she had made, till her equanimity was disturbed by learning that Mr. Gaskoin was expecting a visitor, and that this visitor was his old friend and brother officer, Major Elliott, the person of all others, Vincent Dunbar excepted, she had the greatest desire to avoid.

"I cannot express how much I should dislike meeting him," she said to Mrs. Gaskoin, to whom she thought it better to explain how she was situated. "You must allow me to keep my room whilst he is here."

"If you are determined not to see him, I think you had better go back to the Dunbars for a little while," answered the hostess; "but I really think you should stay, and let things take their course. If your aversion continues, you need not marry him; but my husband tells me he's charming; and in point of character, I know no one whom he estimates so highly."

But Frances objected, that she should feel so embarrassed and awkward.

"In short, you apprehend that you will appear to a great disadvantage," said Mrs. Gaskoin. "That is possible, certainly; but as Major Elliott is only coming for a day or two, I think we might obviate that difficulty, by introducing you as my husband's niece, Fanny Gaskoin. What do you say? You can declare yourself whenever you please, or keep the secret till he goes, if you prefer it."

Frances said she should like it very much; the scheme would afford them a great deal of amusement, and any expedient was preferable to going back to

Dunbar House. Neither, as regarded themselves, was it at all difficult of execution, since they always addressed her as Fanny or Frances; the danger was with the servants, who, however, cautioned to call the visitor by no other name than Miss Fanny, might inadvertently betray the secret. Still, if they did, a few blushes and a hearty laugh were likely to be the only consequences of the disclosure: so the little plot was duly framed, and successfully executed; Major Elliott not entertaining the most remote suspicion that this beautiful, fascinating Fanny Gaskoin was his own *fiancée*.

Whether they might have fallen in love with each other had they met under more prosaic circumstances, there is no saying. As it was, they did so almost at first sight. It is needless to say that Major Elliott extended his visit beyond the day or two he had engaged for; and when Mr. and Mrs. Gaskoin saw how matters were going, they recommended an immediate avowal of the little deception that had been practised, lest some ill-timed visitor should inopportunately let out the secret, which had already been endangered more than once by the forgetfulness of the servants; but Frances wished to prolong their diversion till she should find some happy moment for the *dénouement*; added to which she had an extreme curiosity to know

how Major Elliott intended to release himself from the engagement formed by Colonel Seymour, in which he had tacitly, if not avowedly, acquiesced. It was certainly very flattering that her charms had proved sufficiently powerful to make him forget it; but that he should have yielded to the temptation without the slightest appearance of a struggle did somewhat surprise her, as indeed, from their knowledge of his character, it did Mr. and Mrs. Gaskoin. Not that they would have expected him to adhere to the contract, if doing so proved repugnant either to himself or the young lady; but under all the circumstances of the case, they would have thought his conduct less open to exception, if he had deferred entering into any other engagement till he had seen Miss Seymour. It was true that he had not yet offered his hand to his friend Gaskoin's charming niece; but neither she, nor any one else, entertained a doubt of his intention to do so; and Frances never found herself alone with him, that her heart did not beat high with the expectation of what might be coming.

The progress of love affairs is no measure of time; where the *attrait*, or magnetic *rapport*, (for perhaps magnetism has something to do with the mystery,) is very strong, one couple will make as much way in a fortnight as another will do in a year. In the present

instance, Major Elliott's proclivity to fall in love with Frances may have been aided by his persuasion that she was the niece of his friend. Be that as it may, on the thirteenth day of his visit, Major Elliott invited his host to join him in a walk, in the course of which he avowed his intention of offering his hand to Miss Gaskoin, provided her family were not likely to make any serious objection to the match. "My reason for mentioning the subject so early is," said he "that, in the first place, I cannot prolong my visit; I have already broken two engagements, and now, however unwillingly, I must be off; and, in the second place, I felt myself bound to mention the subject to you before speaking to Miss Gaskoin, because you know how I am situated in regard to money matters; and that I cannot, unfortunately, make such a settlement as may be expected by her friends."

"I don't think that will be any obstacle to your wishes," answered Mr. Gaskoin, with an arch smile. "If you can find Fanny in the humor, I'll undertake to answer for all the rest. As for her fortune, she'll have something, at all events; but that is a subject, I suppose, you are too much in love to discuss."

"It is one there is no use in discussing till I am accepted," returned Major Elliott; "and I confess

that is a point I am too anxious about to think of any other."

"Prepare yourself," said Mrs. Gaskoin to Frances: "Major Elliott has declared himself to my husband, and will doubtless take an opportunity of speaking to you in the course of the evening. Of course, now the truth must be disclosed, and I have no doubt it will be a very agreeable surprise to him."

When the tea things were removed, and Frances, as usual, was seated at the piano-forte, and Major Elliott, as usual, turning over the leaves of her music book, she almost lost her breath with agitation when the gentle closing of a door aroused her to the fact that they were alone. Mr. and Mrs. Gaskoin had quietly slipped out of the room; and conscious that the critical moment was come, she was making a nervous attempt to follow them, when a hand was laid on hers, and——. But it is quite needless to enter into the particulars; such scenes do not bear relating. Major Elliott said something, and looked a thousand things; Frances blushed and smiled, and then she wept, avowing that her tears were tears of joy; and so engrossed was she with the happiness of the moment, that she had actually forgotten the false colors under which she was appearing, till her lover said, "I have already, my dear Fanny, spoken on this subject to your uncle."



"Now, then, for the *dénouement*!" thought Frances; but she had formed a little scheme for bringing this about, which she forthwith proceeded to put in execution.

"But, dear Henry," she said, as, seated on the sofa hand in hand, they dilated on their present happiness and future plans—"dear Henry, there is one thing that has rather perplexed me, and does perplex me still, a little. Do you know, I have been told you were engaged?"

"Indeed! Who told you that?"

"Well, I don't know; but I'm sure I heard it. It was said that you were engaged to Miss Seymour—the Miss Seymour that lives with Mrs. Wentworth——."

"Do you know her?" inquired Major Elliott, interrupting her.

"Yes, I do—a little."

"Only a little?"

"Well, perhaps I may say I know her pretty well. Indeed, to confess the truth, I'm rather intimate with her."

"That is extremely fortunate," returned Major Elliott.

"Then you don't deny the engagement?" said Frances.

"Colonel Seymour, who was my father's friend and mine, very kindly expressed a wish, before he died, that, provided there was no objection on either side, his daughter and I should be married; but you see, my dearest Fanny, as there happens to be an objection on both sides, the scheme, however well meant, is defeated."

"On both sides!" reiterated Frances with surprise.

"Yes, on both sides," answered he, smiling.

"But how do you know that, when you've never seen Miss Seymour?—at least I thought you never had."

"Neither have I; but I happen to know that she has not the slightest intention of taking me for her husband."

"O," said Frances, laughing at the recollection of her own violent antipathy to this irresistible man, who, after all, had taken her heart by storm, "I suppose you have somehow heard that she disliked the idea of being trammelled by an engagement to a person she never saw, and whom she had made up her mind she could not love; but remember, Henry, she has never seen you. How do you know that she might not have fallen in love with you at first sight?—as somebody else did," she added, playfully.

"Because, my dear little girl, she happens to be in

love already. She did not wait to see me, but wisely gave away her heart when she met a man that pleased her."

"But you're mistaken," answered Frances, beginning to feel alarmed; "you are, indeed. I know Frances Seymour has no attachment. I know that till she saw you—I mean that—I am certain she has no attachment, nor ever had any."

"Perhaps you are not altogether in her confidence."

"O, yes, I am, indeed."

Major Elliott shook his head, and smiled significantly. "Rely on it," he said, "that what I tell you is the fact; but you have probably not seen Miss Seymour very lately, which would sufficiently account for your ignorance of her secret. I am told that she is extremely handsome and charming, and that she sings divinely."

Five minutes earlier, Frances would have been delighted with this testimony to her attractions, and would have been ready with a repartee about the loss he would sustain in relinquishing so many perfections for her sake; but now her heart was growing faint with terror, and her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth. Thoughts that would fill pages darted through her brain like lightning—dreadful possibilities, that she had never foreseen nor thought of.

Vincent Dunbar's regiment had been in India; she knew it was one of the *seventies*; but she had either never heard the exact number, or she had not sufficiently attended to the subject to know which it was. Major Elliott's regiment had also been in India; and it was the 76th. Suppose it were the same, and that the two officers were acquainted—and suppose they had met since Vincent's departure from Dunbar House! The young man had occasionally spoken to her of his brother officers; she remembered Poole, and Wainright, and Carter; the name of Elliott he had certainly not mentioned; but it was naturally of his own friends and companions he spoke, not of the field officers. Then, when she told him that she had been betrothed by her father, she had not said to whom; but might he not, by some unlucky chance, have found that out? And might not an explanation have ensued?

Could Major Elliott have distinctly discovered the expression of her features, he would have seen that it was something more than perplexity that kept her silent; but the light fell obscurely on the seat they occupied, and he suspected nothing but that she was puzzled and surprised.

"I see you are very curious to learn the secret," he said, "and if it were my own, you should not

pine in ignorance, I assure you; but as it is a young lady's, I am bound to keep it till she chooses to disclose it herself. However, I hope your curiosity will soon be satisfied, for I have ascertained that Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth are to be in England almost immediately,—they have been some time on the continent—and then we shall come to a general understanding. In the mean time, my dearest Fanny ——”

But Frances, unable longer to control her agitation, took advantage of a slight noise in the hall, to say that Mr. and Mrs. Gaskoin were coming; and before he had time to finish his sentence, she started to her feet, and rushed out of the room.

On the other side of the hall was Mrs. Gaskoin's boudoir, where she and her husband were sitting over the fire, awaiting the result of the *tête-à-tête* in the drawing room.

“Well,” said they, rising as the door opened and a pale face looked in, “is it all settled?”

“Ask me nothing now, I beseech you,” said Frances. “I'm going to my room; tell Major Elliott I am not well; say I'm agitated—any thing you like; but remember, he still thinks me Fanny Gaskoin.”

“But, my dear girl, I cannot permit that deception to be carried any further; it has lasted too long already,” said Mr. Gaskoin.

"Only to-night," said Frances.

"It is not fair to Major Elliott," urged Mrs. Gaskoin.

"Only to-night! only to-night!" reiterated Frances. "There! he's coming; I hear his step in the hall! Let me out this way!" And so saying, she darted out of a door that led to the back stairs, and disappeared.

"She has refused him," said Mrs. Gaskoin. "I confess I am amazed."

But Major Elliott met them with a smiling face. "What has become of Frances?" said he.

"She rushed in to us in a state of violent agitation, and begged we would tell you that she is not well, and is gone to her room. I'm afraid the result of your interview has not been what we expected."

"On the contrary," returned Major Elliott, "you must both congratulate me on my good fortune."

"Silly girl," said Mr. Gaskoin, shaking his friend heartily by the hand. "I see what it is: she is nervous about a little deception we have been practising on you."

"A deception!"

"Why, you see, my dear fellow, when I told Frances that you were coming here, she objected to meeting you ——"

"Indeed! On what account?"

"You have never suspected any thing?" said Mr. Gaskoin, scarcely repressing his laughter.

"Suspected any thing? No."

"It has never by chance occurred to you that this bewitching niece of mine is ——"

"Is what?"

"Your betrothed lady, for example, Frances Seymour?"

Major Elliott's cheeks and lips turned several shades paler; but the candles were not lighted, and his friends did not remark the change.

"Frances Seymour!" he echoed.

"That is the precise state of the case, I assure you." And then Mr. Gaskoin proceeded to explain how the deception came to be practised. "I gave into it," he said, "though I do not like jests of that sort, because I thought, as my wife did, that you were much more likely to take a fancy to each other, if you did not know who she was, than if you met under all the embarrassment of such an awkward relation."

During this little discourse, Major Elliott had time to recover from the shock; and being a man of resolute calmness and great self-possession, — which qualities, by the way, formed a considerable element in his attractions, — the remainder of the evening was

passed without any circumstance calculated to awaken the suspicions of his host and hostess, further than that a certain gravity of tone and manner, when they spoke of Frances, led them to apprehend that he was not altogether pleased with the jest that had been practised.

"We ought to have told him the moment we saw that he was pleased with her; but, foolish child, she would not let us," said Mr. Gaskoin to his wife.

"She must make her peace with him to-morrow," returned the lady. But, alas! when they came down to breakfast on the following morning, Major Elliott was gone, having left a few lines to excuse his sudden departure, which, he said, he had only anticipated by a few hours, as, in any case, he must have left them that afternoon.

By the same morning's post there arrived a letter from Vincent Dunbar, addressed to Miss Seymour. Its contents were as follow:—

"MY DEAREST, DEAREST FRANCES: I should have written to you ten days ago, to tell you the joyful news,—you little guess what,—but that I had applied for an extension of leave *on urgent private affairs*, and expected every hour to get it. But they have refused me, be hanged to them! So I write to you, my darling, to tell you that it's all right—I



mean between you and me. I'm not a very good hand at an explanation on paper, my education in the art of composition having been somewhat neglected; but you must know that old Elliott, whom your dad wanted you to marry, is our senior major. Well, when I came down here to meet Poole, as I had promised,—his governor keeps hounds, you know; a capital pack, too,—I was as dull as dishwater; I was, I assure you; and whenever there was nothing going on, I used to take out the verses you wrote, and the music you copied for me, to look at; and one day, who should come in but Elliott, who was staying with his governor on the West Cliff, where the old gentleman has taken a house. Well, you know, I told you what a madcap fellow Poole is; and what should he do, but tell Elliott that I was going stark mad for a girl that couldn't have me because her dad had engaged her to somebody else; and then he showed him the music that was lying on the table with your name on it. So you may guess how Elliott stared, and all the questions he asked me about you, and about our acquaintance, and our love-making, and all the rest of it. And, of course, I told him the truth, and showed him the dear lock of hair you gave me, and the little notes you wrote me the week I ran up to London; for Elliott's an honorable fellow,

and I knew it was all right. And it *is* all right, my darling; for he says he wouldn't stand in the way of our happiness for the world, or marry a woman whose affections were not all his own. And he'll speak to your aunt for us, and get it all settled as soon as she comes back," &c., &c.

The paper dropped from poor Frances Seymour's hands. She comprehended enough of Major Elliott's character to see that all was over. But for the unfortunate jest they had practised on him, an explanation would necessarily have ensued the moment he mentioned Vincent's name to her; but that unlucky deception had complicated the mischief beyond repair. It was too late now to tell him that she did not love Vincent; he would only think her false or fickle. A woman who could act as she had done, or as she appeared to have done, was no wife for Henry Elliott.

There is no saying, but it is just possible, that an entire confidence placed in Mr. Gaskoin might have led to a happier issue; but her own conviction that her position was irrecoverable, her hopelessness and her pride, closed her lips. Her friends saw that there was something wrong; and when a few lines from Major Elliott announced his immediate departure for Paris, they concluded that some strange

mystery had divided the lovers, and clouded the hopeful future that for a short period had promised so brightly.

Vincent Dunbar was not a man to break his heart at the disappointment which, it is needless to say, awaited him. Long years afterwards, when Sir Henry Elliott was not only married, but had daughters coming out in the world, he, one day at a dinner party, sat next a pale-faced, middle-aged lady, whose still beautiful features, combined with the quiet, almost grave elegance of her toilet, had already attracted his attention in the drawing room. It was a countenance of perfect serenity; but no observing eye could look at it without feeling that that was a serenity not born of joy, but of sadness—a calm that had succeeded a storm—a peace won by a great battle. Sir Henry felt pleased when he saw that the fortunes of the dinner table had placed him beside this lady, and they had not been long seated before he took an opportunity of addressing her. Her eyelids fell as she turned to answer him; but there was a sweet, mournful smile on her lip—a smile that awoke strange recollections, and made his heart for a moment stand still. For some minutes he did not speak again, nor she either; when he did, it was to ask her, in a low, gentle voice, to take wine with

him. The lady's hand shook visibly as she raised her glass; but, after a short interval, the surprise and the pang passed away, and they conversed calmly on general subjects, like other people in society.

When Sir Henry returned to the drawing room, the pale-faced lady was gone; and, a few days afterwards, the Morning Post announced among its departures that Miss Seymour had left London for the continent.

## THE COUNTRY COUSIN.

THE village of Westbourne was what would be called a stylish place, though situated deep in the heart of Derbyshire. Most of its houses had green palings and flowers in front; there was a circulating library, a milliner's shop, and a ladies' boarding school within its bounds; and from each extremity of its larger and smaller street—for Westbourne had only two—outlying cottages of various names dotted the surrounding fields. The largest of these, and decidedly the handsomest, belonged, as the door plate set forth, to Mr. Harry Phipps Bunting. It had been called *Bunting Cottage* ever since the late possessor—after having made what his neighbors esteemed a fortune, by himself keeping the circulating library, and his spouse the boarding school—built it by way of consolation for the second year of his widowhood, and retired there from business to hold high gentility in his latter days with his only daughter and heiress, Miss Jenny. At least half of Westbourne

believed that in the said arrangements Mr. Bunting had his eye on a second and somewhat superior match; in short, those good people averred that the handsome cottage was neither more nor less than a substantial snare for Mrs. Phipps, the widow of a captain and second cousin of a baronet, who, with a small annuity and an only son, lived in the odor of great rank and fashion in a neat brick house at the other end of the village.

But if Mr. Bunting had indeed indulged in speculations on the widow's heart, they were cut short by a sudden summons to take the journey on which his early partner had preceded him; and Miss Jenny was left the undisputed heiress of all his gains and gatherings, now amounting to a comfortable sum in a London bank, besides the newly-built cottage. None of the village remembered the time when Miss Jenny was young—not but that there were older ladies in the community, and few who wore their years so well; but a matronly staidness and industry, a solidity of manner and appearance, had grown so early on the lady, that she had no youth, and scarcely any childhood, in the recollection of her neighbors, and she was now on the shady side of thirty.

Miss Jenny might have had suitors, had her encouragement been more liberal: where is the maiden

of fortune who might not? But she had no admirers, though there was not a more popular woman in Westbourne. Time out of mind she was known to have a good advice and a helping hand for all who required either. The help was always kindly given, and the advice generally judicious: indeed, if Miss Jenny had a weakness, it was the love of direction and counsel-giving; and by that breach the strong citadel of her heart was won. There was no house in Westbourne that gave her abilities half such scope as that of Mrs. Captain Phipps—so the lady continued to style herself. Miss Jenny's father had advised there till he departed; after which event, the widow and her son confided in his heiress. Master Harry Phipps was not what would be called a successful young man. He was not either wild or remarkably stupid, as the world goes; his mother knew him to be a dear domestic fellow, who would play the flute or dominoes for weeks of evenings in her back parlor. He had taken one prize at college and sundry at school; had the reputation of being almost a beau, and, at least, in Westbourne society, half a wit; and was a tall, fair-faced, lathy young man, dressing well, and looking rather genteel, in spite of an overgrown boyishness which hung about him and kept the Master fastened to his name,

though he had left twenty-five behind him. Master Harry had made attempts on law, physic, and divinity, without completing the studies requisite for any of those learned professions; somehow he had always got disgusted when just half way, and at the time of our tale, had a serious notion of civil engineering. The Fates, nevertheless, chalked out another line for Master Harry Phipps. How it first came about, the keenest-eared gossips in Westbourne never knew, but the widow's son was observed to become a frequent visitor at the cottage as the days of Miss Jenny's mourning for her father expired. In these expeditions he was occasionally supported by Mrs. Captain Phipps, who at length told her confidential friends, and they informed the village, that her son was about to marry and take the name of Bunting. Some said that Miss Jenny insisted on the latter step as a badge of her perpetual sovereignty; some that it was a provision in her father's will, the old gentleman having been heard to hope that none but Buntings would ever inhabit the cottage; but while they disputed that point, the wedding came off, with a liberal distribution of cards, cake, and gloves, a breakfast, at which Mrs. Captain Phipps presided, and an excursion of three weeks to the lakes; after which Mr. and Mrs. Phipps Bunting, having got a new door plate, and



an additional crest on the spoons, settled down comfortably at home, where our story found them.

There they were duly visited, and made due returns, even to their uttermost acquaintance. Evening parties were got up for their benefit, as Westbourne gentility dictated. A few responses were given at the cottage, and people learned to call them the Buntings. When these occurrences and the talk concerning them were fairly over, it was surprising how little things had altered. Mrs. Phipps Bunting superintended every thing, from the napery in the drawers to the beehives in the garden, with so much of her old and independent activity, that people caught themselves occasionally calling her Miss Jenny. As for her lord, he was Master Harry still. Matrimony made no change in him. On Sundays he dressed himself and went to church with Mrs. Phipps Bunting. On week days he said he studied, paid little visits, took small excursions, and came home to dinner. Even bachelors agreed that he lived under the mildest form of gynecocracy. Mrs. Captain Phipps gave him good advice at the one end of the village, Mrs. Phipps Bunting kept him all right at the other; and between them an indescribable amount of nobodyism grew and gathered around him.

Mr. Phipps Bunting—as the best bred of his neigh-

bors now endeavored to call him—was doubtless not less contented than most men in the married state. Miss Jenny—that was—made a noble housekeeper; that was natural to her; she was not given to storms, nor temper, nor fault finding, nor what is called gayety: they had kind country neighbors; and Mrs. Phipps Bunting sometimes spoke of her mother's relatives, who were known to be fine people in London.

There was no appearance of change when the second of their wedded years commenced; but one December morning an extraordinary event occurred at the cottage, for Harry received a letter. It came from Charles Lacy, an old college friend, whose achievements in the fast line had furnished him with many a joke and tale. He had been till lately a briefless barrister, but had just fallen heir to a neat property in an adjoining county, bequeathed him by a distant relative, his advent to which he intended celebrating with a notable bachelors' party, and Harry's presence was requested, together with that of many a college comrade.

"I think I'll go," said Harry, in a hesitating tone, as the note was read at the breakfast table.

"Of course you will, dear," said Mrs. Bunting. "And now that I think of it, something must be done

with that parlor chimney, it smokes so. Just send up the mason on your way to the coach."

The vehicle thus mentioned was an old stager which passed through Westbourne daily, carrying passengers to sundry of the unrailwayed towns on its track; and within two hours from the receipt of the invitation, Mr. Phipps Bunting, well wrapped up, and better warned against taking cold, with his best things in a carpet bag, and his lady's commands delivered to the mason, took possession of an inside seat on his way to Charles Lacy's domicile.

How the bachelors' party proceeded in that locality, and how the failings of the parlor chimney were corrected at the cottage, imaginative readers may suppose; but on the third day after Harry's departure there arrived a note, stating that his host had invited him to remain for a fortnight; that they were to have shooting in the fine frosty weather, and he thought he might stay. Mrs. Phipps Bunting sent her approbation by return of post. There was a colony of rats to be expatriated, a clearing out of the coal cellar to be achieved, and a bottling of cider to get forward, under which considerations she concluded he was better out of the way; but all these things were accomplished, and more than the specified time elapsed, when another note came to say that Lacy

positively would not let Harry home without seeing his uncle, the great barrister, who lived in the nearest assize town; and the legal protector of Miss Jenny "thought he might go on that visit."

There was a graver and more lengthy reply to that communication; but the Fates forbade that Harry should read Mrs. Bunting's in time. Charles Lacy's housekeeper had a standing order to put all letters into a huge card bracket, which that young gentleman affirmed had been presented to him by an heiress of twenty thousand pounds in her own right, and Mrs. Bunting's epistle was placed in the receptacle; for before its arrival Harry had, like an undutiful husband, started with Charles for the house of his uncle. The old barrister, though not one of the brightest, was among the successful of his profession, and kept a hospitable, easy-going house, with a maiden sister and two dashing nephews, in a comfortable English country town, at one end of which was a railway station for the coming and going of London trains. Our Harry had been always an agreeable, commodious fellow. There were no angles on his temper to come in contact with those of other people: rich uncle, maiden aunt, and sporting nephews, all joined in requesting his stay from week to week; while three successive notes were in turn

committed to the card bracket on Charles Lacy's mantel-piece.

"Harry, my boy," said that gay gentleman, as they stood looking at a passing train, "what do you say to a run for London? I have another uncle there—a first-rate solicitor, in the firm of Grindley, Blackmore, & Co. Ours is a legal family. Grindley and the old hen would be glad to see us; and I'll introduce you to the Blackmores, a delightful mother and four daughters; all charming girls, with three thousand apiece. I wish you could only hear Clementina Blackmore sing "*Will you still be true to me?*" Harry, if ever I am so left to myself as to think of marrying, that's the girl!"

Let us now suppose that a quantity of additional pressing took place; that the nephews offered to go along, as Christmas was coming; that Harry sent home another note to say "he thought he might go;" and that, long before it reached the cottage, he was installed at the house of Mr. Grindley in London, who, as his nephew premised, divided a capital legal business with his partner Mr. Blackmore.

The proverb which says, "Out of sight out of mind," was by this time in course of being fulfilled as regarded the good woman at the cottage. In the revival of old associations, his college friend partially

forgot that Harry was a family man, and the easy gentleman himself never thought of intruding the circumstance on people's notice. To do him justice, he had a remarkably single look; all his acquaintances called him Harry Phipps. It was therefore no marvel that the unsuspecting household of Blackmore received him as a bachelor.

The papa of it was a hard-witted, busy lawyer; the mamma an excessively fine lady; and the four daughters pretty, accomplished, fashionable-looking girls, from twenty-two—their mamma said seventeen—upwards, who judiciously came out in different lines; for Miss Blackmore was metaphysical, Miss Caroline sentimental, Miss Maria fast, and Miss Clementina musical. Between the last-mentioned and Charles Lacy a strong and not discouraged flirtation was in progress, which afforded Harry better than ordinary opportunities for cultivating that domestic circle. It was not every day he would have such a house to call at, and Harry did his best to be popular. He hunted up high-life gossip for Mrs. Blackmore; he admired the solicitor's law stories after dinner; he was the humble servant of all the young ladies in turn, but his chief devoirs were paid to the fast Maria. The reason was, that the fast Maria would have it so. She thought him, it is true,—as she

said once to a confidential friend,—a sort of goosey-goosey-gander, but he polked capitally, was a personable fellow—and Maria was a spinster. Christmas was coming, and Harry stood high in favor with all the Blackmores. The senior miss found out that he had a philosophic mind ; Miss Caroline said she knew there was a little romance about him—he had been disappointed in first love or something ; and Charles Lacy had an intuitive suspicion that the old people would soon begin to inquire regarding his income and prospects. The idea was excessively amusing, but yet somewhat alarming. He thought Harry was carrying it on too far—he was. Hadn't he better give Clementina a hint ? But then Clementina would think he ought to have done so long ago. Charles was puzzled, and he did not like to be puzzled. He would have nothing more to do with it. He would wash his hands of it. How was he obliged to know that they were not aware of Harry's being tied up ? The whole thing was really uncomfortable, and he did not like any thing that was uncomfortable. He would take Harry to task for his enormity, and then think no more about it. Meditating thus, he entered Mrs. Blackmore's drawing room one forenoon early enough to find mamma and the young ladies hard at Berlin wool ; they were finishing Christmas presents—all

but Maria, for whose amusement Harry was turning over a volume of sporting prints at a little table by themselves.

"We are all industrious to-day," said Mrs. Blackmore, "on account of our country cousin—a dear odd creature. She has sent us hampers and baskets full of every thing nice, for I don't know how long. The girls can scarcely remember when she was here last, and it would be such a comfort to her to have some of their work. Do, Maria, try and finish that purse."

Charles and Harry had heard of that "dear odd country cousin" ever since they first entered the house. The turkeys and chickens she sent had been described in their hearing till they thought they had eaten them. From the conversation of her relatives Harry concluded her to be a spinster or widow of an uninteresting age. However, the threatened arrival created a new employment for him, in the shape of holding purse silk for Miss Maria to wind; and owing perhaps to the quietness of this employment,—perhaps to its occupying so long a time,—the awkwardness of his position began to stare him in the face. He began to think he was a bad fellow—although it was all Charles's fault. He did not know that Miss Maria thought him a goosey-goosey-gander, but he began at last to hate her all the same—we are so



liable to hate those we are conscious of injuring! He became in truth afraid of her—she haunted him. He knew he ought to do something, but he did not know what to do. He had all his life acted under advice, and he now felt as if he had broken from his moorings, and was on the wide, wide sea, drifting at the mercy of this calamity.

At the moment we have arrived at, things had come to an alarming climax. In reply to his bewildered look, Charles had turned away with severity—washing his hands of it—to join Miss Clementina in the corner; and the rest of the family, who seemed suddenly to find themselves *de trop*, scattered away to other parts of the room. Now, Miss Maria was a fast girl, and Harry knew it. She looked wicked, as if determined upon a *coup d'état*; and he began to perspire all over. The skein fared badly. At this moment some slight diversion was made in his favor by a servant appearing with a message regarding somebody in the back parlor; whereupon Mrs. Blackmore went hastily down stairs; and Harry's eyes followed her wistfully: he thought he should like to get out.

"O girls," said Caroline, returning in a few minutes, "it is poor cozzzy, and mamma is bringing her up for us all to comfort her. She has lost I don't

know how much money by the failure of that horrid Skinner's bank; and what's worse, she can't find her husband."

"He ought to be sent home, wherever he is," replied Maria; "I'm sure she was just too good to him. O, Mr. Harry Phipps, what a sad set you men are! I declare you are ravelling again."

Harry, coloring to the roots of the hair, bent forward to plead some unintelligible excuse; the fast Maria took hold of his finger as if she was cross; and at that instant another finger was pressed upon his shoulder, and looking up, he gazed into the eyes of his wife.

For some seconds Harry and his spouse looked at each other as if unable to believe their eyes; but the lady's good sense at last prevailed, and gulping down something which would have come out with most women, she gently shook her husband's hand, now liberated from the purse silk, with, "Harry, love, I am so glad to find you here. I was really afraid that worse had happened than the failure of Skinner & Co."

Harry replied in rather an indistinct tone, though Charles Lacy ever after vowed he did wonderfully, considering the looks of Mrs. Blackmore and her daughters. As for Maria, she retired from silk and all, without a word about deceivers, which was also

remarkable. Sense in the person of Mrs. Bunting for once appeared contagious. The Blackmores, one and all, tacitly agreed that there had been no mistake whatever in the family, beyond the droll particular of their not recognizing in a gentleman introduced to them as Mr. Harry Phipps the husband of a lady whom they had been accustomed to address as Mrs. Bunting. By the failure of Skinner & Co. poor Mrs. Bunting had lost every thing but the cottage and furniture at Westbourne—a fact which she learned only on her arrival in London to pay a long-projected visit to her mother's relatives, the Blackmores.

The Buntings in due time went home. We have reason to believe that there was never even a curtain lecture delivered on the subject of the purse silk. When we last visited Westbourne, Mrs. Phipps Bunting was as active, as good natured, and as popular as ever; but people had forgotten to say Master Harry, for Henry Phipps Bunting, Esquire, had been appointed her majesty's stamp distributor for the district. He was also invested with a couple of agencies for certain absent proprietors; but he never again "thought he might go" on sporting excursions; and no family could have imagined him to be a bachelor, for ever since he set fairly to work, a more married-like man we never saw.

## THE JEWELLER'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ABDY.

It was a day of great interest in the quiet little country town of Oakbury. Mrs. Everett was about to give a dinner party. Now, Mrs. Everett was one of those

“Lean-jointured widows who seldom draw corks,  
Whose teaspoons do duty for knives and for forks.”

To give a dinner party at all was a remarkable event on her part; still more so to invite Sir Thomas and Lady Chisholm, who lived in good style in the neighborhood of Oakbury, and, above all, to invite them when Colonel and Lady Charlotte Huntley were staying on a visit to them, and to venture on the desperate step of sending a card to the fashionable London couple. That the invitation should ever have been sent was matter of wonder; that it should have been accepted, still more so. Some envy was excited by Mrs. Everett's

success; but not so much so as if, after the usual custom of country-town ladies, she had invited no one but the clergyman and physician of the place to meet her brilliant guests. Mrs. Everett asked seven of her relations to dinner, all of whom felt a peculiar wish to see and to converse with the colonel and his lady. Oakbury was a dull, primitive, little town; indeed, it must of course have been so to have felt any excitement about such a trifling matter as Mrs. Everett's dinner party; and my readers may reasonably wonder what link could possibly exist between its denizens and the stylish pair to whom I have alluded which could make them so desirous of an introduction; yet such a link there was. Colonel and Lady Charlotte Huntley were in the habit of continually meeting in London with Rosamond Sutton, the beautiful heiress of the wealthy jeweller, who, in right of her own loveliness and her father's riches, was a welcome guest in the first society; and, strange to say, Mrs. Everett and her family party were all of them connected by first or second cousinship with the jeweller, who had actually achieved the difficult point of making his wealth talked about in London.

Many years ago James Sutton, then a young lad, was smitten with the ambition of going up to London and making his fortune there. His parents were dead; and none of his relations interfered to prevent him from

doing as he wished. In fact, London to the inhabitants of Oakbury at that time was what California is to the rest of the world at the present day — a place where gold was considered certain to be within the reach of those who had courage to stretch out their hands to grasp at it. Sutton had an old schoolfellow settled in London; and from him he doubted not that he should immediately be able to obtain information of at least a dozen different roads to fortune.

As for the story of Whittington, although Sutton had more than once read it attentively, it fell far short of realizing his ambitious ideas. To be lord mayor for a year, and then to relinquish his golden glories, would not at all have met his views; no, he trusted that he should eventually be able not only to gain, but to maintain, a firm footing in the world's high places, live in a series of perpetual banquets, and associate on familiar terms with the nobles of the land. Strange aspirations these for a moneyless youth reared in a fourth-rate country town — aspirations which some of his friends concluded would terminate in an unlimited shower of gold and others in a leap from Blackfriars' Bridge; neither of these conjectures, however, seemed likely to be verified. Sutton, soon after his arrival in London, established himself as assistant to a working jeweller; and year after year he remained with him, paying an

annual visit to his friends at Oakbury; and, in return to the condolence that he received touching his humble position in the great city of London, he constantly replied that "it was a difficult thing to gain even a tolerable start in life, and that he was disposed to think that he had been very fortunate in doing so well as he had done." Years passed on; and, although they did not improve Sutton's position in life, they greatly improved his personal appearance — he became decidedly good looking; and, in one of his visits to his native town, a certain Miss Margaretta Sutton, who ranked among his many cousins, gave him such unequivocal tokens of her partiality that he was obliged to confide to another lady cousin, who was the chosen intimate of his enamoured fair one, his intention of "only marrying to improve his circumstances." Now again could the good people of Oakbury see the probability that a golden shower might eventually descend on the head of their adventurous townsman. Unluckily, old Willis, the working jeweller, was a bachelor; he had no daughter to dower, no wife who might become his wealthy relict; these roads to story-book prosperity were closed to Sutton; but still London abounded with heiresses, — at least so thought the unsophisticated people of Oakbury, — and they doubted not that Sutton would soon be successful in gaining

“A weel-tochered lass or jointured widow.”

Sutton, however, seemed destined to fall short of his own ambitious views and to disappoint those of his friends. His marriage was no very brilliant affair, after all; he united himself with a plain, quiet widow, some years his senior, having a life income of three hundred a year. This income, nevertheless, amply sufficed for the expenses of Sutton's frugal establishment, even when his family was increased by the birth of the little Rosamond, of whom honorable mention has already been made. Shortly after Sutton's marriage the jeweller, feeling of course a greater inclination to befriend him when he knew that he was independent of his assistance, received him into partnership; but still Sutton spent not an additional five-pound note in consequence of his increased exchequer. His wife was naturally retiring and economical, and was quite reconciled to the thrift of her husband when he told her that it was necessary to lay by a portion for the infant Rosamond, as the income of each of her parents would cease with their life. Sutton continued his annual visits to Oakbury, where his wife was much liked and the beauty of his little daughter extremely admired; in fact, his marriage turned out no bad speculation — for the painstaking, money-loving old Willis would have shrunk from the idea of enriching a couple who seemed to have the least



taste for spending money when they had got it. Mrs. Sutton was the counterpart of her prudent husband; the little Rosamond was brought up with an extremely limited knowledge of toys, bonbons, and necklaces; and, when the prudent old jeweller departed this life ten years after the union had taken place which had given him so much satisfaction, it appeared that he had left behind him a substantial token of his approbation of the tactics of the economical pair in the shape of a properly signed and witnessed parchment whereby he bequeathed the whole of his property of every description to his esteemed partner, James Sutton. Whether the surprise of sudden wealth was too much for the nerves of Mrs. Sutton I cannot say; but certain it is that her health at this time began rapidly to decline, and that Sutton was a widower in a very few months after he became an heir. Doubtless, had his wife died before his benefactor he would have bitterly and deeply mourned for the loss of her — three hundred a year. As it was, he bore his troubles with edifying resignation; he had never really loved any being on earth but himself and his daughter, and brilliant prospects now seemed to be opening to both of them. A magnificent jeweller's shop in a fashionable street at the west end of the town shortly gave visible signs of Sutton's wealth; the windows blazed with gems; enraptured pedestrians

stopped to cast longing looks on the treasures thus temptingly displayed to them, and a throng of splendid carriages crowded the door. Sutton engaged an elegant private residence; and an accomplished and highly-salaried governess undertook the education of his daughter, assisted by a bevy of "professors" of all sorts of arts, sciences, and languages. I am sorry to say that as soon as Sutton became wealthy he also became forgetful of his old friends at Oakbury; his summer visits were now paid to the continent; and the correspondence which his wife had so patiently and indefatigably kept up with Mrs. Everett, Mrs. Mullins, Miss Colyton, and half a dozen other cousins, was suffered to fall to the ground. Deeply did the inhabitants of Oakbury lament that their townsman should become lost to them just as they had reason to feel proud of him; they could not console themselves by saying it was "the way of the world," for of the world and its ways they knew nothing — Oakbury at that time being unable to boast even of a literary institution or a railway to London.

Years rolled on; the jeweller's wealth gathered like a snowball; the governess retired on an annuity, Rosamond took the head of her father's table; they removed into a larger house and engaged additional carriages and servants. Various "nymphs of quality" had "admired" or affected to admire the jeweller; but none of

their spells was successful ; he openly declared his resolution never to marry and his intention that none but a man of rank should marry his daughter. There was small difficulty apparently in bringing about this arrangement ; the jeweller's wealth was sufficient to purchase half a dozen scions of quality ; but his daughter and himself were particular in their choice, and Rosamond did not, as was predicted, marry in her first season. That first season was just over. Rosamond had lent the light of her countenance to the Book of Beauty, had been celebrated by fashionable poets, and panegy-rized in fashionable newspapers.

Mrs. Everett could no longer resist the craving desire she felt to behold and to exhibit to others the noted beauty to whom she was allied ; letter after letter of solicitation was sent to the long-obdurate jeweller, till at length, fairly worn out by the tenacity of his country cousin, he very reluctantly promised that his daughter and himself should spend a couple of days at Mrs. Everett's house in their way to visit a titled friend in the north. Like most pleasures to which people have eagerly looked forward, this visit proved a disappointment to the people of Oakbury ; the good-natured, unassuming Sutton had been converted by prosperity into "a very magnificent, three-tailed bashaw," making constant allusions to the marquises and viscounts with

whom he seemed to live on the most intimate terms, patronizing the cousins who used to patronize him, and condescendingly praising the viands which he once esteemed it a great favor to be invited to partake of. Rosamond was still more changed; the timid, plainly-dressed, simple-mannered child was now a brilliant, graceful girl of fashion, dressed in the extreme of the mode, playing and singing like a professor, (according to the Oakbury ideas of a professor,) and talking incessantly of operas, fancy balls, and public breakfasts. The French waiting maid of Rosamond and the Swiss valet of her father acquitted themselves still less to the satisfaction of Oakbury than their superiors; unfortunately, they could both speak English well enough to be understood, and their criticisms on the discomforts and shortcomings of Mrs. Everett's establishment—all faithfully reported to that lady by her housemaid—were peculiarly pointed and expressive. It was a relief to all parties when the visit came to an end; and it was never repeated. Still, however, the jeweller and his daughter were regarded by the people of Oakbury in the light of a property; and they made them a constant subject of conversation when in company with new acquaintance.

There was a little bathing-place at a convenient distance from Oakbury, consisting of a dozen cottages,

three villas, a few shops, a library, and a couple of hotels, where in the autumn a tolerable number of persons were wont to congregate. And here Sutton's Oakbury relatives particularly shone. They were continually repeating anecdotes of the rich jeweller and his fascinating daughter, unsparingly heaping upon them all sorts of private good qualities in addition to their publicly known advantages; indeed, they appeared qualified to draw their characters with fidelity, since, according to their own account, Sutton was in the habit of asking advice on matters of importance from all the elderly men of Oakbury, and his daughter was the bosom friend of all the young ladies in it. Latterly, however, they had felt a great wish to add to their stock of anecdotes from some authentic source of information; and Mrs. Everett obtained great credit from having originated the bold stroke of inviting the London couple to her house. Her invitation was accepted because Sir Thomas Chisholm had a nephew on the point of standing for the county, and wished to cultivate the good graces of his country neighbors; and for the same reason Sir Thomas and Lady Chisholm and their accommodating visitors took their places at Mrs. Everett's board in the most amiable of all possible moods, resolved to please and be pleased; and, when they found that their hostess was particularly anxious to talk about Rosamond Sutton,

they showed themselves perfectly willing to keep up the ball of conversation just as long as she wished.

"In my opinion," said Mrs. Everett, "Rosamond is a model of beauty and excellence; but perhaps as a near relation I may be allowed to be partial."

"I cannot admit that you show any partiality," replied Lady Charlotte. "Miss Sutton quite verifies the character you give of her; the Marchioness of Arlingford was lately observing to me that Miss Sutton was not only one of the most beautiful girls in London, but that her mind and manners would render her attractive even if she were deprived of every personal recommendation."

Happy Mrs. Everett! How she triumphed in the success of her dinner party! How she colored with delight at the idea that she was second cousin to a fashionable beauty who had been admired and commended by a marchioness!

"Miss Sutton's lovers," pursued Lady Charlotte, "are, as you may conceive, numerous; many wonder that she still remains unmarried."

"Dear Rosamond!" said Mrs. Mullins, sentimentally, "I am selfish enough to wish that she may continue single; marriage so often estranges a girl from her family."

If marriage could have estranged Rosamond Sutton

from her family more than she was estranged already it would, indeed, have brought about a great marvel.

"Her offers of marriage," said Colonel Huntley, "have all been from men of rank; it is understood that her father would sanction no other suitors."

"I should think not, indeed," said Mrs. Everett, drawing herself up with dignity.

"And even these suitors," continued the colonel, "have a difficult part to play; for Mr. Sutton is apt to suspect that they are attracted towards his daughter by the charms of her dowry."

"I should hope those mercenary motives are not very common in any rank of life," said Mr. Mullins, who, be it known to my readers, had married an extremely plain, shrewish woman for the sake of her four thousand pounds.

"Lord Robert Ransford," said Lady Charlotte, "had wealth as well as rank, and was, I believe, truly and devotedly attached to Miss Sutton; but she refused him because she could not reciprocate his attachment."

"Exactly my own feelings," murmured Louisa Mullins, who had for two years been laying desperate siege to a gouty, ill-tempered old miser.

"At present," said Lady Charlotte, "she has two distinguished admirers, who are rivals for her good graces. Lord Belson is reported to stand high in her own good

opinion, the Earl of Eppingham in that of her father. But I am repeating what cannot by any possibility be matter of news to the present party."

"O, surely not," replied Mrs. Everett. "But the subject of dear Rosamond is one of which we are never weary; she and her father occasionally spend a part of the summer with us;" (Mrs. Everett did not absolutely violate truth by this statement, inasmuch as the memorable two days spent with her by the Suttons certainly constituted a part of the summer;) "and I assure you we are eagerly looking forward to their next visit."

"Mr. Sutton," said the colonel, "is a devoted father and an excellent man."

"He is, indeed," sighed Miss Margaretta Sutton, the cousin who five and twenty years before had fixed her youthful affections on the assistant of the working jeweller, and who was now a sharp, sour-looking old maid.

"I am sure we have all reason to say so," said Miss Sutton, her still sharper and sourer-looking elder sister. "I remember the time ——"

Here Colonel Huntley, who thought that remembrance had now gone to its utmost allowable extent, interposed with a remark about the opera house which had the effect of turning the conversation, much to the regret of the Oakbury cousins, who could have talked about Rosamond Sutton and her father till midnight



without showing any signs of weariness. Nevertheless, there was a handsome young man of the party who had studiously avoided taking any share in the discourse; and yet he also was one of the enviable cousins of the heiress. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Colyton, had been among the kindest of Sutton's relations — always giving to himself, his wife, and child, in their yearly visits to Oakbury, not only a warm and hospitable welcome, but many acceptable little presents.

A few years after Sutton's inheritance of old Willis's hoards they had both died, leaving a small property to their son, who had just taken orders and accepted a curacy in a neighboring village. Colyton was seven years older than Rosamond Sutton; he had been not only the playfellow, but the protector, of the timid child; he had deeply lamented the cessation of all intercourse with her; and none expected her arrival with more heartfelt interest than himself when she and her father vouchsafed to pay their two days' visit to Mrs. Everett. Yet to no one did Rosamond behave with so little kindness as to Colyton; her relations in general were so perfectly well disposed to consider her as a descending goddess that she could not well avoid infusing a little graciousness into the appropriate dignity of that character; but Colyton, in whose mind, at the moment of meeting, the lapse of time and distinctions of worldly

wealth were annihilated, and who only beheld in his cousin the "little Rosamond" of former days, greeted her with such unquestionable warmth and cordiality that the spoiled beauty, accustomed to the smooth flatteries of the nobles of the land, had become distant and freezing in her manner; and the Lady of Lyons could scarcely have evinced more scorn to the enamoured Claude Melnotte than did the London heiress to the presumptuous country curate. Yet in spite of her disdain she was seldom absent from the thoughts of Colyton; and he listened to the accounts of her splendor and gayety not with pleasure, still less with envy, but with fear lest the temptations of the world might prove fatal to her happiness, and lest she should become the unloved wife of one who might wed her not for herself, but for her riches.

When the ladies retired into the drawing room Lady Charlotte was again beset with eager inquiries on the subject of Rosamond Sutton, to all of which she good naturedly replied; and the "womankind" of Oakbury, who had hitherto only possessed floating and indefinite ideas of the style in which Rosamond lived, were now actually made aware of the color of her carriages and liveries, the costumes which she had worn at fancy balls, and the songs which she had sung at musical parties. At length the evening came to an end. The

Chisholms and Huntleys honored the company they left behind with a very brief notice.

"How fond those people are of talking about the Suttons!" said Lady Charlotte Huntley.

"And really," replied Lady Chisholm, "they have no reason to be fond of the subject; it is years since the Suttons have taken the smallest notice of them."

Not so brief was the conversation in Mrs. Everett's drawing room.

"Really," said Mrs. Everett, taking the lead in discourse, as she had the right of a hostess to do, "when I hear all these particulars of the grandeur of Sutton and his daughter, I am more and more shocked at their ingratitude. Why are we to be informed of all these festivities by strangers? Why are we not to be invited as relations to partake of them?"

"Carriages at command must certainly be a great luxury," said Mr. Richard Sutton, who suffered grievously from rheumatic gout.

"And how delightful to be able to go to fancy balls in character!" exclaimed Louisa Mullins. "Rosamond Sutton appeared at one ball as Anne Boleyn, at another as Psyche, and at a third as the White Lady of Avenel."

"Then how many eligible offers of marriage she seems to have received!" exclaimed Miss Margaretta

Sutton, (who had never received one in her life,) heaving a deep sigh as she spoke.

"It is sad," remarked Mrs. Mullins, looking intently on her daughter, "that, where Nature has made so little distinction between young people, Fortune should make so much."

No one was so ill bred as to contradict Mrs. Mullins's inference; but, in reality, Nature had made a great deal of difference between Miss Mullins and her cousin—the one being clumsy, plain, and dull; while the other was abundantly gifted with grace, beauty, and talent.

"You do not seem to have a word to say on the subject," said Mrs. Everett, sharply addressing Colyton; "and yet I am sure you have been as ungratefully treated as any of us. What kindness was shown to the Suttons by your father and mother and your father's sister! and what repayment of it have you ever had? A word from Sutton to one of his titled friends would, very likely, get you the promise of a good living."

"I am not ambitious, my dear aunt," replied the young man, "and probably am far happier in my state of mediocrity than my London relatives in the midst of their splendor. There are many temptations attendant upon prosperity, and also the great danger of a reverse. We frequently hear of rich men who suddenly become poor; and, in that case, how much happier would it have

been for them, had they, like me, been accustomed to 'range with humble livers in content'!"

"It is absurd," said Mrs. Everett, "to talk of James Sutton ever being a poor man. I should just as soon think of the failure of the Bank of England. He is more likely to be raised than depressed in the world. I suppose he will soon be saluting his daughter as Countess of Eppingham!"

"And forgetting his best and earliest friends," said Miss Margaretta, spitefully, "in the distribution of cake and cards. I dare say we shall only hear of the marriage through the newspapers."

The next morning Colyton, at an early hour, entered the simple, pretty little cottage of his maiden aunt. Miss Colyton had been invited to join Mrs. Everett's dinner party; but indisposition had prevented her. She was a remarkably amiable person, intelligent, sweet tempered, and unaffectedly religious; she was charitable to the poor on a small income, and was a great favorite with her equals; for she possessed the difficult art of giving advice without giving offence, and the still more difficult art of knowing when to refrain from giving it at all. None had shown more kindness than herself to Sutton and his daughter in former days; but she never complained of their ingratitude nor envied their prosperity.

"I tremble for poor Rosamond," she said, when her nephew had given her an account of the party of the preceding day. "Thrown into the vortex of the world, without a hand to restrain her or a voice to warn her of its dangers, I can scarcely venture to hope that she will escape unhurt. Truly did Bishop Latimer say, 'He was justly accounted a skilful poisoner who destroyed his victims by bouquets of lovely and fragrant flowers. The art has not been lost; nay, it is practised every day by the world.'"

Two days from this time Mr. Mullins was leisurely and composedly unfolding the newspaper. Had he indulged Mrs. Mullins or Louisa with the first reading of it they would unquestionably have turned to the marriages, that they might have ascertained if Rosamond Sutton had yet become a countess; and, failing of making any discovery in that quarter, they would have sought for an account of fashionable festivities, to learn if she had appeared in any new character at a fancy ball. Mr. Mullins, however, did neither of these things; he turned, as was his constant custom, to the list of bankrupts.

Surprising! Could he really trust the evidence of his own eyes? Was it, could it be, the fact that James Sutton figured among the bankrupts? Sutton, so wealthy that he was worth incalculable sums, and so

honorable that "his word would pass for more than he was worth," could Sutton indeed be degraded, penniless — nay, worse than penniless?

In another part of the paper was a confirmation of this statement in the shape of a paragraph expressing much astonishment at the unlooked-for event; but hinting at a speculation in railroads as the cause of it. Railroads are certainly very convenient things, both in novels and real life. Whenever a man becomes suddenly and unaccountably ruined, railroad speculations are constantly seized upon as the solution of the mystery, and nobody ever thinks of questioning it.

Mr. Mullins speedily made the results of his morning reading known to Mrs. Mullins and Louisa; and they eagerly set out, in a sharp, drizzling rain, to spread the intelligence through Oakbury.

The feelings of Sutton's relations were of a mixed kind. It was quite clear that they must abstain from all future boasting on the subject of the jeweller and his daughter. They must appear with greatly diminished consequence at their favorite little watering-place; but still there were counterbalancing advantages in the matter.

Rochefoucauld says that "there is something in the misfortunes of our best friends that does not displease us." Now, Sutton was not the "best friend" of any

body in Oakbury. He had wounded the pride of his family by his long-continued neglect; and so far from being a displeasing, it was rather an agreeable, reflection that he had sunk decidedly beneath them, inasmuch that he was oppressed by the weight of innumerable debts, while they had got their receipted Christmas bills snugly ensconced in their writing desks or secretaries.

Miss Margaretta Sutton was peculiarly alive to this feeling, and talked so much about her "lucky escape in not marrying James Sutton" that she almost persuaded herself—although she failed in persuading her auditors—that she really had once had the option of doing so.

Colyton and his aunt were the only persons who truly felt grieved at the intelligence that their dignified townsman had thus abruptly "fallen from his high estate."

"Poor Rosamond!" concluded Colyton, after half an hour's conversation, in which not one ill-natured or self-righteous remark had been made by himself or his companion. "How sad a change for her! How soon will she have cause to experience the fallacy of the friendship of the world!"

"Let us hope," said Miss Colyton, "that there is a bright side to the question, and that this misfortune may prove a blessing to our dear Rosamond. Well and truly has Wordsworth said,—



'The shower whose reckless burden weighs  
Too heavily upon the lily's head,  
Oft leaves a saving moisture at its root.'"

\* \* \* \* \*

The jeweller and his daughter were seated in one of the smallest rooms of the splendid house from which they were soon to take their departure forever. Three weeks had elapsed since Sutton's bankruptcy had been proclaimed, and the fashionable world had behaved just as badly as the most bitter satirist or the most gloomy cynic could have predicted. The young friends who had "loved Rosamond as a sister," the matrons who had "regarded her as a daughter," the elderly men of fashion who had "wished themselves young for her sake," the lover of her own choice, the lover of her father's recommendation, — all were seized with a sudden unanimity of purpose which induced them to think that the very kindest way of consoling the Suttons in their trouble was to leave them entirely to themselves. Too true is it, that, when Poverty comes in it at the door, Friendship is to the full as ready as Love to jump out of the window.

"Next week, dearest Rosamond," said poor Sutton, "we must remove from this house. I cannot quit London; I have many arrangements to make in my confused affairs. We must separate for a time; and happy

am I to say that a friend has kindly offered to take charge of you."

"The Marchioness of Arlingford?" eagerly inquired Rosamond.

The lady to whom she alluded was the aunt of her favored admirer, Lord Belson, and had always professed the warmest affection for her.

"The marchioness has neither called nor written," said Sutton, dryly, "since she heard of our misfortunes."

"I am glad," said Rosamond, with a sigh, "that we have even a solitary friend remaining; but I am perfectly unable to guess her name."

"She is one of our relations at Oakbury," replied her father.

"Mrs. Everett, no doubt," said Rosamond, reddening. "Dear father, do not accept her invitation. She, who was so fawning and servile in our prosperity, will indemnify herself for our neglect of her by her malicious triumph over us in our adversity."

"Fear not, Rosamond," replied her father; "the letter does not come from Mrs. Everett, but from a very different person. You need apprehend no ungenerous triumph from *her*. I experienced many instances of friendship from her in former days; and you also, young as you were at the time of our intimacy, can have no difficulty in calling to mind the kindness that

she always showed towards you. We have both forgotten her for a time ; but this letter will show that in our trials she has not forgotten us."

And he put into Rosamond's hand a letter, which, as my readers have doubtless ere this conjectured, came from the warmhearted and sympathizing Miss Colyton.

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Poor Miss Colyton ! she had done a really kind and disinterested deed in offering Rosamond shelter and protection till her father had adjusted his most pressing difficulties ; but every body in Oakbury with the exception of her nephew, who was just as kind and disinterested as herself, highly disapproved of the course she was pursuing. Her conduct was by turns designated as "mean spirited," "romantic," and "pharisaical ;" all possible and impossible evils were predicted as the result of Rosamond's residence in her house ; it might have seemed that, like Christabel, (only that none of the Oakbury people had ever read Christabel,) she was on the point of inviting an evil spirit to cross her threshold in the guise of a beautiful lady. Miss Colyton, however, was undismayed by all these denunciations ; she knew that she was performing her duty in showing kindness to the friendless, deserted Rosamond ; and the love that she had borne towards her when she was an engaging, artless child, rendered that duty a pleasure to her.

Rosamond arrived on the appointed day, conducted by her father, who, after warmly and cordially expressing his thanks to Miss Colyton, took his departure ; and the flattered London beauty, with a limited quantity of luggage and no waiting maid, was left to domesticate herself as best she could in a very small quiet cottage, an elderly single lady her only companion, and two plain, neat country girls her only attendants. Rosamond's trials, however, came not from those within the house, but from those without it ; the perpetual wonder expressed by Mrs. Everett regarding the imprudence of her father, the sneering condolence of Miss Margaretta Sutton touching the defection of her lovers, Mrs. Mullins's ceaseless questions whether she did not sadly miss her carriages and servants, and Louisa Mullins's unwearied curiosity to learn the minutest particulars of the costumes of Anne Boleyn, Psyche, and the White Lady of Avenel, — these were indeed hard to bear ; but Rosamond came through the ordeal wonderfully well. In the first place, she was four years older than when she enacted the descending goddess on her former visit to Oakbury ; increasing years had brought with them increased good taste and feeling ; and she would not now, under any circumstances, have received with hauteur the fussy attentions of Mrs. Everett, or chilled with disdain the warm-hearted regard of Colyton. Secondly, she had suffered

adversity; she had tried the world's friendship, and found it wanting; her fancy, although not her heart, had been engaged to Lord Belson; and when his conduct clearly evinced that his motives for seeking her hand had been merely of a mercenary character, she felt grateful for her escape, and disposed to think that honest good will, or even undisguised indifference, was preferable to the smooth, honeyed declarations of affection and devotion which had really never existed. Therefore was Rosamond Sutton disposed to love and respect the quiet, unassuming Miss Colyton, whose kindness to her was so unquestionably disinterested; and therefore was she ready to tolerate even the occasional impertinence of a few of the Oakbury denizens, because she felt impertinence to be far superior to insincerity. Rosamond, however, was not long destined to suffer impertinence, for the Oakbury people soon began to like her very well indeed; they were selfish, shallow, and narrow minded; but none of them, not even Miss Margaretta Sutton, possessed that inherent and bitter spirit of malignity, utterly incapable of being disarmed by inoffensiveness and gentleness. The Oakbury people had long entertained a most exaggerated idea of Rosamond's luxurious habits and splendid appointments; and they would have been ready to believe any one who had asserted of her as Fag does of Lydia Languish, in the comedy

of *The Rivals*, that her thread papers were made of bank notes, and that she fed her parrot with small pearls ! Then they had ascertained that the creditors of a bankrupt laid no claim to the "vanities" of a lady's wardrobe ; therefore, if they had been required to put their thoughts into words, they would have predicted that Rosamond would have descended to breakfast in brocade silk and Valenciennes lace, paid morning visits in a white satin pelisse, and gone to tea drinkings in a silver gauze dress : as for her daily employments, they supposed that they would principally consist in painting greenhouse exotics and singing Italian bravuras. Rosamond, however, like all sensible persons, knew that fine dresses and fine ways would neither suit her fallen fortunes nor the locality in which for the present she seemed destined to remain ; and Oakbury soon discovered, to its very great surprise, that the fashionable beauty wore muslin dresses and a straw bonnet worked with a needle, and sang English ballads. I do not mean to say that Rosamond accommodated herself without an effort to her new mode of living ; she felt the want of many luxuries which to her seemed necessities of existence ; she lamented the deprivation of literary institutions, galleries of pictures, and concerts of fine music ; and she missed the conversation of the world ; for, trifling and superficial as it often was, it at least

boasted the charm of variety and of refinement. She was accustomed to hear of the most interesting private and public events while the bloom of novelty was fresh upon them; and it was wearying to her to listen to the perpetual vapid gossip of Oakbury, where the new shawl of a tradesman's wife, or the rose-colored ribbons of a housemaid, furnished matter for half an hour's discussion. But Rosamond had, like the princesses in fairy tales, "a great deal of wit," which in fairy-tale phraseology signifies quickness of apprehension; she felt that the gay world was nothing to her, and that the kind, feeling Miss Colyton was worth the whole of "her dear five hundred friends;" nay, she did justice to a much lower grade of good will, and called to mind that while Mrs. Everett deemed no tea party complete without "Rosamond and her music book," and Louisa Mullins arranged the proceedings of every picnic excursion with the view of "a nice point for Rosamond to sketch from," the Lady Claras and Lady Emilys, who had vowed eternal friendship for her, were now quite oblivious of her existence; and if they thought of her singing and sketching at all, it would only be to deplore that she did both in too commonplace a style to compete with any of the accomplished prodigies who embellish the governess column of the Times. I have, however, a still better reason to give for Rosamond's increasing

satisfaction with her situation ; she could not but feel that while the lover selected for her by her father was taking a continental tour, and the lover encouraged by herself was paying his addresses to the deformed daughter of a rich city mercer, Colyton, the kind companion and protector of her childhood, whom she had treated with disdain during her prosperity, — Colyton was unwearied in his endeavors to amuse and interest her, and to prevent her mind from dwelling on her recent trials.

Colyton was a daily visitor at the house of his aunt ; he lent books to Rosamond, sang duets with her, accompanied her in her walks, and predicted that brighter days were yet in store for her dear father. Thus wore away the winter ; the letter that Rosamond received from her father was written in a tranquil spirit, and the arrangement of his affairs was, he said, advancing quite as satisfactorily as he had any right to expect it would do.

Spring came. Miss Colyton was sitting alone, when Miss Margaretta Sutton was announced.

“I wonder where Rosamond is,” said the visitor, looking round.

“She will not be at home for some time,” replied Miss Colyton ; “she has gone to take a long walk with my nephew.”

“I thought so,” said Miss Margaretta, forgetting that



her "thinking so" was rather at variance with her previously expressed wonder on the subject of the "whereabout" of Rosamond. "I must say, Anne, that I am quite surprised at your blindness."

"In what respect?" quietly inquired Miss Colyton.

"Why, in regard to the attachment so evidently forming, or formed, between your nephew and Rosamond Sutton," answered Miss Margaretta.

"Who told you that I was blind to it?" asked Miss Colyton, smiling.

"My dear Anne," exclaimed Miss Margaretta, "surely you cannot but recollect that Rosamond Sutton has no independent fortune, and that a bankrupt's daughter has no claim to a shilling."

"I am perfectly aware of both these facts," replied Miss Colyton. "My nephew has a small income; and as it is enough for the moderate comforts of life, and as he will inherit my little property at my death, I think that, if the young people are satisfied with their prospects, we have no right to interfere with their choice."

"But if Colyton thinks he can afford to marry without money," persisted Miss Margaretta, "why cannot he fix on Louisa Mullins, who is just as nearly related to him as Rosamond Sutton, and whom he has seen almost every day from her childhood?"

"Simply because he loves the one and not the other," answered Miss Colyton.

"And how do you know that James Sutton will approve of the way in which you have disposed of his daughter's hand without consulting him?" asked Miss Margaretta, in a slightly raised key.

"I have not done so without consulting him," Miss Colyton replied.

"Then depend upon it," said Miss Margaretta, triumphantly, "he will immediately summon his daughter back to London. Do you think he will allow her to throw herself away upon a poor curate? She is a beautiful girl, (it was the first time that Miss Margaretta had ever allowed her to be so,) and I dare say he will manage to get an outfit and an introduction for her, and export her to India."

"I do not think he had ever any design of that kind," said Miss Colyton; "at all events, if he had, he has cheerfully relinquished it, and given his ready consent to his daughter's marriage with my nephew."

"And do you really mean to say," exclaimed the angry Miss Margaretta, "that a marriage is arranged to take place between two of my relations, and that I am the last person to be informed of it?"

"I mean to say no such thing," replied Miss Colyton; "Mr. Sutton's consent only arrived this morning; and

therefore, Margaretta, you are the first person to be informed of the intended marriage, as indeed I had determined you should be at all events ; and had you not happened to call upon me, I should have been a visitor at your house in the course of an hour for the purpose of giving you the information."

Miss Colyton was never in the habit of telling polite untruths ; she really meant what she had just said ; she knew that whoever received the first tidings of the proposed marriage would disseminate it through Oakbury before sunset ; and, as she thought that Miss Margaretta was the person whose good will would be the most difficult to conciliate, she had resolved to bestow upon her the empty honor of being the original proclaimer of the news, judging rightly that nothing would so much tend to disarm all unamiable feelings on her part. The event proved the wisdom of the course she had pursued. Miss Margaretta took a hasty leave of her, hoping that after all the affair would turn out better than she had expected, and paid a round of visits at Oakbury to tell the news, saying that it was the particular wish of her dear Anne Colyton that she should do so, and hinting that she had all along been in the confidence of the young couple, and that, as their hearts seemed set upon the matter, she did not know but that it was better to let them take their own way. All received the commu-

nication in very good part. Louisa Mullins had lately been staying with a friend tolerably well married, who was some years older and much plainer than herself, and had consequently risen so highly in her own estimation that she openly declared she would never marry without fifty pounds a year pin money and a one-horse chaise. Therefore she was perfectly well satisfied to relinquish all chance of Colyton, and turned her thoughts with much amiability towards working an ottoman for his destined bride. Mrs. Everett resolved to make the young people a present of a silver cake basket and plenty of good advice; others were no less gracious; and the same set of people who a year ago had secretly envied and disliked Rosamond and her father were now well pleased to befriend and assist the former and even expressed their hopes that the latter would "now and then come to see his daughter and take a peep at his old friends."

\* \* \* \* \*

A month had elapsed, and Rosamond's wedding day was approaching; she was staying in London, at the request of her father, who wished daily to see her, but could not spare time from his affairs to visit her at Oakbury. He had procured her an invitation from the wife of his solicitor, Mr. Benwell. Rosamond had never seen Mr. Benwell above two or three times, and had

never seen Mrs. Benwell at all ; she was a plain, commonplace person, and lived in a small house in a street near Bloomsbury Square ; but Rosamond had been quite cured of fine ladyism during her stay at Oakbury, and made herself so very agreeable that Mrs. Benwell quite regretted that her wedding could not be deferred for a month longer. Rosamond, indeed, was perfectly happy ; her lover came several times to London to see her ; and her father was not only looking remarkably well, but was in excellent spirits ; in fact, he, like herself, seemed improved by adversity ; there was no longer the least vestige of the "three-tailed bashaw" about him ; there were no allusions to noblemen, no talk about eligible matches. He inquired kindly and repeatedly about his Oakbury friends and relations ; and to his son-in-law elect his manner was every thing that could be wished — cordial, confiding, and affectionate.

The wedding day arrived. Rosamond, attired with simple elegance, was given away by her father. The Benwell family alone were present, Mrs. Benwell's niece officiating as bridesmaid ; and they returned to a quiet little collation at the Bloomsbury domicile. The young couple, who lacked money for the usual honeymoon indulgence of a continental trip, had thought of immediately returning home ; but Sutton had laughingly declared that he must retain possession of them for a few

days, and that, if they resigned themselves to his guidance, he would venture to say that their time should pass pleasantly. They willingly acceded to his request, anticipating a sojourn of two or three days at one of the villages near London. Leave was taken of the friendly Benwells; and the bride was handed by her father to the carriage waiting at the door, which proved to be not the hired conveyance which had taken them to church, but a new and very elegant barouche. No remark was made by any one; but both the bride and bridegroom felt rather uncomfortable at the unexpected splendor of their transit. Each formed a different opinion on the subject. Rosamond concluded that her father had borrowed the carriage "for that day only" from one of his great friends who had not quite thrown him off; and she was sorry that he should have laid himself under such an obligation. Colyton, on the other hand, remembering all he had heard of the magnificent tastes of his father-in-law, was apprehensive that, having saved a few hundreds out of the wreck of his property, he was only anxious immediately to dissipate them.

The coachman, who appeared to have received his orders, drove to a house in Hyde Park Gardens; here Sutton alighted, kindly welcomed his daughter and son-in-law, and led them up stairs to a tastefully-furnished suite of drawing rooms.

"Has this house been lent to you by a friend, my dear father?" inquired the astonished bride.

"No, Rosamond," replied her father. "I have not a friend in the world who is likely to lend me so much as a fire screen or a hearth brush; and, happily, I can very well dispense with their good offices. This house is my own, and therefore yours; may you both live long and happily in it!"

"But my dear sir," suggested his son-in-law, "is there not some mistake? It is so short a time since your fortunes were under a cloud that ——"

"You mean, I suppose," said the jeweller, "to say that, as I have recently become a bankrupt, I cannot fairly possess the means of living in such a house as this. Under ordinary circumstances such might be the case; but mine is a bankruptcy of a peculiar description."

Again did the young couple draw a different conclusion from Sutton's speech. Rosamond imagined that her father must be speaking in jest, not knowing what peculiar kind of bankruptcy *that* could be which would enable its victim to live in Hyde Park Gardens. Colyton was more enlightened on the subject; he had heard of fraudulent bankruptcies, where the supposed sufferer came out of his troubles a great deal richer than before he got into them; but it grieved him to think that Ros-

amond's father should be one of those, and it greatly surprised him that he should have the hardihood to avow it.

"I will explain the mystery of my bankruptcy in as few words as possible," said Sutton. "A year ago I was very desirous of quitting business and investing my property in the funds; but the enormous sums owing to me seemed to defy all my powers to call them in; they would not 'come when I did call for them.' You have heard, Colyton, that my brilliant tiaras sparkle in the flowing tresses of duchesses and marchionesses, and that my bracelets and rings encircle the slender wrists and snowy fingers of countless court maidens; and possibly you in your happy ignorance may imagine that these valuables were all paid for on delivery, or at least that a settlement took place every Christmas. Not so; there is many a Lady Townley in the present day who loses at cards the money destined to defer her just debts. How could I dun my fair creditors when I and my daughter were on visiting terms with them? Could I threaten the Marchioness of Arlingford with arrest when her nephew was inditing love sonnets to Rosamond? Could I declare that I would expose Lady Emily Tracey to the world when I was anxiously endeavoring to promote a marriage between my daughter and her brother? I determined on a fictitious bank-



ruptcy; my assignees have gathered in all that is owing to me; my affairs are completely settled; and I am at this moment, in mercantile phrase, 'as good a man as ever.' "

"But, my dear father," exclaimed Rosamond, "why did you not admit a few friends into your secret?"

"Because," said her father, "it would then have speedily ceased to be any secret at all, and because, Rosamond, I had a double view in my bankruptcy. I wished not only to get my accounts paid, but to try the truth of my professing friends and your fair-speaking lovers. I had always been haunted by the fear that you would be married rather for your fortune than yourself. Here was an opportunity of testing the disinterestedness of all the young men who had said, in the words of the old song in *Lionel and Clarissa*, 'O, talk not to me of the wealth she possesses!' The experiment succeeded; and I had cause to feel so much displeased with my friends that I began to feel very much displeased with myself, and to think that I had done unwisely in lifting my daughter and myself out of the sphere in which we had been accustomed to move for the sake of associating with people who merely tolerated us on account of our wealth, and who cast us off directly we ceased to possess it. Then I thought of Oakbury and of the many happy days I had enjoyed there during the lifetime of my wife,

when every body believed our means to be very moderate and sought our society solely for the sake of ourselves. Just then came in the kindest of letters from the excellent Anne Colyton; and most happy was I, Rosamond, to reflect that you would have the advantage of residing for a few months under the roof of so admirable a person; for, while I was blaming myself a great deal, I could not help blaming you a little and thinking that you had been the spoiled child of prosperity, and that a short season in the school of adversity would do you a great deal of good. My wishes have been promptly fulfilled; not only have you gained an invaluable friend and many well wishers by your visit to Oakbury, but a true and disinterested lover. You will pardon me, my dear Colyton, for trying your disinterestedness to the very last point. I have heard of instances where the lovers of penniless beauties thought better of a foolish business even at the altar."

"Not when so charming a bride as Rosamond was standing at it, I conjecture," replied the young man. "But surely, my dear sir, you might have imparted your secret to your daughter."

"My good young friend," said the jeweller, "you entertain a very high opinion of Rosamond, and so do I; but still she is but a woman; and it has always been my opinion that there is only one secret which a woman can

be trusted to keep — that of her own age." (At the time this conversation occurred the new census had not taken place, otherwise Sutton would have seen women deprived of the power of keeping even that solitary secret.) "Besides," he continued, "I wished to try Rosamond's stability as well as your own. She believed that 'her face was her fortune;' and I imagined she might consider that so very pretty a face entitled her to expect no trifling fortune in exchange. And now, having finished all my explanations, let me again welcome you to the house which I hope you will share with me. You must give up your country curacy, Colyton; you will find that the gay world stands much in need of your admonitions, and I trust that it will profit by them. In two or three days we will all visit Oakbury; and you shall tell your dear aunt in person of your changed prospects."

And they *did* visit Oakbury; and great was the bustle and the excitement of that happy little town when the important news was circulated through it. Sutton was full of kindness and cordiality to his old friends; and not only did he warmly invite them to come and see him in London, but he made purchase of a pretty house and grounds, about half a mile from Oakbury, to which he promised that himself, his daughter, and her husband would pay frequent visits, if Miss Colyton would favor

him by taking up her residence there. This she agreed to do; nor was she the only person who experienced the liberality of their old townsman. Every silver cake basket, worked ottoman, china jar, or papier maché portfolio that had been given to the curate's affianced bride was returned to the donor in presents of large value; and these were all received with pleasure, because they were not given in a spirit of patronage and ostentation, but were offered as tokens of friendship and good will.

Five years have now elapsed; Colyton is a celebrated preacher at a London chapel, and has, as his father-in-law predicted, been the cause of great benefit to many of his hearers. His wife and himself live happily with the worthy jeweller; and two children are added to the family party, who, to the great delight of Miss Colyton, pass much of their time at the house at Oakbury. As for the Oakbury people, they talk more about the Suttons than ever; but they do it with a far different feeling; the stories of intimacy and regard which they were formerly compelled to improvise have now become matter of fact; and the envy and dissatisfaction lurking in their minds have been exchanged for the truest esteem and regard. Only one evil has resulted from the course that Sutton has pursued—the Oakbury people, never very bright and quickwitted, have become thoroughly

confused and mystified in their ideas touching the stability or instability of men of business. Formerly, if they saw the name of any one they knew in the list of bankrupts, they used to talk of him with pity ; but now they conceive it probable that he is only perpetrating a playful ruse on the “Fair of May Fair,” and that, when all his accounts have been duly settled and made over to him, he will, like Sutton, emerge from the temporary clouds that surrounded him. Whether such events are frequent I am not prepared to say ; but the one in question has certainly had the happiest effects in improving the character as well as the fortune of the jeweller, and in gaining a sincere and disinterested lover for the “jeweller’s daughter.”

## THE MANGLING ROOM.

A SCENE OUT OF THE EVERY-DAY LIFE OF A DANISH HOUSEHOLD.

FROM THE DANISH, BY MARY HOWITT.

ONE day, when I was about ten years old, having found my uncle's powder horn, I filled my pocket handkerchief with a quantity of gunpowder, with which, as soon as it grew dusk, I stole down to the shore, that I might amuse myself with what the children call waterspouts. I was so absorbed with the pleasure I was anticipating that, having set up my first waterspout, I forgot to place my powder in safety; it lay, therefore, in my left trousers' pocket whilst I swung round the little black instrument which sputtered forth glittering yellowish-red sparks. Just when, with a shriek of delight, I was about to hurl it up in the air, I was startled by a dull report; and then a hot, burning current of air rushed past my face, and I was thrown to the ground. The first thing which I saw when I rose up was my

pocket handkerchief still burning in a tall tree. I had, however, no time to form any plans for recovering it, because a violent pain in my left leg made me look down to discover the cause, when to my unspeakable horror I perceived that my trousers were burning.

"What will my aunt say? And perhaps she will tell my uncle. And the powder! and the powder horn!" While I thus thought I began to cry with terror and pain, for the fire in the woollen cloth became still stronger. At that moment I felt myself seized by the neck, and the next over head in water.

It was the head man in my uncle's brandy distillery who had thus laid hands on me; for by chance, being near me, he had seen what had happened. When he had taken me out of the water and convinced himself that I had not suffered any injury, he said, —

"But, Lodwig, what sort of a freak was that?"

I answered, crying all the time, that I did not know what it was; that there had come something just like fire and had burned me.

"Don't tell me any stories, Lodwig," said the man; "I saw as plain as could be that you were playing with waterspouts."

"Dear Ole," besought I, "don't tell my aunt."

"No," replied Ole, "I won't get you into trouble."

"But what am I to tell my aunt?" exclaimed I, beginning to cry again more than ever.

Ole bethought himself a little while, and then said, "You can say that you tumbled into the water and that I picked you out."

"But, Ole, I durst not tumble into the water."

He bethought himself again. "Well, then, you can say that I pushed you into the water."

"Yes; but, Ole," said I, "they will be cross with you."

"Never mind that," said Ole; "I'll bear all that if you will only promise me never to play with powder again."

This conduct of Ole's appeared to me the most disinterested which one human being could show to another; and from this time forth I began to think of all the good that I could do to him. I was continually with him in the distillery; I ran errands for him, drew his ale when he was thirsty, and on Sundays always gave him the piece of cake which was given to me after dinner. Ole was not very polite, and did not even say that it was almost a shame to eat my cake. On the contrary, he ate it up to the last crum, and wiped his mouth afterwards with the back of his hand with an expression that seemed to say he could eat as much more; after which he asked, "But it was your own cake, Lod-



wig — was it? You have not stolen it from your aunt?"

On one occasion, however, I was able to give him a still more substantial proof of my devotion. Happening one day to go into the distillery, I saw him and another fellow lying struggling together under a bench. Ole was very strong; but his antagonist, having fallen upon him from behind, now held him down by the throat, his body lying uppermost. When I beheld Ole lying thus black in the face I was almost out of my senses, and, running to them, I took a wooden shoe from one of the four struggling feet, and with its iron-bound heel struck his assailant so violently on the head that he instantly let go Ole and started up to fall upon me; but the next moment Ole was upon his feet again and soon put him to flight.

From this time forth our friendship was mutual, and I became as indispensable to him as he to me. When he was not very busy in the distillery he cut out cards for me, or cast leaden bullets for my crossbow down in the cellar-like place into which the boiler fires opened, or else played at "touchwood" with me round the great mash tubs. On Sunday afternoons he took me with him the only walk he ever indulged in — down to the enclosed piece of land on the shore. When he had sat here for some time perfectly still he returned to the

house and went up to his own chamber, where he dressed himself in his Sunday's best ; and then we two went and stood at the court-yard gate. There we stood — he with his hat on, and in his red waistcoat buttoned with small silver buttons up to his throat, dark-blue coat, and three or four watches in his pockets, each with its watch chain hanging conspicuously out, and with one silver-mounted meerschaum pipe sticking out from the hind pocket of his coat and another in his hand ; for the head distiller at my uncle's had high wages and many perquisites. My uncle used to say that his head man earned more than he did himself.

When we had thus stood for half an hour or so, and spoken to the young girls of the town who went by, and all of whom had a kind look for the handsome Ole, he returned to his chamber and again put on his every-day clothes ; after which he went to look after his distilling, unless there was mangling to be done this afternoon, in which case he betook himself from the gate to the mangling room in all his bravery.

This mangling room was a large square apartment which lay behind the dairy. The floor was of clay, and the furniture consisted alone of the mangle and a large square table. Two small holes served for windows ; these the servant maids stopped up in winter with rags, and therefore on the afternoons of high days and holi-

days lighted the great iron lamp, with its two wicks, which hung directly over the mangle.

I had always had a sort of horror of this room — partly because it was so dark and lay at the end of a long, dark passage, and partly because I had once heard a story about it which did not greatly redound to its credit. I was sitting one winter afternoon in a corner of the drinking room, — for my uncle also dealt in liquors by retail, — and was amusing myself with an old pack of cards. It was early in the afternoon; and the room was empty with the exception of old Niels Olsen, who sat asleep beside the stove, when all at once in rushed Maren, the dairy maid, and threw herself upon a bench. The noise woke Niels Olsen, who exclaimed, —

“What is amiss with you, Maren?”

“O, I am just ready to swoon,” replied Maren.

Niels raised himself from his bowed position, looked compassionately at her, and said, “Drink a drop, Maren.”

“You drunken old swine,” said Maren, “would you have me drink brandy as well as you? O Lord Jesus my Savior!”

“I think she’s out of her mind,” said Niels to himself, and then asked once more, “What is amiss with you, Maren?”

“O Lord Jesus!” again cried Maren; “God grant

that I may never hear the like again. Niels Olsen, just now when I was coming out of the dairy, what should I hear but mangling in the mangling room!"

"Nay, then, I know for sure —— said Niels Olsen with suppressed voice and folded hands.

"What do you know?" screamed Maren, and became as white as chalk.

"Is there any body ill in the house?" asked Niels Olsen.

"Ay, little Kirstine lies ill," said Maren, her eyes expanding and her whole appearance as if her blood was turning to ice.

"O, then, you'll see in three days."

"What shall we see, Niels Olsen?" asked Maren, coming close to him as if she feared to stand alone.

"Did not I live here in service with Birgitta?" said Niels.

"And who was Birgitta, Niels Olsen?"

"Yes; that was before your time, Maren. Birgitta was the first dairy maid that the master had after he was married."

"Well, and what about her, Niels?"

"Yes, she and I were to mangle together by ourselves; for there were not so many of us then as there are of you now. The last time I had mangled with her she was poorly; and she said to me, 'I think this will

be the last time that we shall mangle together, Niels Olsen.' 'You musn't say so, Birgitta,' said I; 'God willing, we'll mangle many a good piece of cloth together yet.' The next Sunday, as I was standing in the stable and was filling the rack for the big bull that we had then, and which afterwards went mad and tossed butcher Mogensen, I heard Birgitta calling to me that I must come in and mangle. I thought nothing but that it was all right, and went up into the mangling room; and when I opened the door, Maren, there I saw Birgitta as plain as ever I saw her in my life standing and turning the mangle all by herself; but there were no clothes in the mangle. 'In Jesus' name!' said I, shut the door after me, and went back into the stable. And on Wednesday night Birgitta died."

"God be merciful to us!" cried Maren, and became more faint than ever.

Niels Olsen filled a half measure with brandy, drank some of it himself, and threw the rest into Maren's face; on which she recovered, and they then promised each other not to say a word about what had happened to any of the people of the house, lest it should come to the ears of little Kirstine. After this Maren went back into the dairy.

It is only necessary now to tell that little Kirstine did not, after all, die at that time; nevertheless, I retained

all my terror of the mangling room. I entered for the first time with Ole ; for where should I have been afraid of going when Ole was with me ?

Although I did not at that time understand all that I saw going forward in the mangling room, yet it has remained as clearly imprinted on my memory as if it had occurred but yesterday. The lamp with its two wicks was lighted, and threw its strong reddish light upon the two oldest herdsmen who turned the mangle—this having been from time immemorial a part of the duty attached to the stable. In a less strong light stood all the men servants of the house side by side along one wall ; and exactly opposite to them, against the opposite wall, stood the maid servants of the family as well as other young women from the neighborhood. The young men conversed at broken intervals among themselves ; but their conversation had reference to the girls, who replied to it by talking to each other. Without the two opposite rows looking at each other, yet they mutually communicated in this way all the news, flung repartees backwards and forwards, and talked till they were tired.

As soon as the “family’s linen” was mangled the two old herdsmen walked off to the drinking room, as if they knew that they were unnecessary for the scene which followed. Then stepped forward one young woman after another to the table, placed the linen ready

on the roller, and laid it under the mangle; on which one of the young men stepped forward from their side and helped her to turn the mangle. When this was done sufficiently, the girl gave the young man her hand and said, "Thanks, so and so," mentioning his name. Sometimes it would happen that two or more young fellows would rush forward at once to help some one girl; and then followed a short combat, until one of them succeeded in possessing himself of the mangle, when all quietly retired and the work proceeded as before. Sometimes, also, a young fellow who wished to go forward was withheld from doing so amid the laughter of the whole row. The more earnestly he tried to get away the louder grew the laughter; nor would they release him till he had promised to give them some brandy. All this appeared so very amusing to me that I asked Ole whether he also would not mangle; to which he replied, "Hush, Lodwig! there is something about this which you don't understand."

When all the girls had finished, one of them went out and called to Fransine, my aunt's parlor maid. Fransine was a peasant girl, who had entered my aunt's service when she was a child, and thereby had acquired the appearance of a city maiden; her face was not so red as those of other girls; neither did she wear wooden shoes nor yet heavily-plaided petticoats; nevertheless

she was much liked by the house servants because she was not proud, by which it might be inferred that her predecessor had been so.

Fransine came hastily in with a small bundle of clothes, saluted the company with a "Good evening to all in the room," arranged the linen round the roller, then placed it in the mangle, and seemed as if she were about to mangle by herself. On this Ole left his place in the ranks, without any one attempting to interrupt him, placed himself at the mangle, and turned it for Fransine. Fransine never once looked up all the time he was mangling; but when he had finished she gave him her hand, looked kindly at him, and said, "Thanks, Ole."

At that moment such an expression of joy passed over Ole's face that I also felt involuntarily glad and exclaimed, "I, too, will mangle."

Maria, the kitchen maid, said, "In that case we must send a message after little Emilie; but you two are too young for that yet."

About this Emilie there is, however, a long story; but I will not tell it now.

It was towards the end of the midsummer holidays that this scene took place in the mangling room; and as I immediately afterwards went to Copenhagen to school, I was not present at any others for some time.



When I returned at Christmas a great delight awaited me. My cousin Anton was at my uncle's house on a visit. I now had my uncle, my aunt, Ole, the whole house, and, over and above all, cousin Anton. I did not at all know how I should divide myself among so many. I had almost more to love than I could manage.

Anton Falsen was the one whom I most desired to resemble when I became a man. He was, properly speaking, in trade — that is to say, he managed his father's business; and I was to be a student; but he had no resemblance whatever to any other merchant's clerk or shopkeeper's assistant. He understood every thing; he could sing, dance, play comedy, imitate people's way of talking and looking; and, let any body be as melancholy as they might, they were sure to laugh when he begun; then he had also a strange, indescribable smile which produced an irresistible effect upon all. I once heard his father say, when speaking of him, "Anton is a wildcat and has cost me a deal of money; but, for all that, he will get through the world — for he is a merry fellow and is liked by every body, especially by the ladies."

And I can very well remember that it was from this very assertion of his father's that I wished so much to be like Anton when I became a man.

In the beginning I spent all my time with Anton and

quite forsook Ole and the distillery ; after a while, however, my conscience smote me for so doing ; and, leaving my cousin, I once more visited Ole. I could not help fancying that he was less gentle and kind than formerly ; and, as I supposed that it might be in consequence of my having deserted him, I now redoubled my attention to him ; but this produced no effect whatever on Ole. Now and then he would show somewhat of his former kindness ; but the next moment he again became gloomy and said that I must go away from him. One day, when I stood beside him on the best of terms as I supposed, he pushed me away so that I fell, while he said, " Get away ! You look just the image of your cousin."

When I, however, began to cry, he took me in his arms, caressed me, asked my forgiveness, and promised me every thing I wished for if I only would be quiet and not tell any body in the house any thing about it.

When on Sunday I took to him, according to old custom, my piece of after-dinner cake, I found him sitting down by the boiler fires looking very melancholy.

" No, Lodwig," said he, when I offered it to him ; " I shall not have it ; give it rather to your cousin."

" Why should I give it to him ?" asked I ; " he has had a piece as well as me."

" Give it to him," said Ole ; " let him have it as well."

Ole's voice was so very sorrowful that I was ready to cry.

"Are you angry with me?" I asked.

"With you, poor lad?" said Ole, and began to mend the fire vigorously under the boiler.

There was going to be a mangling that same afternoon; and I went with Ole into the room. We did not go until it was almost over; and when the message was sent to bid Fransine come, she was a long time before she made her appearance; and when she came she said "Good afternoon to all here" in a different tone to what she had done before.

Every body was quite silent when she came in; and all the time that she was placing the clothes within the linen of the roller the whole place was so still that you might almost hear the people breathing. When she had got all ready and stood by the mangle there was a pause of a minute or two before any one offered to help her. At length Ole stepped forward from the ranks as on the former occasion. He seized the handle, and at the first turn that he gave the huge mangle rocked to and fro and was shaken out of its place; and Fransine, throwing down the mangle stick, rushed out of the room.

Ole and several other of the men went round into the public drinking room, ordered each a measure of

brandy, and were more than usually merry. After a short time, however, Ole grew very quiet, and, rising up, stood leaning against the inner door of the room.

While he was thus standing my cousin Anton came in from the street. He staid a moment at the threshold of the outer door to knock the snow from his shoes, and then was about to pass through the room on his way to the parlor, against the door of which Ole was leaning. He might very well have gone in without disturbing Ole if he had chosen; but instead of that he cast an angry glance at him and bade him go out of the way.

Ole stood immovable as if he had not heard him speak, whilst the other young fellows drew together in a group by the counter.

"Did you not hear that I told you to stand out of the way?" cried my cousin.

Ole still leaned against the doorpost as before and replied, "There has hitherto been, just as there is to-night, room enough for two people at master's door."

One of the young men tittered; the rest drew closer together.

"Out of the way, fellow," shouted my cousin, growing angry, "or else I'll help you."

"You had better help yourself," replied Ole.

My cousin was almost beside himself.

"You rascal," said he, "are you making game of

me?" And with this he seized Ole by the breast of his coat.

But Ole was as if planted in the earth; and he merely said, "Take your hands off."

I knew Ole well; and the tone in which he spoke these few words made me tremble.

"Take your hands off!" said Ole once more.

"You rascal, I'll teach you manners," cried my cousin, and struck him in the face. But at the very moment when I heard the blow I saw my cousin fly the length of the room and strike against the counter; here he stood for half a moment, gasped for breath, and then sank to his knees, the blood covering his face.

All the spectators stood as if petrified.

Ole stood staring for a moment and then said, "Now I also have done some mischief;" and then, bursting open the sitting-room door, stalked through it with long strides into the kitchen; and I, crying with all my might, ran after him.

In the kitchen stood Fransine. Ole with his left hand seized her by the arm; and she, terrified, sank upon her knees before him, whilst, with his right outstretched, he seemed as if grasping after some deadly weapon. Fransine screamed; and I, scarce knowing what I did, seized upon his outstretched arm and screamed too. The maid servants came rushing in from the maid servants' room;

my aunt came out of her bed chamber; and my uncle, who heard the noise in the distant counting house, hurried in also. My cousin came reeling in, with a bloody pocket handkerchief held to his face and otherwise looking very white. At sight of my uncle and aunt Ole let go Fransine, and remained standing immovable with downcast head. Fransine sat down on the chopping block, and, putting her apron before her face, began to cry.

"What is amiss here?" asked my uncle, looking round him. "How came you to be bleeding?" asked he of Anton.

"It is your brandy distiller who has struck me," said he.

"And he has rushed through the parlor into the kitchen, and knocked down one of my maid servants," said my aunt.

"Ole, what is the meaning of all this?" asked my uncle; "you have hitherto been a well-conducted fellow. Have you had any cause of offence from any one? What is amiss, Ole?"

Ole seized my uncle's hand without looking at him, kissed it, and said, "God bless you, master! but I must leave you."

"What, will you leave before your time is up, Ole?"

"Yes, let him go," cried my aunt, who was very irritable; "we are not going to ask him to stay, I should think."

"Master, I'll willingly forfeit a quarter's wages," said Ole.

"What! a quarter's wages? Do you think that I am troubling myself about your wages? You can set off for what I care—— Heaven forgive me, I was nearly swearing! Only let me have peace in my own house."

With these words my uncle turned round to go, evidently greatly disturbed, and in passing Anton he said to him in a low voice, "It is all owing to you, you bad fellow. It is you and nobody else who has made all this mischief."

Anton followed my uncle out of the kitchen, and said something to him which I did not hear.

"Pack up your things and be off," said my aunt to Ole; "and, Fransine, do you come with me."

Before Ole went into the men servants' room they already knew what had occurred. They were all talking together in a loud voice; but as soon as he entered they fell into a deep silence. After a pause one of them said, "Where will you have your things taken to, Ole?"

Ole named the place.

The one who had spoken continued, "You need not be at the trouble of packing them, Ole ; we fellows will look after that for you ; and you need not fear that you should miss a single thing."

"I am sure I shall not," said Ole ; "and I think," added he, "that you will all of you say for me that I am not a bad one to live in service with."

"That we can," said the spokesman of the party.

"Well, then, I will bid you all farewell," said Ole ; "and thanks for this time."

"Nay, but we shall go with you to the road," said the spokesman. "But now I must call the girls."

All the women servants with the exception of Fransine came out and took leave of Ole—all seeming very sorrowful about it.

On this Ole passed through the door, the men accompanying him in a close crowd across the court yard to the great gate, where he so often had stood in his Sunday finery. Here they remained standing and looking after him.

"Shall we not give him an hurrah?" said the one who had spoken before. "A happy journey to you, Ole Hanson !"

Ole looked back from the street and nodded to them. All his fellow-servants lifted their red caps from their



heads and set up a loud hurrah. The next moment Ole was out of sight ; and they all returned to their several employments.

But from that time forth there was no one who would mangle with Fransine.

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## THE OLD HOUSEKEEPER'S TALE.

AFTER my good and excellent mistress, Mrs. Dacre, departed this life for a better, it seemed as if nothing ever prospered in the family, whom I had the honor of serving in the capacity of confidential housekeeper. Mr. Dacre became morose and careless of his affairs; his sons were a source of great misery to him, pursuing a course of reckless extravagance and heartless dissipation; while the five young ladies—the youngest of whom, however, had attained the age of twenty-four—cared for little else than dress, and visiting, and empty show. These five young ladies had not amiable dispositions or gentle manners; but they were first-rate horsewomen, laughed and talked very loud, and were pronounced fine dashing women. There was another member of the family, an orphan niece of my master's, who had greatly profited by my lamented lady's teaching and companionship. Miss Marion had devoted herself to the sick room with even more than a daughter's love; and for two years she had watched

beside the patient sufferer, when her more volatile and thoughtless cousins refused to credit the approach of death. Miss Marion had just entered her twentieth year; life had not been all summer with her; for she remembered scenes of privation and distress, ere the decease of her parents left her, their only child, to the care of affluent relatives. She was a serious and meek, but affectionate creature; of a most goodly countenance and graceful carriage; and I used sometimes to think that the Misses Dacre were jealous of the admiration she excited, and kept her in the background as much as possible. It was not difficult to do this, for Miss Marion sought and loved retirement. After Mrs. Dacre's decease, she had expressed an urgent wish to earn her bread by filling the situation of a governess. But the pride of the Dacres revolted at this; besides, Miss Marion was a comfort to her uncle, when his daughters were absent or occupied. So the dear young lady gave up her own wishes, and strove to do all she could for her generous benefactor, as she was wont to call my master.

Circumstances, which it were needless to detail, except to say that, although I had served *one* mistress satisfactorily, I found it impossible to serve *five*, determined me to resign the situation I had creditably filled for so many years. I deeply grieved to leave my

beloved Miss Marion ; and she, sweet, humble soul, on her part, yearned towards me, and wept a farewell on my bosom. I betook myself, in the first instance, to my brother, Thomas Wesley, and his wife—a worthy couple, without children, renting a small farm nearly a hundred miles off. A very pleasant, small farm it was, situated in a picturesque valley, through which tumbled and foamed a limpid hill stream, washing the roots of fine old trees, and playing all sorts of antics. This valley was a resort of quiet anglers, and also of artists during the summer season ; and Thomas and Martha Wesley often let a neat parlor and adjoining bed room to such respectable, steady people as did not object to observe the primitive hours and customs enforced at Fairdown Farm. Here I enjoyed the privilege of writing to, and hearing from, my dear Miss Marion ; and though she never complained, or suffered a murmur to escape her, yet from the tenor of her letters I had great cause to fear things were all going very wrong at Mr. Dacre's, and that her own health, always delicate, was giving way beneath the pressure of anxiety and unkindness.

In less than six months after I had quitted the family, a climax, which I had long anticipated with dread, actually arrived. Mr. Dacre, suddenly called to his account, was found to have left his temporal

affairs involved in inextricable and hopeless ruin ; and amid the general crash and desolation, who was to shield or befriend the poor dependant, the orphan niece, Miss Marion? She was rudely cast adrift on the cold world ; her proffered sympathy and services tauntingly rejected by those who had now a hard battle to fight on their own account. Broken down in health and spirits, the poor young lady flew to me, her humble, early friend, gratefully and eagerly availing herself of Thomas Wesley's cordial invitation to make his house her home for the present.

With much concern, we all viewed Miss Marion's wan and careworn looks, so touching in the young. "But her dim blue een will get bright again, and she'll fill out—never fear," said Martha Wesley to me, by way of comfort and encouragement, "now we've got her amongst *us*, poor dear. I doubt those proud Misses Dacre were not over-tender with such a one as sweet Miss Marion——"

"Dame, dame, don't let that tongue of thine wag so fast," interrupted Thomas; for he never liked to hear people ill spoken of behind their backs, though he would speak out plainly enough to every body's face.

A few days after Miss Marion's arrival at Fair-down, (it was just at the hay-making season, and the earth was very beautiful—birds singing and flowers

blooming—soft breezes blowing, and musical stream-lets murmuring rejoicingly in the sunshine,) a pedestrian was seen advancing leisurely up the valley, coming in a direction from the neighboring town—a distance, however, of some miles, and the nearest point where the coach stopped. The stranger, aided in his walk by a stout stick, was a short, thick-set, elderly man, clad in brown habiliments from head to foot; a brown, broad-brimmed beaver, an antiquated brown spencer, (a brown wig must not be omitted,) brown gaiters, and brown cloth boots, completed his attire. His linen was spotless and fine, his countenance rubicund and benevolent; and when he took off his green spectacles, a pair of the clearest and honestest brown eyes ever set in mortal's head looked you full in the face. He was a nice, comfortable-looking old gentleman; and so Thomas and I both thought at the same moment—for Martha was out of the way, and I showed the apartments for her; the stranger, who gave his name as Mr. Budge, having been directed to our house by the people of the inn where the coach stopped, who were kin to Martha, and well-disposed, obliging persons.

Mr. Budge said he wanted quietness for some weeks, and the recreation of fishing; he had come from the turmoil of the great city to relax and enjoy himself,

and if Thomas Wesley would kindly consent to receive him as a lodger, he would feel very much obliged. Never did we listen to so pleasant and obliging a mode of speaking; and when Mr. Budge praised the apartments, and admired the country, the conquest of Thomas's heart was complete. "Besides," as Martha sagaciously remarked, "it was so much better to have a steady old gentleman like this for a lodger, when pretty Miss Marion honored them as a guest." I thought so too; my dear young lady being so lone and unprotected by relatives, we all took double care of her.

So Mr. Budge engaged the rooms, and speedily arrived to take possession, bringing with him a spick-and-span new fishing rod and basket. He did not know much about fishing, but he enjoyed himself just as thoroughly as if he did; and he laughed so good humoredly at his own Cockney blunders, as he called them, that Thomas would have been quite angry had any one else presumed to indulge a smile at Mr. Budge's expense. A pattern lodger in all respects was Mr. Budge—deferential towards Martha and myself, and from the first moment he beheld Miss Marion, regarding her as a superior being, yet one to be loved by a mortal for all that. Mr. Budge was not a particularly communicative individual himself, though we opined, from various observations, that, although

not rich, he was comfortably off; but, somehow or other, without appearing in the least inquisitive, he managed to obtain the minutest information he required. In this way, he learned all the particulars respecting Miss Marion; and gathered also from me my own desire of obtaining a situation, such as I had held at Mr. Dacre's, but in a small and well-regulated household. As to Miss Marion, the kind old gentleman could never show kindness enough to her; and he watched the returning roses on her fair cheeks with a solicitude scarcely exceeded by mine. I never wondered at any body admiring and loving the sweet, patient girl; but Mr. Budge's admiration and apparent affection so far exceeded the bounds of mere conventional kindness in a stranger, that sometimes I even smilingly conjectured he had the idea of asking her to become Mrs. Budge, for he was a widower, as he told us, and childless.

Such an idea, however, had never entered Miss Marion's innocent heart; and she, always so grateful for any little attention, was not likely to receive with coldness those so cordially lavished on her by her new friend, whom she valued as a truly good man, and not for a polished exterior, in which Mr. Budge was deficient. Nay, so cordial was their intimacy, and so much had Miss Marion regained health and cheerfulness, that, with unwonted sportiveness, on more than



one occasion she actually hid the ponderous brown snuff-box, usually reposing in Mr. Budge's capacious pocket, and only produced it when his distress became real; whereupon he chuckled and laughed, as if she had performed a mighty clever feat, indulging at the same time, however, in a double pinch.

Some pleasant weeks to us all had thus glided away, and Miss Marion was earnestly consulting me about her project of governessing, her health being now so restored; and I, for my part, wanted to execute my plans for obtaining a decent livelihood, as I could not think of burdening Thomas and Martha any longer, loath as they were for me to leave them. Some pleasant weeks, I say, had thus glided away, when Mr. Budge, with much ceremony and circumlocution, as if he had deeply pondered the matter, and considered it very weighty and important, made a communication which materially changed and brightened my prospects. It was to the effect, that an intimate friend of his, whom he had known, he said, all his life, required the immediate services of a trustworthy housekeeper, to take the entire responsible charge of his house. "My friend," continued Mr. Budge, tapping his snuff-box complacently, his brown eyes twinkling with the pleasure of doing a kind act, for his green specs were in their well-worn case at his elbow — "my friend is about my age — a sober chap, you see, Mrs. Deborah;"

here a chuckle—"and he has no wife and no child to take care of him"—here a slight sigh: "he has lately bought a beautiful estate, called Sorel Park, and it is there you will live, with nobody to interfere with you, as the lady relative who will reside with my friend is a most amiable and admirable young lady; and I am sure, Mrs. Deborah, you will become much attached to her. By the by, Mrs. Deborah," he continued, after pondering for a moment, "will you do me the favor to use your influence to prevent Miss Marion from accepting any appointment for the present? as, after you are established at Sorel Park, I think I know of a home that may suit her."

The owner of Sorel Park was not as yet known there; for Mr. Budge, being a managing man, had taken every thing upon himself, and issued orders with as lordly an air as if there was nobody in the kingdom above the little brown man. The head gardener, and some of the other domestics, informed me they had been engaged by Mr. Budge himself, who, I apprehend, made very free and busy with the concerns of his friend. Sorel Park was a princely domain, and there was an air of substantial comfort about the dwelling and its appointments, which spoke volumes of promise as to domestic arrangements in general. I soon found time to write a description of the place to Miss Marion, for I knew how interested she was

in all that concerned her faithful Deborah; and I anxiously awaited the tidings she had promised to convey — of Mr. Budge having provided as comfortably for her as he had for me. I at length received formal notification of the day and hour the owner of Sorel Park expected to arrive, accompanied by his female relative. This was rather earlier than I had been led to expect; but all things being in order for their reception, I felt glad at their near approach, for I was strangely troubled and nervous to get this introduction over. I was very anxious, too, about my dear Miss Marion; for I knew that some weighty reason alone prevented her from answering my letter, though what that reason could be, it was impossible for me to conjecture.

The momentous day dawned; the hours glided on; and the twilight hour deepened. The superior servants and myself stood ready to receive the travellers, listening to every sound; and startled, nevertheless, when the rapid approach of carriage wheels betokened their close proximity. With something very like disappointment, for which I accused myself of ingratitude, I beheld Mr. Budge, browner than ever, alight from the chariot, carefully assisting a lady, who seemed in delicate health, as she was muffled up like a mummy. Mr. Budge returned my respectful salutation most cordially, and said, with a smile, as he bustled for-

wards to the saloon, where a cheerful fire blazed brightly on the hearth,—for it was a chill evening,—“I’ve brought your new mistress home, you see, Mrs. Deborah; but you want to know where your new master is—eh? Well, come along, and this young lady will tell you all about the old fellow.”

I followed them into the apartment; Mr. Budge shut the door; the lady flung aside her veil, and my own dear, sweet Miss Marion clasped me round the neck, and sobbed hysterically in my arms.

“Tell her, my darling,” said Mr. Budge, himself quite husky, and turning away to wipe off a tear from his ruddy cheek—“tell her, my darling, you’re the *mistress* of Sorel Park; and when you’ve made the good soul understand *that*, tell her we’d like a cup of tea before we talk about the *master*.”

“O my dear Miss Marion!” was all I could utter; “what does this mean? Am I in a dream?” But it was not a happy dream; for when I had a moment to reflect, my very soul was troubled as I thought of the sacrifice of all her youthful aspirations, made by that poor, gentle creature, for the sake of a secure and comfortable home in this stormy world. I could not reconcile myself to the idea of Mr. Budge and Marion as man and wife; and as I learned, ere we retired to rest that night, I had no occasion to do so. Mr. Budge was Miss Marion’s paternal uncle, her moth-

Miss Dacre, having married his elder brother. These brothers were of respectable birth, but inferior to the Dacres; and while the elder never prospered in any undertaking, and finally died of a broken heart, the younger, toiling in foreign climes, gradually amassed a competency. On returning to his native land, he found his brother no more, and the orphan girl he had left behind placed with her mother's relatives.

Mr. Budge had a great dread of appearing before these proud patrician people, who had always openly scorned his deceased brother; and once accidentally encountering them at a public *fête*, the contumelious bearing of the young ladies towards the little brown gentleman deterred him from any nearer approach. No doubt, he argued, his brother's daughter was deeply imbued with similar principles, and would blush to own a "Mr. Budge" for her uncle! This name he had adopted as the condition of inheriting a noble fortune unexpectedly bequeathed by a plebeian, but worthy and industrious relative, only a few years previous to the period when Providence guided his footsteps to Fairdown Farm and Miss Marion.

The moderate competency Mr. Budge had hitherto enjoyed, and which he had toiled hard for, now augmented to ten times the amount, sorely perplexed and troubled him; and after purchasing Sorel Park, he was flung from the turmoil of affluence, to seek peace

and obscurity for a while, under pretext of pursuing the philosophical recreation of angling. How unlike the Misses Dacre was the fair and gracious creature he encountered at Fairdown! And not a little the dear old gentleman prided himself on his talents for what he called diplomacy—arranging his plans, he said, “just like a book romance.” After my departure, he returned to Fairdown, and confided the wonderful tidings to Thomas and Martha Wesley, more cautiously imparting them to Miss Marion, whose gentle spirits were more easily fluttered by sudden surprise.

For several years, Mr. Budge paid an annual visit to Fairdown, when the trout-fishing season commenced; and many useful and valuable gifts found their way into Thomas’s comfortable homestead, presented by dear Miss Marion. In the course of time, she became the wife of one worthy of her in every respect—their lovely children oftent sportively carrying off the ponderous box of brown rappee, and yet uncle Budge never frowning.

These darlings cluster round my knees, and one, more demure than the rest, thoughtfully asks, “Why is uncle Budge’s hair not snowy white, like yours, dear Deb? For uncle Budge says he is *very* old, and that God will soon call him away from us.”

## THE SHOEMAKER'S DAUGHTER.

THE Rue St. Honoré, in Paris, is one of the longest streets in the world: it is the Oxford Street of the capital of France, and has more shops and houses between its extreme end of the Rue St. Denis and the Faubourg des Roule than even the Boulevards. At no great distance from the Palais Royal, and between it and the church of the Oratoire, was, during the reign of terror, a small shoemaker's shop. It was kept by an Alsatian, a dry, droll, middle-aged man, who, during those times of revolution and alarm, when heroic France, attacked by the whole civilized world, was apparently perishing in death throes,—expiring in agonies, which were, however, to save, to raise, and glorify it,—paid little attention to any thing save his business and his pretty little daughter. M. Leopold Mayer was a selfish man—a very selfish man. So bootmaking prospered, he did not care for any thing else. If the country were attacked on all sides, foreign armies in every frontier, he little

cared. The only inconvenience he did care about was the taxes: that was unpleasant; but, otherwise, public affairs were nothing to him. There are hundreds of such men every where; men whose native town might be desolated by the plague, and who yet would be happy if they remained untouched—unhurt.

Leopold Mayer had a daughter,—a very pretty girl,—about twelve years old, with rosy cheeks, laughing eyes, a warm, expansive heart, and a character the very opposite of her father. She was as generous as he was selfish; as keen in her sympathies for the world as he was for his own private business—she had a corner in her heart for every one. Her mother had been like her, having sacrificed every consideration to that of pleasing her husband, who would not be pleased—of making happy a man who would not be happy.

M. Leopold Mayer did a very good business, and, it was said, had a great deal of money somewhere, but no man knew where.

Katerina Mayer sat in her father's shop and took the money; but, having plenty of leisure, she read, during the intervals of business, such books as she could find in a neighboring circulating library. German in her nature, with a warm, but somewhat



contemplative character, she devoured history, philosophy, poetry, and the drama; was learned in Molière, Racine, Corneille, and even Montaigne, and doted on Philip de Comines; but she had her favorite author, too, and that, like Madame Roland, was the author of "Lives of Plutarch."

Of an evening she would read out to her father while he smoked his pipe, to which—like Germans and Dutchmen—he was a great devotee. Very often they were joined by a young officer, a lodger, who had not long been removed from a military school to a commission in the army, but who was, as yet, unattached. Paul — (we must leave his name in blank, because of his aristocratic son, who would not forgive us publishing it) was a young man who had profited by his education; and a better guide for the girl could not well have been found. Of course he was a republican; all young men, not *émigrés*, were in those days; and the contagion spread; for "a more audacious little *sans culotte* than was Katerina," would old Mayer say, "never stepped in shoe leather." The reign of terror very nearly shocked her; but she had good sense enough not to confound the bold crimes of Danton, the atrocities of Marat, of Hebert, and Charette with the principles of the true friends of freedom.

Paul — and Katerina Mayer were the very best of friends. The young girl, so early mistress of a house, and so precocious in her studies, played the little woman, which made the man of twenty laugh and declare that, were he not a poor devil of an officer, with no other fortune save his sword, he would carry her before the *maire* and marry her at once; at which Katerina laughed, and bade him go and win the epaulets of a general first, and then she might listen to him. But the idea of a young adventurer, without a penny, talking of marrying the heiress of the richest shoemaker in Paris, was terribly audacious. And Paul called her an *aristocrate*; they laughed, and the matter ended.

About three months after the young man received his commission, he entered the shop of Citizen Mayer in company with a brother officer. Katerina was at the counter. Citizen Mayer was overlooking his young men.

“Well, little wife —” said Paul, smiling.

“Mr. Saucy, pray, whom art thou talking to?” replied Katerina, looking hard at him and his friend, a pale, dry, and thoughtful-looking youth.

“To thee, *citoyenne*,” continued Paul; “I have come to bid thee adieu. We are ordered off to the army this very day. Here, dear Katerina, is thy

father's account, which paid, I have to ask a favor of thee."

"What is that?" said Katerina, with a tremulous voice.

"The fact is, Katerina, we have, our bills paid, not one penny left. We have our uniforms complete, and our *feuille de route*; but we precisely want a pair of boots each. We are in the case of the army of the Sambre-et-Meuse, to which the citizen *représentant*, having heard their demand for shoes and stockings, said, 'The republic has many thanks for you, but no shoes and stockings.'"

"*Pauvre cher Paul*," said Katerina, turning her head towards the dark end of the shop. "Citizen papa."

"What is it?" asked Citizen Mayer, advancing.

"Why, papa, here is Paul going away; and here is the money he owes thee, not in *assignats*, but in silver; and the poor, dear young man wants a pair of boots for himself and friend, on credit, until the end of the campaign."

"Exactly, papa Mayer; and thou, as a good citizen ——"

"Humph! humph! bad citizen or good citizen is neither here nor there. Money is the question. My principle, thou knowest, is, no money, no poots."

"Papa," cried Katerina, reproachfully.

"Well, citizen," said the grave-looking young man, who had not yet spoken, "that is enough. If we cannot buy boots, we will take them ——"

"Citizen," said Mayer, in an alarmed tone ——

"From the first Austrian or Prussian we kill," continued the sallow young man, dryly; and he turned on his heel.

"Stop a minute," exclaimed Katerina, quickly; thou dost not understand papa, citizen. He means that he would refuse boots without money to strangers; but to thee, a friend of Paul's, he will be most happy — rather two pairs than one."

"A pretty business girl thou wilt make!" said Citizen Mayer, with half a grunt and half a smile; "put to thy friend Paul, and to his friend, I will not refuse credit. M. Paul, do thou and thy friend choose two pair of poots each."

"We thank thee, citizen," replied the sallow young officer, while Paul patted Mayer on the back, "and thou shalt be repaid."

Mayer looked rather incredulous; but he loved his daughter, and it was to her he made the sacrifice of four pair of boots, which, naturally enough, the young men chose. Then they shook hands with Mayer. Paul kissed Katerina, and then made his friend kiss

her, and, putting their packets under their arms, went away.

Years passed away, and the saucy girl of twelve had become a beautiful woman of three and twenty. In all this time, not one word of Paul, and worse, said Mayer, the shoemaker, no news of his boots. Mademoiselle Katerina had many suitors. Persons in a very elevated position overlooked, in those democratic days, the fact that she was a bootmaker's daughter, and invited her into society as the well-known Clelia; and many sought her hand and heart. But the girl of twelve still lived within her, and she refused every offer, however brilliant, remaining still her father's cashier, and aiding him in adding to that rather large fortune which he had now invested in the French funds. He sometimes pressed her himself on the subject of marriage; but Katerina was not to be moved by any one, even her parent.

Things were in this state. Katerina had just refused a colonel whom she met at a grand party, who talked to the father rather sharply when rejected, and M. Mayer had taken Katerina to task, when, one morning, they received a laconic epistle, requesting their presence at the office of the staff of the commander-in-chief of the forces in the first military division.

"I will not marry him," said Katerina, quickly.

"Whom?"

"The officer, Colonel Peterman. I'm sure he's complained to the commander-in-chief, and that he is going to threaten us."

"But he cannot make you marry against your will," cried M. Mayer.

"I don't know that. Since this Bonaparte has taken us all by storm, papa, the sword is not very apt to yield when it wishes any thing."

"We shall see, my dear," replied the shoemaker; "to begin, this *request* must be obeyed at once. Make haste, girl, and put on your finery."

Katerina smiled thoughtfully, and went away. The girl expected a sermon from the commander-in-chief on the impertinence of the daughter of a little shoemaker refusing an officer of rank; but she was determined to hold good, and yield to no threats, persuasions, or seductions. She remained faithful to the memory of Paul. She was romantic, she loved and wrote poetry, and she preferred a beautiful dream to any idea of fortune and material happiness which might be offered to her.

In half an hour the father and daughter were ready; and away they went, arm in arm, on foot, to the Tuileries, where the commander-in-chief of the army

of Paris in general resides. They were soon at the palace, and were met by the sentries, who asked them where they were going. M. Mayer showed his letter of invitation, which served at once as a pass, and they were admitted.

They entered the antechamber, occupied by officers of various grades, several of whom rose from cards, or smoking on benches, to greet them. A young man, an aide-de-camp, respectfully addressed them, and inquired their business. M. Mayer again produced his letter. The officer bowed profoundly, and said he was at their service. Moving through the crowd of officers, he led them by a staircase upwards, until he reached a large open landing. He tapped gently twice, and the door opened. A servant in a rich livery appeared, who made way for the party, and passing on, with the theatre of the palace to their right, they turned round, and entered the real palace of the Tuileries, of which they had hitherto only visited the wing.

Presently the aide-de-camp paused.

"Monsieur will be kind enough to wait one moment," he said, as they entered an antechamber. "I will precede you, and return in an instant."

"Where are we going?" asked Katerina of her father, in a whisper. •

"I don't know; but my head begins to grow dizzy. I begin to suspect that we must give way to circumstances."

"Never," exclaimed the young girl, firmly.

"Will you walk in?" said the aide-de-camp, returning, and standing with the door in one hand and his hat in the other.

M. Mayer and Katerina obeyed mechanically. They advanced, with eyes dimmed by excitement, with a singing in their ears, with a fainting at the heart,—a doubt—a fear—a dread,—that left them, a minute later, standing in the middle of a small room, unconscious whether they were in the presence of the Emperor of China, the Khan of Tartary, or of the Grand Llama of Thibet.

"Well, Monsieur Mayer," said a somewhat gentle voice.

M. Mayer and Katerina now saw that they were in the famous private cabinet of the Emperor Napoleon,—who had been just crowned,—with its rich ornaments, its maps and charts, and its splendid furniture. By the fire stood, his back turned to it, a man of middle height, neither stout nor thin, with a look of power and genius, but tinged by haughtiness, pride, and a spirit of insolent domineering.

"His majesty the emperor," cried M. Mayer to



his daughter, bowing as if he were very much inclined to kneel, while Katerina stood erect, respectful, but firm, and resolved to oppose even the will of Napoleon, where her heart was concerned.

"Monsieur Mayer," said the emperor, who was in one of his moments of good humor, "I have sent for you on a matter of business. Mademoiselle Katerina, be seated."

Katerina courtesied profoundly, and seated herself; M. Mayer stood by her chair.

"I am informed, M. Mayer, that your daughter has refused the hand of one of my bravest officers, Colonel Peterman. Now, as all my subjects are my children, I have sent for you to ask an explanation. It seems inconceivable to me that a daughter of a tradesman should refuse the hand of a distinguished officer, who may become marshal of the republic."

"Please your imperial majesty," said Katerina, firmly, and without note of hesitation in her voice, "it is not the daughter of the obscure shoemaker who refuses the hand of Colonel Peterman, but the poetess Clelia."

"O," exclaimed Napoleon, a flush of pleasure crossing his cheeks; for a poem on his Italian campaign had deeply gratified, perhaps, the vainest man the world ever produced — "you are Clelia?"

"I am known to the public under that name," said the young woman, modestly.

"Then I pardon you your refusal of Colonel Peterman ; but"—and his majesty, the great usurper, smiled—"if I allow you to reject a colonel, I cannot a general, and that general the commander-in-chief of the army in the first military division."

As he spoke, Napoleon rang; an officer appeared, who received an order in a low tone, and disappeared.

"Your majesty," exclaimed Katerina, warmly, "must excuse me. Not all your mighty power, not all the deep respect I bear to one who is making illustrious with victory my country, can make me marry where my affections are not."

"But, obstinate girl, where are your affections?" said the emperor, with a provoking smile.

"With the dead," replied Katerina, sadly.

"Explain yourself."

Katerina thought a moment, and then she briefly told the story of the past—of Paul, of his departure, of the boots.

"The commander-in-chief of the army of Paris," said an usher, as the girl finished her story.

Katerina turned round just in time to be caught in the arms of the dashing young general, who had darted towards her the instant he entered.

"Paul — Katerina," were words uttered in the same breath.

Napoleon took up a letter, and turned his back on them, with a grim smile, as if he thought them very childish, and yet had no objection to let them have time to express their feelings. Paul drew the shoemaker and his daughter into the embrasure of the window, and rapidly explained himself. He had never forgotten them; had always intended to write, but had put it off, taken up, as he was, by his military duties. He had only been three weeks in Paris as commander-in-chief. A few evenings back, he saw a lovely woman at a ball, asked who she was, heard that it was Mademoiselle Mayer, the *future* of Colonel Peterman; and angry, he knew not why, at this, he avoided being seen by her. Hearing, however, that she had refused the Alsatian colonel, he had taken this mode of again claiming his little wife.

"But, *Camarade* Paul," said the emperor, who had advanced nearer to them at the conclusion of the conversation, "the young lady has refused the commander-in-chief of the army of Paris."

"But, your majesty," exclaimed Katerina, blushing, "I did not know that it was my old friend Paul."

"O," said Napoleon; "but how have you settled about the boots?"

"Why, your majesty," exclaimed Paul, laughing, "I fancy that is as much your affair as mine."

"True," said Napoleon, laughing heartily. "How much, M. Mayer, do I owe you for those two pair of boots you were good enough to give me credit for?"

"What!" exclaimed Mayer, confounded, astounded, "it was your majesty I—I—I——"

"It was Lieutenant Bonaparte," said Napoleon, smiling, to whom you would, but for your good-natured little daughter, have refused credit."

"*Comment*, your majesty wore my boots on his first campaign! I enjoyed the honor," began Mayer. "I am lost in amazement. That young man who accompanied Paul, and who talked of taking boots from a dead Austrian, was—to think of the Emperor Napoleon making his first campaign in a dead Cosack's ugly shoes—O Katerina, what an eye you have got! Your majesty, I implore you, will allow me to—to ——"

"To call yourself bootmaker to his majesty the Emperor Napoleon," said the ex-lieutenant of artillery, smiling.

"O, your majesty, I am overwhelmed."

"Very well. Paul, I shall sign the contract between yourself and Clelia."

"Clelia!" cried Paul.

"It appears so. And now, Paul, run away, send Caulaincourt to me, and don't be carried away by the women to neglect your duty."

Paul, Katerina, and Mayer, went out, after again expressing their thanks, and adjourned to the apartments of the commander-in-chief, where again, at full length, and over a dinner, they talked over the past. Mayer was lost in ecstasies at having furnished the future emperor and his friend, on credit, with boots; but this delight was a little abated when Paul insisted on Mayer, at the epoch of his marriage with Katerina, shutting up shop and retiring from business. The good Alsatian grumbled excessively, but a smile from Katerina soon set aside all his scruples, while the old man himself smiled grimly at a thought which illumined his brain suddenly.

A month later, Napoleon being about to leave Paris, the marriage took place, and Katerina became *Madame la Générale*. Paul—a thorough soldier, a brave and noble character—rose in his profession even higher, and proved a good husband and an excellent father. Neither he nor his wife ever changed their principles, serving Napoleon only from the conviction that, after the revolution and the coalition, his reign was indispensable. When he died, they remained faithful to his memory, and refused to serve the Bourbon.

A few months after the marriage of Paul and Katerina, the grim smile of Mayer was explained. The ex-shoemaker had retired from business, as he promised, and had purchased a cottage on the road to St. Cloud. One day, Paul and Katerina, in an open carriage, with the emperor and Josephine, stopped to speak with him a moment, as he stood smoking his pipe on a little eminence overlooking the road. Paul and Katerina blushed up to the eyes, and looked confounded and confused; but both Napoleon and Josephine laughed heartily.

On a large brass plate on the door was engraved — “LEOPOLD MAYER, *late* SHOEMAKER TO HIS MAJESTY THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.”

## THE STORY OF ANGELIQUE.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

BY GERALDINE E. JEWSBURY.

"Visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation." — BOOK OF EXODUS.

THIS is not, as at first sight it might appear, an arbitrary threat of vengeance — a declaration of malice instead of justice; it is simply a declaration that the everlasting laws of cause and effect can never be turned aside. There is no escape possible from an action that has once been done.

That the innocent suffer with the guilty, often instead of them, is not injustice, but only a portion of the immutable law by which every action brings its own consequences, as a tree bears fruit after its kind. There is no chapter of human life more tragically sorrowful than that which relates the sufferings of those who are victims to the deeds of others; although few, be it said,

are so personally guiltless as not to have quickened or aggravated their sufferings by some error of their own.

The following story, which is in all respects true, bears upon this subject ; it was related to us some years ago by an old physician since dead. He was an excellent man, and remarkable for his skill and sagacity in treating all phases of mental alienation and insanity. He was one of the first who endeavored to strip these terrible afflictions of the mysterious, almost supernatural dread with which they were invested, and to bring back the poor sufferers within the confines of humanity, from which they had been banished by the fear and cruelty their malady inspired. When a young man he resided for some time in Paris, for the sake of attending the lectures of the Ecole de Medicine and visiting the hospitals ; and it was during that period he became acquainted with the following history, which we give, as nearly as we can recollect, in his own words : —

“One day,” said he, “I was walking in the court of the Salpêtrière along with one of the physicians attached to the hospital ; I was surprised to see a young and very beautiful girl standing near a group of infirm, crone-like old women, such as are the chief inmates of this hospital. She walked with an air of listless abstraction along the paved court, upon which the afternoon sun was pouring its fatigued and dusty rays ; from



time to time she quickened her pace and exhibited a restless and angry impatience as her attention was roused by the conversation of those around her.

“‘What is she doing here?’ I asked of my companion, who, as I told you, was one of the physicians attached to the hospital.

“‘Ah,’ replied he, ‘that lovely creature is one of my insane patients.’

“‘She looks more like an angel than an insane patient,’ I replied with enthusiasm. She wore a white dress; her rich, brown hair fell in natural curls over her shoulders and was confined round her head by a blue fillet; her hands hung loosely before her; and, as she walked, she was constantly twisting her fingers.

“‘Ah, poor child!’ said my companion, whose eyes followed her with a look of compassion; ‘she has been quite mad for more than two years past. She is never easy unless she is moving about; and, as she is quite harmless, I leave her at liberty to go where she chooses about the house and grounds. She seldom, however, comes into this court, for she dislikes to see persons around her. Did you ever behold a face so unutterably sad?’

“‘No; and I pray God that I never may again.

“As we spoke the young girl seated herself upon the steps of the fountain that was in the midst of the court,

gazing vacantly upon the splashing water; and, except for the picking motion of her fingers, she was quiet as a stone.

“ ‘She cannot be yet twenty. What sorrow can have caused all this?’

“ ‘It is about as miserable a story,’ replied my companion, ‘as any I have known in the whole course of my five and thirty years’ practice. If you care to hear it I will tell you; but I must first persuade Angelique to go in doors. This sun is far too powerful for her to be sitting under the full blaze of it as she is now doing.’

“He approached and took her hand; she arose like one walking in her sleep and accompanied him into the house.

“ ‘Now,’ said he, when he returned to me, ‘let us go into my sitting room; there is a good hour before lecture, and I will tell you the history of Angelique.’

“My friend had rooms assigned to him in another part of the hospital, although he only resided in them occasionally. A wrinkled old woman, who looked as if she had stepped out of a Dutch picture, opened the door for us. She had formerly been one of his patients; he had performed a difficult and complicated operation upon her, which was one of the miracles of surgical skill and intrepidity of that day. It had been successful; and the poor creature, who was a widow, had attached

herself to him. He had given her the post of concierge to his apartments in the hospital; and day and night they were kept in readiness for him. She lived in a little room at the head of the stairs; and there she sat with her knitting listening like a dog for the footsteps of her masters. She did not speak as we entered; her awe and admiration kept her dumb; but there was a look of such intense affection and delight when she saw him as I can never forget. Her hand trembled so much as she attempted to unlock the door that he took the key from her and began to praise the comfort and order in which she kept the place. It was a deliciously cool and shady room; every thing was in the exactest order—the books on the shelves round the room, the cases of instruments arranged on the table, and writing materials laid ready for use. The white muslin curtains looked like ball dresses. A glass filled with fresh flowers stood in the window. The bed room adjoining was equally luxurious in its freshness and delicate cleanliness. ‘Who would imagine that so much misery and suffering were only separated from us by a brick wall?’ I exclaimed, looking round.

“‘Ah, yes. Old Marguerite is my guardian angel, and keeps all evil sights and sounds out of these rooms. Nobody knows but myself all the good she does.’

“The old woman’s face grew radiant under these

words; and after setting down a pitcher of iced water, as there was nothing else to be done, she retired.

“‘That old creature deserves to be canonized,’ said the doctor, looking after her. ‘I will tell you her history some day. She has attached herself to me, and I suppose considers me her master; but there is not a patient inside these walls but has reason to be thankful for her presence. Poor, old, infirm as she is, without a penny or a friend in the world, she makes her life a blessing to all who come within her reach. What she continues to accomplish with so little makes it wonderful how others, possessing every facility of fortune and position, contrive to do nothing but make a heavy burden to themselves of their own advantages. The very sight of her, when I am weary and dispirited, is worth a hundred a year to me.’

“‘Well,’ replied I, ‘you shall tell me about old Marguerite another day; but what of Angelique?’

“‘Ah,’ said he, shaking his head and smiling, ‘it is easy to see you are a young man. It is true enough, however, you came here to listen to the sorrows of Angelique and not to the virtues of my dear old woman; but there is a connection between them, as you will see.’

“The doctor placed his watch on the table, that he might not forget the time for his lecture, and began:—

“Angelique belongs to a good family who reside near Beauvais. Her mother is even now more lovely than her daughter; she was married when very young to an officer of artillery, one of my oldest friends. I was present at the marriage. He was much older than his wife. His good looks, such as they were, had been pretty well effaced by the hardships of active service. He had, amongst other things, served in the Russian campaign. His hair was gray and his face stern and wrinkled, though scarcely arrived at the term of middle age. Under a cold, undemonstrative manner he carried one of the noblest and most generous hearts in the world. His words were few; but all who knew him felt that one word of regard or commendation from him meant as much as the passionate protestations of others. To many of his friends it seemed an ill-assorted match; but he was deeply attached to the beautiful and wilful young creature; whilst she, whether from the instinct which taught her to appreciate his noble qualities or attracted by the difficulty of inspiring a romantic passion in one so calm and self-possessed I know not; but she certainly had exerted all her fascinations to attract him, and refused a brilliant proposal of marriage from another quarter. Unhappily, when once married, the discrepancy between their characters was not long in making itself felt. He a calm, straightforward, and

essentially matter-of-fact man, who, having once told her that he loved her more than any thing in the world, and reposing in the intense consciousness of his own affection, would as soon have thought of assuring her every day of his existence as of repeating protestations of affection; whilst she, an undisciplined, passionate creature, with all the mobile, impressionable organization of genius, was constantly made wretched by his demonstrative, silent habits. I dare say she really suffered; for I was more than once called in to see her, and found her in a state of hysterical prostration arising from some casual word or slight inattention on his part, against which she had broken herself in a passion of wounded susceptibility, and which distressed him none the less that he could not understand how he had occasioned so much suffering. I believe in my heart that all women have a touch of insanity in them; they are always either mad or mischievous; none of them are to be depended upon for an hour together, and they can neither guide themselves nor submit to be wisely guided by others. When Madame de M. did not torment her husband by her wounded affection she persecuted him with displays of tenderness which to a man of his disposition must have been perfect martyrdom. To give you some idea of her mode of proceeding I will tell you an instance. Her husband was military superintendent of

the district, and had to be frequently absent from home. Once he happened unexpectedly to be detained beyond the time he had fixed for his return. A violent storm arose that same evening. Any woman might have been excused feeling some anxiety; but Madame M., instead of reflecting that her husband was an old campaigner, completely lost what little sense Nature had given her, and rushed off alone into the road, thinly clad, and wandered about for two hours in the midst of the storm, until she met him peaceably returning and making all speed to save her from prolonged anxiety. Of course she was seriously ill after this fine exploit, and complained to me bitterly of her husband's indifference and coldness because he had mildly commented upon her imprudence and said, 'But, my dear, supposing the sky to have actually fallen upon me, what good could you have done by coming to see it?'

"These words cost the poor lady many bitter tears. Her unregulated sensibility was the bane of her own life and the torment of her husband's; but he was deeply attached to her, and supported her fantastic humors with a patience that made me sometimes wonder whether it were a folly or a virtue. I suppose it must have been her beauty that blinded him. It must be confessed that she was very lovely; and her personal beauty was even less than the exquisite gracefulness of all her move-

ments ; and I suppose that, much as her husband was occasionally annoyed, his natural vanity was propitiated by being the object of her extravagant demonstrations.

“ He had, like most men of a reserved disposition, a great dread of being made ridiculous and remarkable ; and he suffered dreadfully from his wife’s theatrical taste in devising domestic and dramatic surprises in his honor. I remember on one occasion I was trepanned into assisting at one of these precious scenes, though it was as a victim ; for never would I have sanctioned it had I at all suspected the event ; but Madame M. was full of stratagems and intrigues, and straightforward people had no chance with her. You shall hear how it happened. I can laugh at it now, though I was furious at the time ; it will show you the sort of woman she was.

“ I received an invitation to spend a certain day at their country house. I knew it was the anniversary of their marriage, and thought it quite natural they should have some *réunion* to commemorate it. On the day appointed I went, unsuspectingly enough, and found a large company assembled, all more or less in fancy rural dresses. Madame M. herself was attired, according to her notion of an Arcadian shepherdess, in Indian muslin, with a blue scarf striped with silver and a crook adorned with blue and silver ribbons. She looked very



pretty certainly; the weather was lovely; and there was a tent in the garden where we were to dine, and a band of music in picturesque attire to enable the company to dance on the turf in the approved Arcadian style. I looked about for M., wondering how he had been prevailed upon to consent to all this, when Madame M. informed me with a bewitching smile that it was all a surprise, in honor of her husband, which had been got up during his absence, and that he was expected to arrive every moment. In fact, at that instant, poor M., who had travelled *malle poste* in order to be at home to spend that day with his wife, arrived at the gate: scarcely had he entered the garden when a band of children, fantastically dressed and armed with garlands of flowers, sprang from behind a thicket of evergreens, and, having first executed a *pas de ballet*, concluded by flinging their garlands over him and led him in their chains to the lady of the *fête*, the band meanwhile playing a triumphal march. You may fancy how a man tired to death with a whole night's travelling and hoping to come home to sit peaceably in his dressing gown and slippers would feel at being made the centre of such an exhibition; but the worst was yet to come. He had not recovered from the confusion of such an unexpected reception when we were summoned to dinner. A species of triumphal chair had been erected for

him, as the hero of the feast, decorated with garlands and devices in flowers, as, indeed, was the whole interior of the tent. That nothing might be wanting to complete the foolery, a party of her friends who were in the secret sang a chorus in compliment of the occasion as he took his seat. I was furious at having been betrayed into sanctioning such impertinent folly by my presence; but I confess I trembled lest M. should be provoked into some extremity—I hardly ventured to look at him. However, he resigned himself with the most angelic goodness, and only said, with a slight perceptible annoyance, ‘Adrienne — Adrienne! this is too much. How could you do so?’

“Shortly after this precious exhibition I was obliged to leave Beauvais. I accompanied a scientific expedition despatched to South Africa by the French government; after which I continued my travels into other parts of the world. I was absent many years. On my return my first care was of course to pay a visit to my mother at Beauvais; she was then very old, and I had scarcely dared to hope ever to see her again.

“I found the M.’s still residing in their old house; he had received a considerable accession of fortune and consequence, and been employed by government on several occasions in various missions. He was now approaching the evening of his days — a fine specimen

of a veteran. His wife was still extremely beautiful ; and I could not but be struck with the great improvement in her character — a composed, matronly deportment had replaced the fantastic levity of former days ; her manner to M. was at once affectionate and deferential ; and I fancied I read the expression of a certain remorse in the unobtrusive and delicate attentions with which she surrounded her husband. However it might be, I thought her grown quite charming ; and M. himself was of the same opinion ; he was, in truth, the happiest and most contented of mortals. They had two children — their own son Charles, a fine young fellow just entered as student in the Polytechnic School, and Angelique, who was well named, for I never beheld so lovely a child ; she was then about twelve years old and realized one's notions of an angel ; she was not, I was told, their own child, but the daughter of Madame M.'s cousin, who having accompanied her husband, who was an emigrant to England, had died there, leaving her little Angelique an orphan in a strange land. Her last act was to write a letter to her cousin Madame M., entreating her to befriend and protect her child. M. showed me the letter himself, which was very touchingly written ; and I was not surprised to find that he had proposed to adopt the little Angelique as their own. Madame M. had joyfully agreed to his proposal, and,

as M. expressed it, 'devotedly made a journey to England in the depth of winter to fetch her young relative, who had since that time been to them like a daughter.'

"Nothing seemed to me more natural; and I rejoiced that Madame M. had such a resource and occupation as the education of this engaging child. Children are a woman's guardian angels, and the training of them her true vocation — in fact, I incline to think the chief end for which she was sent into the world. However, I had not much time to remain with my friends, as I was appointed to a post in the Jardin des Plantes and was made one of the professors of the Ecole de Medicine, and had to commence my duties without delay. My mother died in the following year; and I disposed of our property in that neighborhood, so that for several years I had no occasion to return to Beauvais. After I became attached to this hospital my duties increased so much that my correspondence with my friends almost ceased. I heard at rare intervals from M., whom I regarded with an affection that it did not depend on time and absence to weaken.

"One day, it might be about five years after the visit I mentioned, I received a letter from Madame M., written in characters scarcely legible, entreating me to go down at once, as something very dreadful had occurred.

All doctors are accustomed to some exaggeration in the appeals made to them ; I was not therefore very much alarmed, though I determined to attend the summons. After delivering the lecture which was for that afternoon, and engaging a friend to visit my patients, I arranged my business so as to be absent for a couple of days and departed that same evening by the *malle poste* for Beauvais. I alighted at the gate. On reaching the house Madame M. met me in the hall with an aspect of such stony despair that I started as though she had been a spectre — so utterly changed from her natural appearance, her face and lips were rigid and bloodless, her eyes fixed and open like those of a sleep walker.

“ ‘Has any thing happened to M. or the children ?’ I said hastily, for I confess her manner impressed me with a fear for the worst.

“ ‘Come this way and you will know all.’

“ Her voice sounded strange ; it was hard and desperate and seemed as if it came from an automaton rather than a living woman.

“ I followed her to a parlor on the ground floor, which was so much darkened that at first I could discern nothing ; but after a few moments I perceived my poor M. lying on a sofa and propped up with cushions. The windows were open ; and a current of fresh air laden with the scent of flowers came into the room. It is

strange how at some moments of crisis we can take notice of the meanest trifle.

“ I approached his couch with some precaution not to startle him ; and I observed that his wife sat down in the darkest corner of the apartment. ‘ I knew you were here,’ said he in a faint voice, ‘ although no one told me you had been sent for. It is like you to come.’

“ He spoke in a confused voice, articulating with difficulty. I raised a corner of the window curtain to look at him. His face was distorted ; it was a stroke of paralysis which had taken the whole of one side. He was beginning to recover his speech. The physician who had attended him on his first seizure arrived — an intelligent and skilful man ; we agreed upon the course of treatment to be pursued ; and then I made some inquiries into the particulars of his illness.

“ ‘ I know nothing,’ replied the other cautiously, ‘ except that there is some family mystery connected with it. I was called in to M. three days ago ; he was laboring under a congestion of the brain, the result of some severe mental shock. The same day M. Charles, the son, was seen to leave the house in a state bordering on frenzy, and has not been seen since. Old Martin told me that there had been some dispute, for that he had heard high words after dinner between his master and mistress and M. Charles, who were together in the

dining room. That something serious has transpired I am convinced ; until three days ago Monsieur M. was in perfect health — I saw him and conversed with him in the morning.’

“ I returned to the side of my friend, my mind filled with painful anxiety. At the door of the room I met Angelique, who was watching for me ; she grasped my arm and said hurriedly, ‘ They will not let me see papa ; no one will tell me what is the matter ; and Charles left home three days since without speaking to me. I saw him as he went out and tried to stop him ; but he flung me off with a dreadful look as if I were an evil being, and he has never returned. Mamma has become so strange I am afraid to approach her. What is the matter? *Why* may I not go into that room and see papa?’

“ She was evidently under great nervous excitement, poor child, and there was an expression in her eye that I did not like ; her dress was in disorder, and it was evident she had not slept for a long time. I endeavored to calm her as well as I could, and tried to induce her to lie down, with the promise that she should see her father as soon as he could be permitted to see any one. She was in such a state of agitation and excitement that she was quite unfit to be left alone, and there seemed no one to take charge of her ; the whole house had the

air of being struck by lightning and abandoned, for not a soul was to be seen. However, the domestics were only indulging themselves in gossiping conjectures both about what had happened and what was likely to occur after the fashion of that class who love the excitement of calamity. I succeeded in breaking up the conclave, who were standing openmouthed in the court yard to hear the news just brought in by a countryman that Master Charles had been seen marching with a company of conscripts who were being conveyed to Marseilles. I despatched one of the maids to Angelique, with strict orders not to leave her for a moment, and then once more returned to the room where M. was lying. Madame still sat crouched in the darkest part of the room, and had not apparently altered her position since I had left. Martin, an old domestic who had lived with his master in the family since his master's marriage and who had been his servant whilst in the army, sat beside the couch.

"M. opened his eyes as I approached.

"‘Any news of my son?’

"I briefly told him what I had just heard.

"‘God's will be done!’ said he. ‘We have been living for years over a fearful mine; and now it has exploded.’

"He lay silent for a few moments and then said,—



“ ‘Good Martin, leave us for a little. *I* must speak whilst *I* am able.’

“Martin left us; and, having ascertained that Madame M. was gone and that there was no listener, *I* returned to my place beside the couch. M. had in great measure recovered the use of his speech, although his articulation was still feeble and indistinct. He was not capable of consecutive conversation; but he contrived to make me understand the crisis that had occurred; and afterwards further information came to me from another source.

“It would seem that Madame M. had for a long time shown a strange jealousy of the family intimacy in which her son Charles and Angelique had always lived together, and insisted that the young man should be sent to Paris to study or else to one of the German universities, and had at the same time shown great anxiety to negotiate a marriage that had offered itself in spite of the youth and disinclination of the young lady herself. This anxiety was attributed by her husband to her maternal ambition; but as in fact he had an opportunity of placing his son advantageously, it was arranged that Charles should study for an ‘ingenieur des mines.’ All these difficulties and the approaching separation probably enlightened the young people upon the nature of their feelings for each other. The day previous to his

departure from home Charles formally demanded permission of his parents to consider Angelique as his future wife. M. had not the least objection ; but Madame M., who must long have lived in constant dread of this terrible moment, disclosed to them that Angelique was her own child, and that all the fable about her cousin's death had been invented by her that she might not be separated from her daughter.

“The father and son listened without interruption to this fearful disclosure ; the son, with one deep and bitter malediction on the mother who had brought down such misery upon them, fled from the house, none knowing whither he went ; the wretched husband fell at his wife's feet struck down with apoplexy. Poor M. was not in a condition to go into particulars ; but they were afterwards told me by the miserable woman herself. It seems that on one occasion M. was despatched by the government on a mission to one of the colonies ; he was absent more than two years, Madame M. — the impulsive, passionate, ill-regulated creature I have described to you — being bitterly pained at her husband's refusal to permit her to accompany him, which was in fact quite impossible. After suffering bitterly from what she conceived his indifference, she, partly from resentment and partly from the love of strong emotions, which is char-

acteristic of women of her nature, let herself go into a criminal attachment to a young Englishman who had conceived a romantic passion for her. I believe there was more resentment against her husband than love to the other in the whole affair; but that changed nothing except perhaps to increase the remorse in which every after moment of her life was steeped.

“ Her husband, before his departure, had furnished her with a good excuse for removing to Paris; where every mystery is safe no one suspected her secret. Her lover died in consequence of the injuries he received by a fall from his horse in a steeple chase which he had got up to show the Parisians how people rode in England some months previous to her husband's return; and she seemed thus guarantied against all hazard of discovery. She endeavored by redoubled attention to compensate to her husband the treachery of which she had been guilty; her attachment to him revived with all the tenderness of remorse; and the unsuspecting generosity with which he adopted the little Angelique touched her to the quick. I believe, if repentance ever could avail to expiate crime, that Madame M. might have washed away hers; but, as every action is a debt contracted with everlasting justice, there exists no power which can remit the consequences; sooner or later it must be met, with all its liabilities; and the

longer they are delayed the more complicated do they become.

“It was not until some time afterwards that I learned all these details; but I tell them you at once not to interrupt my story.

“When poor M. had made an end of his communication the tears streamed helplessly from his eyes. I pressed the hand that still retained its life; and, although any scene of violent emotion was very bad for his bodily health, yet I saw that the discovery of a crime committed against him so many years ago had not broken the habit of affection and the need to see his wife constantly in his presence.

“He looked piteously at me. ‘What must I do? — where is she?’

“With an instinct which in times of emergency is generally more trustworthy than any rules I rose and opened the door. Madame M. sat crouched before it. I took her hand and led her without speaking to the side of her husband. She sank down beside the couch and took hold of his poor paralyzed hand, sobbing convulsively. I was alarmed for the consequences. A spasm contracted his features; he labored painfully for utterance. At length we distinguished the words, ‘God forgive — I do.’ I whispered to Madame M. to be calm, and administered some medicine to my poor

friend, and then withdrew—leaving the wife restored to her right of watching beside him. The effects of this agitation were not so bad as you might expect; the calm to the patient's mind overbalanced the danger to his bodily health; and when I left I was not without hopes that he might be able to move about again. Angelique was the one whose condition the most excited my fears; and I gave the medical man in attendance many charges about her. I was obliged to return to my own duties in Paris, and could not again visit my friend; but I continued to receive satisfactory accounts of them. It might be about six months after my former visit when I received a second summons, more urgent than the first. I threw aside every other engagement and went. The fatal consequences of Madame M.'s crime were not yet exhausted.

“No direct intelligence had ever been received from the unhappy Charles; but the news brought by the countryman of his embarkation at Marseilles with a company of recruits for Algeria had been confirmed. A few days previously a letter from the colonel of that regiment had arrived, containing a cross of the order of ‘military merit’ and a few lines saying that M. Charles M. had been mortally wounded in an expedition against an Arab encampment, and on his death bed had revealed his name and station to his officer, charging him to send

word to his father, and to beg his mother to forgive the words he spoke when he left her presence. The colonel added many praises of the good conduct and gallantry of the young man, who had seemed to court the death of honor he had found. The cross enclosed was the one with which he had been decorated on the field. But the unhappy woman had not yet drained the cup of retribution. '

"Angelique was up stairs, lying ill of a brain fever, and her uneasiness gave us but too clearly to know that by some deplorable fatality she had become acquainted with the wretched secret of her relationship to her betrothed lover. Hitherto she had only fancied that the obstacles that had driven Charles from home arose solely from the ambition of his parents, who desired him to form some higher connection ; and she had comforted herself with hopes and dreams of better things, after the manner of the young. The tidings of his death, and the knowledge of the terrible secret of her own birth, had proved too much for the poor young creature's brain. She recovered from the fever, but it was only to live in a state of prolonged mania.

"As I could not remain to watch her case as I desired, I prevailed upon Madame M. to allow her to be removed to Paris, that she might be constantly under my care. I obtained admission for her into this hos-

pital ; and that good old woman you saw when you first entered has been her unwearied and devoted attendant. I knew I could depend upon her fidelity as well as upon her devotion to my will ; and, once acquainted with the cause of Angelique's affliction, she has seconded my efforts with an intelligent sympathy that has done more for her than my skill.

“Of late I have entertained sanguine hopes that Angelique will recover. At first she used to be in a constant state of revery : at times she would shed tears, and speak of ‘*him*,’ but without designating him by any name ; and then she would clear up into those smiles of insanity which are so painful to witness ; but she never seemed conscious of any thing passing around her. Of late there has been a change ; she begins to notice objects like a child, but only for a short time ; and any attempt to prolong her attention irritates her, though she is never violent. Once or twice within the last fortnight she has had what may be called intervals of intelligence, and her mind seems to be gradually recovering its strength, gathering itself together. It will be some time yet before the cure is effected ; but I repeat, that I have sanguine hopes of success.

“But now,” said he, looking at his watch, “we are seven minutes after our time ; the gentlemen will have become impatient — so come along.”

I followed my friend into the lecture theatre, after which came other duties and employments. I had no opportunity of again seeing the doctor, except at lecture time, for many weeks afterwards; neither, though I often walked in the court of the hospital, did I ever again catch a glimpse of the fair creature whose story had so painfully interested me.

I was suddenly recalled to England by the dangerous illness of my father, and I did not return to Paris to finish my courses until the following autumn.

My first care was to pay a visit to my old friend and master at the Salpêtrière, to enter myself upon his class. I found him in his old room at the hospital, as kind-hearted and as much occupied as ever; and old Marguerite was still sitting at the head of the stairs, knitting her eternal stocking.

He received me with cordiality; and, after replying to all his questions about England as well as I was able, I inquired whether Mlle. Angelique was still in the Salpêtrière?

"No," replied he; "I am happy to say that my hopes did not deceive me; Angelique has now returned home, quite cured. She will never again be gay and light-hearted as of old; for she still recalls the past. But she learned from my dear old Marguerite the secret of resigning herself to the will of the Highest—a wisdom



that would heal many broken hearts if it were more practised. With Angelique it is not a theory, nor an enthusiastic exaltation ; it is a quiet, modest principle, which enables her to accept without complaint the heavy sorrow that has blotted out her youth.

“ With her restored reason she has taken up all her old habits of occupation, and assists her mother with the most affectionate devotedness in the care of her adopted father ; for my poor friend still lives, though now in the last stage of weakness. She never recurs to the past by the most distant allusion. I have generally observed that, when a patient recovers from alienation of mind, it is with a higher tone of thought and principle than they manifested previously ; whatever previous good there was in them is generally strengthened and matured ; but I never saw the fact so strongly marked as in the case of Angelique. All levity, all consciousness or thought of *self*, seems to have been purged from her nature. She goes about like a being set apart from the world, with a sweet, tranquil seriousness, that it is like the presence of an angel.”